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The Present Home of the Earl of Strathmore

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A Traveller's Way in the Commune of Les Déserts, Haute-Savoie

Traveller's Tales

Told in Letters from

Belgium, Germany, England, Scotland, France, and Spain

By

"The Princess" pseud.

Smith, Bertha (Whitridge)

With Twenty-one Illustrations

G. P. Putnam's Sons
New York and London
The Knickerbocker Press
1912

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To

"IL PADRE"

IN LOVING MEMORY

38X564

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Glamis Castle

The Present Home of the Earl of Strathmore

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Traveller's Tales

Traveller's Tales

I

A Prologue

DEAREST BELOVED:

I am going to have a *Wanderjahr*—think of it, after all these years! Do I hear you say that a *Wanderjahr* is only for youth with knapsack on shoulder? No! I shall not listen! It is far better late than never, and to your pessimism I fling the optimistic answer, "to the young in spirit the world keeps open late."

Do you remember long ago there was a man exhibiting educated fleas in New York? I went to see them and it was really wonderful, to the extent of being uncanny, to see the little mites in red cloaks and blue petticoats, dancing, obediently drawing little carriages while others sat upon them, and many other remarkable evidences of some kind of intelligence. What impressed me most was the fact that the man had succeeded in subduing what I had always believed to be the natural mode of locomotion of the flea, namely, the jump, and I asked him how he had accomplished it. For answer he showed me a little flat circular case about an inch and a half in diameter, and proceeded to explain: "When I first begin with a flea," he said, "I put him in this case, where every time he jumps he bumps himself, and after

about six weeks of jumping and bumping he generally concludes it to be hopeless and gives it up!"

This digression is to illustrate to you my own case, the difference between me and the flea being that it took me many years to learn that I might as well stop bruising my flesh and my feelings by trying to get beyond the narrow bounds of prejudice,—and later in my life of actualities,—and settle down contentedly within the prescribed limits. Indeed I think I never quite learned the lesson, and every now and then made an ineffectual try, only to be brought up with a jerk when I reached the end of my limitation.

Not until I knew you, my friend of friends, did I learn philosophy and that, however circumscribed, life could be made to yield interest and profit, if not, perhaps amusement.

Now at last, I am free, and like the recently awakened Princess in the fairy tale, I rub my sleepy eyes and am only half-satisfied to venture forth to try the unknown. There are moments of delight, and others of fear and trembling, and I say, like Mother Goose's little old woman, "Lawk-a-mercy on me, this is none of I." It is not "I," it is the Princess, your Figlia, led by the hand of that dear Prince, "Opportunity," who has pushed his way through the hedge of thorns and is leading me forth to see the world.

And now I must tell you I have discovered a secret! I know now why it is so difficult to grasp "Opportunity" when he presents himself. He comes with his face hidden and his hand is full of thorns, which sting when you try to take it, and you are afraid and say to yourself that it is not worth while after all. But in my case I had waited so long, I took courage and grasped the thorny hand, finding suddenly that it did not hurt so much after all. Then when my grasp became more courageous and more sure, the Prince turned his face, and I saw that

it was beautiful and full of light and hope and faith and courage, all the things which make life dear to us and worth the living, and so I am faring forth to see and do many things we have talked about, and which I have longed for since I began to dream, which is, I think, since I was born.

I have not told you of my companions, but that will come later if you care to hear, and as for plans, they all lie with "Opportunity"; where he leads I follow, and so far, all I know is that the steamer *Lapland* bears me to Antwerp within the month.

Farewell until after I have crossed "the water," as they call it now, and sailed up the Scheldt, that river where the shining Knight Lohengrin took his ride with "Opportunity." I think I shall learn a lesson from his story, and keep my vital secrets even from you. Even you cannot tell what you do not know!

DEINE LIEBENDE PRINCESSIN.

II

Antwerp

THE PASSING OF THE PEACE-MAKER—THE DOCKS—THE PARKS—MEMORIES OF THE INQUISITION—RUBENS AND PLANTIN

May 7, 1910.

DEAR HEART:

You say you would like to hear more, and that my last was too brief? That was only the preamble and I fear you will not complain of brevity again, there is so much to write. I shall begin at the end instead of the beginning, for to-day makes history. "Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!" and one can think of nothing else. Flags at half-mast everywhere, even from the cathedral tower to do honour to the dead King whose life has been so human in its frailties and yet as King so full of majesty in its best sense.

The Paris *Matin* of this morning, which brings the authentic news of the passing at 11 o'clock last night, seems to me to express in a few words very beautifully, the feeling of those who were best able to judge of what this life meant to the world at large. It says: "L'Angleterre vient de perdre un grand Roi,—le monde une grande figure, la France un grand ami." Only a year ago an ex-ambassador (not of England, I may say) said to me in response to an admiring comment upon King Edward's *savoir-faire* and general political influence, "You are mistaken, the King has no influence in politics at all, but is a mere figurehead." Had he received a

snub, I wonder, that he should so belittle an acknowledged influence and so grand a personality?

King George V. will have much ado to keep the place King Edward has won in national affairs, if newspaper comments are any criterion.

It is a far reach from all this public interest to our own journey across the water, but I must get back to where I left off and tell you that the floating hotel, the *Lapland*, with its glassed-in deck, lift, and other conveniences one associates only with terra-firma, brought us safely and pleasantly but not altogether steadily to Dover on Sunday morning, just eight days, and to Antwerp that same night, to the consternation of hotel-keepers who had not expected such an influx of guests until the following morning.

We are a party of three, in this case not "a crowd." There is the Laird, whose special mission it seems to be to keep my feet from stumbling. My eyes being fast upon dear Prince Opportunity and my energies entirely devoted to following where he leads, I might otherwise walk over the edge of one of Antwerp's famous docks, and have several times as it is stumbled up a step and down another in my eagerness to keep always in sight of the shining face, and not to fall back into the shadow and feel the thorns which hesitation makes evident. The third, and by no means the least in the triangle, is the Child, who though neither little, nor crooked, is well-fitted by the sobriquet given to Alexander Pope of an "animated interrogation point." Her seekings after knowledge are many, and if I am accurate in any of my statements, either now or hereafter, it is because I am always haunted by that little sentence, "Are you sure?"

We find Antwerp deeply interesting from all points of view, as an ancient town, as a modern place of residence, and as a city of bustling commercial activity.

Especially as to shipping it calls forth earnest admiration. The docks are world-famous, and in the language of a captain of one of the ocean liners, "those at Tilbury are not in it," and I really am afraid to quote the number of ships he said came year by year to rest in them. As a place of residence nothing can be more perfect, especially those streets surrounding the park, with their well-kept, comfortable look of ease and pleasantness. The park itself, though small, is a bit of landscape gardening most lovely in detail, and lies in the heart of the new town like an emerald gem in the bosom of a beautiful woman, its exquisite green, and the blue water of its little lake winding in and about the lovely trees, giving one a sense of well-being and æsthetic delight very welcome, and most unusual in the world of brick and mortar we think of as a great city.

Besides this park there are squares innumerable, and "Places," ornamented by statues of Antwerp's great painters, sculptors, financiers, and heroes, from which, as in our city of Washington, the streets radiate and are often wide and tree-lined avenues divided into five parts, as, first a paved street for trams and carts, then a wide footpath under trees, then a smooth carriage road, another path for riders under trees, and another paved way. All this designed with fine art to minister to comfort and pleasure as well as to add to the beauty of the town.

Antwerp, the ancient "Hand Werfen" of the mythical giant times, has, through fire and sword and Time itself, almost disappeared except in pictures, but there is enough left to build upon in the dreamer's eye, and there are still cruel dungeons in the old Steen castle to show us that the tales of barbarous cruelties of that most unmerciful tyrant the Duke of Alva were far from myths. There still, one can sit upon the same stone and be fastened to the wall by the same iron bands where many

a poor creature suffered worse tortures than the fires of the hell those old Flemish monks liked to picture.

The name pre-eminent above all others here is Rubens. Here he spent the greater part of his busy life, and here he lived and loved, and lies buried. Not the closest driven worker of modern times could show more accomplished for the number of his days than this great painter and designer, whose works are legion, and one has only to try to walk through the rooms of the Rubens collection in the Royal Museum to realise the truth of the saying that "genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains." Robust in stature, he must have been equally so in mind and will, a combination as rare as it is to be longed for.

I wonder am I telling you old, old stories? Perhaps, but still I know you like seeing through other eyes, and so I am emboldened to make history repeat itself.

Here at the comfortable St. Antoine Hotel, in the quiet of my room, which looks upon the courtyard and from which the modern street noises are only an echo, I hear really only the carillon of the cathedral, and look out only to see that lovely delicate spire, which seems a fitting beacon to guide travellers to this place of art. Our builders of great cities have much to learn from the old world, and a long time they seem in learning their lesson. Here in Antwerp they have the wit to take our inventions—the telephone, for example, and make of it not only the handmaid of progress, but of art as well. All over the city, and one of the first things, after the spires, which one sees in approaching, are pretty filagree-worked towers, and failing to imagine their use, I inquired, to find that they are for the telephone wires, which are gathered together in great bunches and lead from one tower to another, and from thence in a not unlovely network, only visible at close range, to the houses. No unsightly, dangerous poles, only pretty loop-

ings from tower to tower, their graceful outlines etched against the sky.

Almost first in interest to the pictures are the contents of that wonderful place the Plantin Museum, where one could spend weeks, or months even, and still not know the contents thoroughly.

Plantin was a Frenchman born in Tours who after many wanderings and vicissitudes settled at Antwerp in 1549 as a bookbinder and casket-maker. There is a rather curious story as to how he abandoned this profession and took up printing. Having been commissioned by Gabriel de Cayas, Secretary to Philip II., to make a casket in which to send a precious stone of great value to his master, he finished the work and proceeded to carry it himself at dusk one evening to Cayas. On the way he was set upon by some drunkards, who thought they recognised in him a person who had offended them, and was severely wounded. His life was despaired of, and though he finally recovered, he never was able to continue work which necessitated constant moving and bent posture, and took up printing, a profession in which he had received early training.

In 1555, he printed the first book under his name, and a few years later was commissioned by Philip II. to publish the Royal Bible in five languages, "the most important work any printer ever produced in the Netherlands."

Continuing to publish liturgical books for Spain he obtained a "License from the Holy See, extending to all countries dependent to the Monarchy."

This license was the foundation of the future prosperity of the Plantin family and the work has been carried on without cessation from that time down to 1876 by Plantin and his various successors, who were named Moretus, being descended from his daughter. He was so wise as to stipulate in his will that "failing his two eldest sons, the printing office should pass

entirely into the hands of those children or relatives whom the family should consider most worthy." This clause acquired force of law for the descendants and created a kind of entailed property, sometimes administered by a woman, but more generally by the male descendants, and by this means a marvellous collection of treasures was preserved, and in 1876 was bought by the city of Antwerp and made a public museum, carefully preserving all the distinguishing characteristics of the family life and business. In the charming courtyard the buildings are entirely covered on one side by a grapevine bearing malaga grapes in season, and said to be 350 years old.

The collection of illuminated manuscripts is rare and beautiful, and a page of a Latin Bible both interested and amused me. There in seven medallions, the monks have pictured the creation of the world in the order given us in the book Genesis, and the seventh represents "Le Bon Dieu" resting from his labours, sitting upright with a golden sceptre in his hand, upon a crimson velvet divan. The custodian with a gallic shrug and a real twinkle in his eye said, "Mais qui à fait le fauteuil?"

I tear myself from this writing with as real regret as I did from the museum itself, but I cannot refrain from enclosing a copy of a sonnet composed by Plantin himself, expressing a plan of life as appropriate to-day as it was to the 16th century. (See page 10.)

We go to Bruges to-morrow and dip into the 15th century.

Your most devoted and newly awakened

PRINCESS.

LE BONHEUR
DE CE MONDE
SONNET

AVoir une maiſon commode, propre & belle
Un jardin tapiſſé d'eſpaliers odorans,
Des fruits, d'excellent vin, peu de train, peu d'enfans,
Poſſeder ſeul ſans bruit une femme fidéle

N'avoir dettes, amour, ni procés, ni querelle,
Ni de partage à faire avecque ſes parens,
Se contenter de peu, n'eſpérer rien des Grands,
Régler tous ſes deſſeins ſur un juſte modéle.

Vivre avecque franchiſe & ſans ambition,
S'adonner ſans ſcrupule à la dévotion,
Domter ſes paſſions, les rendre obéiſſantes

Conſerver l'eſprit libre, & le jugement fort,
Dire ſon Chapelet en cultivant ſes entes,
C'eſt attendre chez ſoi bien doucement la mort.

III

Bruges

A 700-YEAR-OLD FESTIVAL OF A FAITH, A LEGEND, AND A MYSTERY—ACCOUNT OF RELIC OF THE HOLY BLOOD BY REV. COUNT VAN DEN STEEN DE JEHAY—THE BÉGUINAGES—A GLIMPSE OF GHENT

May 9, 1910.

MON BIEN AIMÉ:

This is a most unusually interesting moment to be in this lovely old town, and I owe it to my Prince that I was moved to fall into converse on the deck of the steamer, as we were landing in Antwerp, with a young American lady who has lately become a member of the "Holy Roman Church." From her I learned that upon this day there would take place the fête of the procession of the "Holy Blood," a very great occasion, the occasion of the year for the people of Bruges, and this crystallised a before half-formed determination to make Bruges our first excursion.

It has been called for many years "Bruges la morte," but presents anything but an appearance of deadness at this time, for the streets are filled with people of almost every race and condition, and the squares crowded with booths selling every kind of commodity, merry-go-rounds, fortune-tellers, and all the many concomitants which serve to make a "Roman" holiday.

This morning as we take our seats in the balcony kindly reserved for us by our host of the Hotel de Flandre, a most interesting sight presents itself. Every house

has its large flag, many have several, of all colours and descriptions, and these make a gay and brilliant effect against the white background of the quaint old houses with their sharp sloping red-tiled roofs. In the street below us moves a crowd of people of all ages and many nationalities. Here is the inevitable organ grinder with his womankind in some sort of costume meant to be festive, and certainly full of colour, but hardly of any special nation; then glides along a brown-robed monk with tonsured head and bare, sandalled feet; here a lady of the noblesse with two pretty little girls, all arrayed in the latest Paris fashions; a party of country people dressed in their Sunday best, which is alas! no longer a picturesque unique costume, but just a pathetic effort to follow the fashions of their superiors; priests, children, dogs—a motley, happy, constantly-changing company, which, as the time for the procession draws near, becomes so dense we wonder how room can possibly be made for it to pass.

A long wait it seems to be, and then at last we hear trumpets, and a clatter, and down the street from around a corner ride half a dozen soldiers on rearing, prancing horses. The crowd divides by magic, escaping, it seems only by a miracle being trampled by the horses, whose riders have only one end in view, and that to make a path, let suffer who may. Down this cleared path now swings a regiment of lancers headed by their band playing an inspiring march, and after them the various parishes, with their priests and acolytes, and each with its tableau representing its characteristic. First, the parish de la Madeleine, with a woman dressed as Mary Magdalene, and attendants; next the parish of St. Anna, with the "Tree of Jesse"; the parishes of St. Walburg, of St. Giles, of St. John, then a pause, and we see the meaning of large baskets of green stuff standing in doorways and which had appeared to our uninitiated minds

to be a preparation for household fare of green vegetables. Servants rush out into the street with these baskets and spread the green before the next tableau, which is from the parish of "Notre Dame," and "Our Lady" herself walks in rich garb attended by a group of blue-robed maids, over the fresh green leaves. All these parishes have their respective banners and emblems, and together they make a brilliant cortège.

After this there pass some very interesting tableaux, scenes from both the Old Testament and the New, some extremely well done, and, as in the representations of the Saviour, most impressive. In one scene he blesses the little children, and being followed by a crowd of tiny mites, turns now and again and raises his hand in blessing, when they all stop and kneel. The entry into Jerusalem where the Saviour rides on an ass surrounded by a crowd of people, each one of whom carries a palm, is really inspiring. A band plays some music composed with admirable appropriateness especially for this scene by the organist of the Bruges cathedral, during part of which there is an "Hosanna" sung by the people, turning as they sing toward the Saviour, waving the palms, and the sound of this Hosanna and the swish of the waving palms will long linger in my memory. After this there is a long procession of various church orders and fraternities and then comes the "Precious relic of the Holy Blood" itself, borne high in its jewelled casket upon the shoulders of the priests, the crowd kneeling where they stand, on the pavements, in the balconies, or in the street, in the most reverent silence.

Then follow the "pilgrims" in large companies of various nationalities, the bishops and the civil authorities, and last of all more lancers. When these have all passed we hasten from our seats to push through the crowd and gain another place of vantage, a window in

one of the houses in the Grand Place, from which we have a view of the final ceremony.

It is a sight most wonderful, like some grand and magnified opera stage. The great square with the decorated altar and the fine old "Halles" and its belfry for a background, filled to overflowing with a host of lancers on horseback in their brilliant uniforms, priests, monks, costumed people, the floats of the nativity, and other scenes from the New Testament, with the oxen by which they have been drawn in the procession, and all the parti-coloured banners, and in the midst of all the sacred reliquary. The presiding Bishop raises his hands and in a moment there is perfect silence, even the horses and oxen scarcely seeming to breathe, so still are they; then all go down on their knees, and the benediction is pronounced. The carillon rings out from the belfry and as with majestic sound the deep, forceful tone of the signal bell sounds, the crowd begins to melt away, and the yearly ceremony comes to an end. Even to an unbeliever these scenes bring many thrills, and what they must mean to the faithful, to whom it is all vital truth, one can easily imagine. It has been my good fortune to hear the authenic history of this procession and the beliefs with it, from a learned priest of Bruges, and I cannot do better than give you as it comes to me the account by Rev. Count Van den Steen de Jehay. He says:—"It is proved by irrefutable arguments that it has been the universal tradition of the Western as well as the Oriental Church, that the blood which flowed from Our Lord's side and other wounds was carefully collected by the holy women and men, when Our Lord was taken down from the cross, and carefully preserved in a vessel which, when Our Lady and the Apostles separated, was left in the keeping of James the Minor, whom St. Peter had appointed first bishop of Jerusalem, in order that he and his successors should keep it with

jealous care. Hence the facts recorded in history: How, for instance, the patriarch of Jerusalem, having poured out a small quantity of the Holy Blood in a small crystal vessel, presented it to Henry III. of England, sending it to him through a deputation of Grand Masters of the Templars and Knights of St. John. It was deposited in St. Paul's in London, until the time of the great fire of 1444, when it was removed to Westminster Abbey, but all traces of it were lost at the time of the Reformation.

"As to the relic of the Holy Blood in Bruges, its authenticity is proved by irrefutable historical facts: by many miracles recorded, and by the testimony of the people of all nations who have come to venerate it. It was by mutual agreement with the patriarch of Jerusalem that Baldwin III., Emperor of Constantinople, decided to the great joy of all his people that a portion of the relic should be presented to Thierry d'Alsace, Count of Flanders, in recognition of the repeated and valuable services he had rendered with his numerous Flemish followers in the Crusades. Hence, during the Christmas festivities in 1148, Baldwin and Thierry, surrounded by their knights and respective retinues, went in full state to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where they were received by the patriarch attended by all his clergy. The patriarch, taking the vessel containing the precious liquid, showed it to the large assembly, and then having divided its contents into two parts, he poured one into an octagonal-shaped little phial, which, after carefully sealing and covering the aperture with gold thread, he introduced into a crystal cylindric tube fastened at both ends with gold rosettes. These were provided with rings to which was affixed a silver chain to carry the cylinder more easily. Then the patriarch handed it to Baldwin, and the Count of Flanders kneeling on the altar steps, received the precious gift in his hands in the presence of all his

courtiers. Esteeming himself unworthy, having steeped his hands in blood, to carry home himself this precious reward, the Count entrusted it to his chaplain Léonius, abbot of St. Omer, and started at once on the long homeward journey, which was, as it were, the first triumphal procession of the Holy Blood, people coming from all parts to venerate the precious relic as it passed along the roads, on its long journey from Jerusalem to Bruges. This, of course, in those days took time, and it was only in 1150 that the Count of Flanders made his solemn entry into Bruges, mounted on a white charger, led by two monks, and at the request of the chaplain holding up himself with both hands, for the veneration of the people, the sacred treasure he was bringing home to them.

"Except in the years of trouble, when the relic had to be carefully hidden, there has been annually a solemn procession, the different parishes and the ecclesiastical and civil authorities taking part in it. For the celebration of the 750th anniversary the biblical groups were introduced into the procession of 1900, and have since been admired as a feature in it. There was likewise, but for that year only, a historical group faithfully representing Thierry's solemn entrance into Bruges in 1150, the personages being represented by descendants of the noblemen of his retinue. Thierry had the relic deposited in his palace chapel, known as the Chapelle de St. Basile, and at once had a deed drawn up whereby he not only considerably increased the revenues of the chapel, but had four chaplains appointed to carefully guard and keep the relic, granting them especial privileges. This document having been lost in a fire was renewed by his son in 1187. Besides this, in order to better secure the safe-keeping, the elders of Bruges instituted a confraternity under the title of noble 'Confrérie du St. Sang' in 1440. This confrérie is composed of, and limited to, thirty-one members, all descendants

of the knights who took part in the Crusades in Thierry's following, one of the number being elected provost for the year. All this continues to the present day, though all its members are not now descendants of the crusaders, but must at least prove their 'titres de noblesse.'

"This explains how, in the days of trouble, as when, for six years, 1578–84, Bruges being in the hands of impious hordes of iconoclasts, and at the time of the French Revolution, 1797–1819, the relic was safely sealed up in a leaden box, still preserved, and hidden in the private house of one of the confrères,—observing on each occasion both in the confining into the sealed box and in the disclosing it again, the usual formalities observed by the Church to guarantee the authenticity of relics. Of the many and numberless miracles recorded, not the least wonderful is that, though such a small quantity of blood should naturally have adhered to the sides of the flask in course of time, and have dried up, yet it is testified by many witnesses it liquefied every Friday, when exposed to the veneration of the people, and that certainly up to the end of the 14th century, as testified by William, Bishop of Ancona, whose written declaration is still preserved, where he declares that whilst holding the relic in his own hands, on the 23d of April, 1388, the blood liquefied in the presence of all assembled, showing a richer colour than on previous occasions, and having every appearance of blood recently shed."

"Historically, we find that just as all nations were represented at the Pasch at the foot of the cross, so all have come to pay homage to this relic. Amongst the crowned heads, cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops who have taken part in the annual procession, which takes place always on the first Monday after the 2d of May, might be mentioned Louis X., Francis I., and other crowned heads of all the Catholic countries of Europe; the late Pope Leo XIII., when nuncio in

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particularly rich in diamonds, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, topaz, pearls, and enamels. One gem well worthy of notice is the fine black diamond given by Mary Stuart. Around the basement are engraved and richly enamelled thirty-two coats of arms, namely those of the thirty-one members of the confrérie of the time, the thirty-second being the signature, as it were, of the maker of the reliquary, showing a crab-fish with the date 1617."

I think I can see you smile, my loved one, and shake your head at the enthusiasm which makes me repeat all this to you, and indeed you may agree with the Child, who with the easy iconoclasm of youth says, "Yes, it is all very impressive, but it is simply impossible for it to be true!" Whether truth, or a figment shaped by clever brains for some wise purpose, what matters it, if among the thousands of souls who have in these seven hundred years and more followed this procession with earnest hearts, some have been helped along the rough paths, and their lives made easier and brighter? As for me, I say with Sir Walter Scott, "All faiths must be roads to God, or he would have made one, and that unalterable."

The procession occupied us and every one to the exclusion of all else, but that over, we set to work to see some of the multitude of interesting things which make Bruges (the city of Bridges, "Brugge" in Flemish) a treasure-trove to sightseers and to lovers of the old or the picturesque. Though now so quiet and sleepy in its everyday aspect, it was once known as the "Venice of the North" and ranked as one of the great commercial centres of Europe.

In spite of Longfellow, who has celebrated it in verse, as he did so many places that a wanderer on the Continent becomes after a time inclined to class him with Napoleon for ubiquitousness, Bruges is less visited by our country-people than it deserves. The young con-

vert who had led us to be in Bruges at this time was there, and through her initiative we were shown the convent, once a castle, where Mary of Burgundy was married to Maximilian of Austria and where she died soon after from injuries in falling from her horse while hunting. The castle now occupied by the nuns has a charming garden, and very beautiful rooms, some of which are gladly let to visitors of the feminine persuasion at most reasonable prices. No men of course are allowed, and therefore it was a paradise denied to us who have a Laird in our party, but as a lost paradise it did seem with the nice open fireplaces and big rooms, after steam-heated or no-heated tiny places we had been in.

Another convent was that of the "English sisters," where we were taken to hear an evening service, the "Benediction," with a good deal of very beautiful song music, the nuns in this case singing behind gratings in an upper chapel, from which they never come out into the world. Those who belong to this sisterhood become "brides of the Church," and the ceremony with which they are inducted, so to speak, is full of pathos. A young, and in the case we knew of, beautiful girl leaves her home and mother and father, who come to this service as a last farewell, as they can never again speak to her except with iron bars between them. She is dressed in full bridal array, jewels and lace and satin, and after a part of the service these rich trappings are slipped from her and she appears in the single simple coarse robe, ever after to be her uniform. Then her long, light, lovely hair is cut, the cap adjusted, and the poor parents, with streaming eyes, say good-bye, and she is left to her chosen life.

A very different and to my way of thinking much wiser and more sensible kind of sisterhood is that of the "Béguinages," a system peculiar, I believe, to Belgium. The Béguinages are little towns in themselves. This

particular one in Bruges dates back to the 13th century, and the church is almost just as it was when built. It is entirely enclosed by high walls, and has two gates, which are locked and barred after a certain hour, and the little community sleeps in peace and safety. As we drove over the bridge which spans the surrounding canal, like a castle moat, and caught sight of the neat little houses with the big green in the centre, many were our exclamations of delight. Each nun, or sister, has a little house to herself, and is allowed a servant, and these little houses are ranged around the walls, each with its tiny little garden, and painted white, with bright green wooden shutters. In front of them is the paved roadway, and all the central part, several acres probably in size, is a grass-covered park with rows of beautiful, tall, old trees, the whole, with the old church in red brick and the picturesque old gates, making a charming scene.

The life of the sisters here is, we are told, entirely voluntary. They are obliged to pay a certain sum (two hundred and fifty francs, I think) to enter, and also some small yearly payment in addition, to help the upkeep of the place, and their time outside of their religious duties is spent in various good works in or out of the community, they being free to go and come as they please, under certain restricted hours. They nurse the sick poor, teach the children, and many make the famous Bruges lace. In some of the Béguinages also they are allowed to take paying guests, particularly, I believe, in those at Ghent, and no doubt many a weary lonely soul here finds peace. What could be more restful and more full of interest than to step aside for a time out of the hurly-burly of modern life and make a refreshment in one of those tiny, brilliantly clean little homes where the day's work is "to seek peace and ensue it"?

The lace in Bruges, to the Child and myself, had much the same effect as the Pied Piper had upon the children,

for our francs simply ran out of our pockets in an unending stream, and if we had not torn ourselves out of the town, I think there would have been none left. There is a famous collection of old laces at the Gruuthuuse, once the home of some of the Counts of Flanders, and there one can study the different makes, and become learned in all the various "points" and "appliqués," many of which are still copied by the artists in bobbins and needles.

To one who cares for pictures there is much of interest, the famous Memlings in particular in the Hospital of St. John, which, by the way, is a large and well-kept hospital, doing a good and much-needed work, as you may imagine when I tell you there are said to be eleven thousand paupers in Bruges out of a population of 54,000!

There are many other famous pictures besides the Memlings, and also a good many one never wants to see twice! The Hôtel de Ville is a beautiful specimen of Gothic, dating from the 14th century, and many old buildings with the old canals bordered so often by fine old trees make pictures one can never tire of seeing.

We happened upon two places of particular interest, the old café where Rubens spent much time, still a haunt of artists, and the charming buildings and grounds of the "Société St. Sebastien," an archery club which can boast of many crowned heads for members, as well as humbler folk, and among the former, Charles II. of England and Queen Victoria, whose original autograph letters are in the "Golden Book" of records which we were allowed to see. The best archer in the club wins the title of "König," which he holds, together with his sceptre and regalia, until some one out-classes him. The day we visited the club some boys were practising and they shot not at easy targets, but at little sticks representing birds put up on a high framework. Perhaps before S. P. C. A. days they practised at real birds!

We left Bruges with deep regret and many inward as well as outward vows to come again, and took the train for Ghent en route for Brussels. We were only able to take what might be called a flying leap through Ghent, but it was enough to receive an indelible impression. There are two Béguinages, a small one much like that at Bruges and a very large one, a veritable city, where each house is enclosed by high walls, and the life led behind them left much to one's imagination. Here also the magic of the lace called us, and I found a piece of quaint Venetian point beyond my powers of resistance. Here are the ruins of the abbey of St. Bavon, chiefly celebrated in my mind as being the birthplace of John of Gaunt, and a fine cathedral, where there is the great Van Eyck, the *Adoration of the Lamb;* but deepest interest of all is the ruin of the old castle of the Counts of Flanders, a wonderful old place, bringing most forcibly before one the power of the great in those dark days of dungeons, and the discomfort in which they lived, grand as they were. In particular we were impressed by the great reception hall, built in the 8th century, with walls of a thickness impervious apparently to time and of most noble dimensions, but loopholes for windows, no possible heat, no lights but torches, and even when draped in one's imagination by arras and rugs and dais, only suggestive of chill discomfort.

From here to Brussels is an hour's ride in the train, and many centuries in the mental aspect. Brussels, the abode of gaiety and light and laughter and music, with theatres and operas, concerts and world's fair, a far cry indeed, and one requiring an adjustment of mentality, so I cry you mercy and a little time to accomplish the miracle.

Your ever loving

PRINCESS.

IV

Brussels

A CITY OF GRIM PAST MEMORIES AND PRESENT-DAY GAIETIES—WATERLOO AND A "POISSONNIÈRE"—NAMUR AND THE "COUQUES DE DINANT"—SIR WALTER SCOTT AND SHAKESPEARE — BELGIAN AGRICULTURE— THE FUNERAL WHICH STIRRED THE HEART OF THE WORLD

May 21, 1910.

MY DEAR ONE:

We have successfully climbed down from the 15th century, and occupied ourselves here with modern and mundane things to a great extent; but having once trod upon the airy heights of romance, it is not possible with so much temptation about us, to remain all the time upon the solid commonplace earth of to-day. So you must be nimble-witted, and follow up and down the centuries as we and Opportunity lead. Just here I must tell you that I have discovered another secret about Prince Opportunity, and it is, that once he feels he has won your confidence and that you are going to be no laggard, but will keep the pace he chooses, you may gently guide him almost where you will.

You know Brussels too well for me to attempt any description and indeed I am obliged to confess that the shops with their enticing windows took almost complete possession of us, and perhaps it was just as well, for the Laird said he was having an attack of "museum indigestion," and though the Child made relentless and disapproving remarks, waving her Baedeker at us, for once

I was inclined to follow his lead and devote myself to the out-of-doors and "frivol." We paid a visit perforce to the Exhibition but it was disappointing, because entirely unready. When the King and Queen formally "opened" it some weeks before, they must have addressed themselves principally to packing cases and skeleton palaces, and the only thing really in full swing was a real Coney Island "shoot the shute," which gathered crowds of both onlookers and participants, and many were the screams of excitement as boat-load after boat-load plunged down into the miniature lake.

With sightseeing as with most other things in life I find it wisest to follow the advice of Polonius: "Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment." There was the matter of Waterloo, where Baedeker says "go by all means," and on the other hand Grant Allen tells us "it is a waste of time and money." In a way they both, as the Germans say, "have right"; it depends upon how one goes and what one looks for when there. If the conveyance is to be a public four-in-hand, with hard, uncompromising seats and rubberless tires, companions anybody, and the road the old Belgian-blocked way, I agree with Mr. Allen, but if, as in our case, Opportunity offers a good automobile, the company of "three which is not a crowd," and the road a perfect one through that most exquisite park the Bois de la Cambre, and the lovely, seemingly endless, Forêt de Soignes, then there is but one opinion possible,—go, and lose no time about it!

There is a peculiar and wonderful fascination in long straight roads, lined by beautiful old trees, and these Belgians understand and profit by it, for one can ride and drive for hours in the gracious green coolness, wondering why every country of hot suns cannot do the same. As we drive through the Forêt de Soignes and pass alley upon alley leading off to left and right in endless lovely

distance through the high trees, we people them with the "melancholy Jaques" of Shakespeare, or the crafty Louis and his minions, and even fancy that in the far-off distance there hangs one of his victims so valiantly fought for by Quentin Durward. Arriving at the battle-field one is dismayed by the crowd of so-called guides, and of beggars and tourists, and a sort of general disgust comes over us as we turn away from the great mound, where the lion reigns triumphant, to look with greater interest around the far-famed and much-written-about farms of "La Sainte Haye" and "Hougomont," with their bullet-riddled doors and ruined walls so suggestive of the terrible scenes which passed around them. As we stand and look, we easily reproduce and people them, remembering the pictures which Détaille and others have painted in such brilliant and almost brutal reality.

We, as all others, I suppose, were waylaid by the hostess of the Waterloo Inn, and not merely invited, but dragged, I may say, within, to look at a not very interesting collection of old guns and bullets, etc., possibly genuine relics, but just as possibly not. She herself with her strident, raucous voice, her manly height, and sturdy, muscular arms akimbo, was a perfect picture of the "Poissonnières" of 1793, and it makes one shudder to think of her as a type of the creatures (one cannot call them women) who surrounded, taunted, and distressed poor gentle feminine Marie Antoinette in her hours of cruel suffering. I shall long hear this one's voice echo, in my memory, when in answer to a question about the house she shouted in her fierce tones, "dis is de very place where Wellington he say, 'H'up guards an' h'at 'em'!"

With some difficulty, our chauffeur not being familiar with the locality, we found the parish church of the village of Waterloo some miles from the battle-ground, where a chapel is dedicated to the "Iron Duke," and many tablets testify to the heroism of those who fell in

his service. When reading the sad records of boys in their teens or just beyond them, whose lives were sacrificed, we could but think of the well-known and too true exclamation, "War is hell!" I confess also to a strong sentiment of sympathy and pity for the Emperor himself, obliged here, after all his victories, his conquering marches, and also his cold cruelties, to sadly cry, "Save himself who may, all is lost!" Waterloo is still a Waterloo in more senses than one, for here the Laird received his "accolade," I might call it, in the matter of guides and their extortions, a shock to generous confiding natures, and a lesson not to be forgotten. Hereafter we shall only mention "Waterloo" and he will begin to bargain at once.

Our next and a very interesting excursion was to Namur by train and from there to Dinant by automobile. At Namur, which is later in the summer a much-frequented resort, there is, among many others, an excellent hotel, the "d'Harscamp," originally the town villa of the family of Harscamp, who were Counts of Namur, and it has dined many kings and nobles, as well as princesses like your humble servant. The town itself is much like many others of its age and size, with some interesting churches and a few old buildings left; but the fortress, or "citadel," on the Montagne de Champeau, is the irresistible magnet, beautiful to-day, and filled with memories of the glories and strife of the past—supposed to have been the site of the camp of the Aduatuci described by Cæsar.

The castle of the Counts of Namur was built upon the same spot, and the towers of it are still left, though the fortifications have been several times rebuilt, as the citadel has been a football for nations from time immemorial, and has been battered about from Walloons to the English, to the Austrians, Holland, and France, and at the moment it is still used in part as a Belgian garrison.

A large part of the grounds, however, now belongs to the city and forms a beautiful park, with magnificent views over the romantic country of the Ardennes, and possesses a huge stadium on the very top of the hill, where are held Olympian games and horse shows. The Ardennes district is thought by many to have been Shakespeare's Forest of Arden and I find some confirmation of this in the play itself, especially where Charles the Wrestler says, apropos of the exiled Duke, "They say he is already in the forest of Arden and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England."

If the Forest of Arden had been in England as is also claimed, would this phraseology be likely?

From Namur to Dinant is a beautiful ride along the valley of the Meuse, which winds about between wooded mountains and huge bare rocks surmounted by modern villas or ruined castles, chief of which in interest is that of Crève-Cœur, so intimately associated in our memories with the gallant Scot, Quentin Durward. Here along the Meuse he led his fair charges and from some of the ruined castles we can easily imagine the "Wild boar of Ardennes" swooping down upon them. Dinant has also its citadel, but the climb to it is so steep and tiresome we confined ourselves to the little town itself, which is famed now chiefly for its grottos and the "couques de Dinant," a sort of glorified New England "cookie." They are made of all sizes and shapes, from the little "langue de chat" to great shields of a size and hardness to serve as such, for eat them we could not. They are covered with designs of every description, sometimes funny, sometimes heroic, and often pictures of the town or its buildings. Nearly every other shop was a bakery and how the myriads of cakes are disposed of I cannot imagine, though, as a Walloon maid of the Hotel Britannique received them with joy, it is possible that the inhabitants like them better than we did. We had also

a try at one of the grottos, and groped our way, shivering with the cold, down one hundred and thirty steps into the bowels of the earth to look at the stalactite-filled, ghostly caverns, but our guide, with his one lantern, looked so brigand-like we were glad to return to upper air and sunshine.

These many drives and excursions by train have taught us much about Belgium, and we marvel at the industry and patient work of the people. It would almost be safe to say that not a square foot of ground is left untilled or wasted in the whole country. If the ground is wet they drain it, and if dry they irrigate it, and not even a dooryard but has its plot of herbs as well as flowers. If our farmers could only come over here and be taught a lesson of how to make the most of an acre of ground, to "waste not and to want not," and, what is more, practise the lesson after they learned it, I venture to say that many of our problems of high-priced living would vanish like snow before the melting sun. Here everybody works. It is not a case where, in American ditty language, "everybody works but father." Literally everybody, father, grandfather, grandmother, the dog and the cow, and for all I know perhaps even the cat, for if the poor, patient cow can plough the fields, thus earning a double wage I fear she does not receive, why may not the cat turn the spit, or some such office?

The women hoe, shoulder to shoulder with the men; young men and maids harnessed together draw the stone rollers, children sow the seeds, and dogs lend their useful shoulders to bear the produce of cows and garden to market. Weeds scarcely exist, eradicated in the careful succession of crops, and I daresay regarded as they should be, a disgrace to the farmer's intelligence.

With all this toil, possibly because of this toil, money is spent with a lavishness astonishing to behold. In the

cities, Brussels most notably, the public buildings are of an artistic magnificence almost inconceivable, while the multitude of parks and tree-lined avenues, with their quiet walks free from terrors of autos, motor-cycles, and the like, show a thoughtful care for the pleasures and comforts of gamin and noble alike. In the country the roads are kept in perfect order, and whenever work is being done, embankments, railways, what you like, it is done to stay, and will perhaps endure as that of the sturdy old Roman, whose marks are legion. In fact, Belgium seems to me full of interesting lessons, many of which we could follow to our benefit.

Brussels, however, has not, as you know, been always so smiling and bright as it is to-day, with its magnificent horses gathered here for the "concours hippique," and its lines upon lines of blooming horse-chestnut trees, but its dark, sad days are testified to in memorials of many kinds.

Those martyrs Egmont and Horn have a beautiful statue in front of their sometime palace, and a real satisfaction it is to me to see them as if living, in their cloaks and feathers, for always I have seen them in my mind's eye as they are pictured in one of the great galleries, lying dead and stiff and grey, a mute protest to the terrible Duke of Alva. St. Gudule, the beautiful cathedral, is enough of itself, with its lovely old glass windows, to repay one for a visit to Brussels.

From our windows at the Britannique we look across the pretty park to the gardens of the King, and again to the royal stables, where every morning "all the King's horses and all the King's men" prance in and out to take their exercise. Yesterday, being the day of King Edward's funeral, they paraded in all the glories of scarlet cloth and state carriages, and even the horses seemed conscious of special need to bear themselves proudly.

What a remarkable testimonial has all this pomp and ceremony, combined with the evidently sincere grief of the crowds, been to the character of King Edward VII! I say character advisedly, for only love won by the tact and courtesy, as well as genuine consideration for their welfare, could have won from the people at large such true evidence of real grief at the loss of a friend as has been shown for this great man, who on entering into his rest could say, "I have tried to do my best." It has stirred the heart of the world, as well as the private particular one of your devoted

PRINCESS.

V

Cologne and Heidelberg

THE GREAT BROODING MOTHER—GEMS OF ART—THE RHINE AND ITS LEGENDS—HEIDELBERG AND A CONUNDRUM

May 28, 1910.

DEAREST BELOVED:

What an intolerable time it takes after leaving the shores of the United States to be reached by letters from "the love I left behind me"! At last the distance is bridged, and I am more than glad that you can tell me that the second sight, so to speak, of our wanderings is giving you in your quiet study some "refreshment of spirit" as you are kind enough to phrase it.

I can see that you have a suspicion that my rose-coloured pictures foreshadow a lessening of my love for my native land! Ah, no! "Soyez tranquille." I shall never be that detestable thing, a woman "without a country," but if one goes out for to see, why not see or at least heed only the best, and take home when we go, or send home before us, something to make one feel one has learnt lessons good to know? With all these centuries of civilisation back of the time when our land was terra incognita, it would be odd indeed if these old countries had not learned, unlearned, and relearned many things well for us to know, and, to my mind, there are too many self-satisfied Americans, too many who, like bad little children, only kick and scream when they are taught their lessons. I said good-bye to you from Brussels in my last and now have much to tell you of a week of flittings.

From Brussels we went first to Cologne, a not very long, but, as it happened, hot and tiresome railroad journey, with an episode of crossing a frontier, and an examination of luggage from which I wish our customs officials could take copy. It is so pleasant and self-respecting to be believed when you say you have nothing dutiable!

At Cologne, we were soon comfortably settled in pleasant rooms at the Savoy Hotel, with a perfect outlook on the cathedral and its square. So inviting did I find my window, I availed myself of the excuse of slight fatigue and ordered my dinner to come to me, which it presently did, and there drank to the full of the scene before me.

It is surely one of the marvels of the world, that cathedral, and yet, architectural ignoramus that I am, I presume to be dissatisfied with its towers! To my eyes they are not tall enough to be in proportion to the immense body and taper off too suddenly, so that instead of giving one the feeling that they reach up into heaven itself they appear like a pair of ears inquisitively listening. Perhaps for this very reason (and possibly the architect meant it to be so), this cathedral gives me, as does no other so vividly, the sensation of a brooding mother guarding her little ones, a sensation heightened by the myriads of people continually passing in and out from under the protecting wings; and a heavy wind and thunder-storm coming up as I watched, it seemed as if half the town's inhabitants must have scuttled across the square, hats blown hither and thither, umbrellas turning inside out, to take refuge.

With the morning and the sunshine, I lost no time to pass within those doors myself, and I think nothing could be a more complete realisation of the vastness of the interior than the cold wind which almost bars one's entrance, so strong is it, and so chill, it might have swept

down from the heights of heaven's mountain peaks! The cathedral is too well-known for any description to be needed, and although I have already been impertinent enough to criticise its distant effect I too marvelled at the wonderful vastness and the beauty of detail. There is much to interest one in Cologne, and we occupied two days very pleasantly seeing the Ringstrasse and its attractive squares and dwelling-houses, the old gates, the zoölogical gardens, where, besides seeing the rather sad-looking captives, one may hear a band of unusual excellence; and the Richartz Museum. In the latter place we were particularly interested in the Roman remains, all found in or about Cologne, and some very attractive pictures, notably the much-photographed portrait of Queen Louise of Prussia, and a *Madonna of the Rose Bower*, by Stephen Lochner, a painter whose acquaintance we had already made at the cathedral.

Having heard much from many friends of the discomforts of a ten-hour trip up the Rhine, we determined to profit by their experiences, and take it more easily, and with this end in view we left Cologne at three o'clock on a bright afternoon, to disembark after a pleasant sail of only two hours at lovely Rolandseck, ignored of "express" boats, and free from crowds.

The river from Cologne to Bonn is only interesting because the weather happens to be beautiful, and a sail anywhere would be agreeable, but when the Siebengebirge begin to greet us, then we slip into the land of legends, and the witchery of the Rhine takes fast hold upon us.

Do you remember that "once upon a time" the Rhine at Königswinter was dammed by a great mountain and formed a large lake, which continually overflowed its banks, to the dismay of the people, whose crops were destroyed and lands submerged? At last they determined to find help, and going far away to the country

The Madonna of the Rose Bower, by Stephen Lochner

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of the giants they begged their aid, promising largess, and in answer seven of the giants came with great spades and dug gaps through which the water rushed, and soon the lake was drained and the river flowed peacefully through the plains. The heaps of stone which the seven giants made were called the Seven Mountains, and there they are, and there they will remain, unless the giants should come back again and sweep them away.

At Rolandseck we found a pleasant little hotel, the Bellevue, which with its terraces and balconies gave us our first experience of that German love of living and eating out-of-doors, which they carry to such an extent as to dine and sup on the sidewalk if no better place offers.

Breakfast under the shade of trees, which years of trimming and pruning have formed into a beautiful pergola, with the Rhine flowing past the wall at our side and the mountains blue and distant in the haze of a warm morning, assumes a character at once idyllic and important, and we gather our robes about us and seat ourselves in satisfaction, while Baucis and Philemon spread a feast of bread and honey in kind and hospitable intent, as little aware as ever of the gods to whom they minister!

Across the river there is the Drachenfels, its gaunt, ruined castle walls outlined against the sky, and in its side the cavern where Siegfried performed his deed of might and slew the terrible dragon, which, do what we may, will insist upon picturing himself in the shape of the spitting, steaming monster of the Metropolitan Opera stage!

Above us is the Rödderberg with the Rolandbogen on the edge of the steep rocks, and we determine to climb to it to add our little meed of homage to the brave and faithful knight. I need hardly say that the much-sung Roland was a Paladin of the great Charlemagne, but perhaps you do not remember that in his journeyings

in search of adventure he came to the castle of the Drachenfels, and being ministered to by the lovely Hildegunde, straightway fell deeply in love with her. With the gracious permission of the old knight, her father, they were betrothed, and Roland at once set to work to build his castle on the *eck* of the Rödderberg. While these preparations were going on, there came one day in hot haste a messenger from Charlemagne to say that his Paladin must at once join him to go to war against the infidels, so the lovers were parted, with tears and vows.

A year passed, and there came news that Roland had been killed at the battle of Roncesvalles, and after a time of deep grief Hildegunde decided to become a nun at the convent of Nonnenwerth on a little island just under the Rolandseck, where she had hoped to live a happy bride.

In course of time Roland, rescued by peasants and nursed back to health, returned to the Drachenfels, full of the expectant joy of reunion with his beloved one, to be told she had become "the Bride of Heaven"! In despair he took up his abode at the castle and spent his days in mournful watching of the nunnery, and occasionally was made happy by the sight of his loved one among the flowers in the convent garden below.

The Nonnenwerth is now a school for girls, and after our climb through the magnificent woods, as we stood under the one remaining castle arch, looking down upon the pretty island, I thought it not unlikely that there were present-day Rolands who climbed to signal to their Hildegundes.

Across the Rhine at Honnef there is the Nightingale Valley, with its pretty little story of how the nightingales sang so charmingly around the abbey of Himmeröde, they awakened in the hearts of the penitents such seductive memories of sinful sweets of the world, that when St.

Bernard came to the abbey to examine the hearts of the brothers, he found them so departing from the paths of peace, he cursed the singers. At once there was a great stir in the branches of the trees, and a numberless throng of nightingales rose from them, and filling the forest for the last time with their glorious song, flew away to the valley of Honnef, where still on summer evenings their songs rejoice or torment the hearts of men.

I might go on indefinitely with legends, and, indeed, one must saturate one's self with them in many instances to perceive the beauties and to be able to ignore the fact that the present-day Rhine is largely a thing of commerce and manufactures. It takes a good, strong draught of imagination to picture the Lorelei as with "goldene kamme sie kämmt ihr goldenes haar," especially as the Germans, with their excessively "broad" ideas of humour, have done all they can to spoil the romance by ridiculous postcards.

From Rolandseck to Coblentz, with its grand old fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, was another afternoon's trip, and after a night of rest, five hours took us to "Fair Bingen on the Rhine." We found it less fair in actuality than in story, and after a good look at the vineyards of the Rheingau, took to the train.

You know I am rather fluent in German (of a sort), so it was not because of lack of understanding that we were told a dozen different tales of trains and "carriages" and "*Umsteigen*," but a special providence protects the innocent, and in spite of lacerated feelings on the part of the Laird and the Child, who thought that "*Damen*" from the guard meant incivility, and a cigarette an impertinence in a "*Raucher*" we reached Heidelberg in the evening. Here, as Cæsar says, we "remained three days," and though we did not build bridges, we crossed and recrossed them. Old inhabitants resent the fact of modern hotels looking down upon the grand old castle,

but to tired travellers the Schloss Hotel, with its marvellous views and its large, shady gardens, is too agreeable for us to quarrel with modernity.

Of course, you know all about the University of Ruperta Carola, and all the interesting history and sights of the old city which makes it worthy of the panegyrics pronounced upon it by one of the famous sons of the university, who wrote: "If some unhappy person were to ask me where he ought to live to escape at times for an hour from lurking trouble, I should recommend Heidelberg; and if some happy person were to ask me what place he should choose to crown afresh each joy of life, I should again recommend Heidelberg."

At first glance one might think this would apply to many another place besides, but what makes it especially applicable to Heidelberg is the variety of tastes it is capable of satisfying. Art, history, science, philosophy, nature; it is bubbling with well-springs of each and all, for here you can study in schools or climb mountains, or listen to music, can minister to sentiment in the lovely old ruins, and in the shaded walks of the beautiful old park find refreshment for body and soul. In this park one is left in peace as in no other that I know, and no disturbing signs tell you that you may not pick flowers nor walk on the grass, with the gratifying result that nobody seems to wish to do any of these things, and all is undisturbed and lovely. Except for the disfigurements of the so-called "restoration," the castle is very beautiful and full of historical interest, which I shall not enter into, as every guide-book does it fully, but I give you a conundrum. Just outside the "*Dicker-Thurm*" is a stone with an inscription which I can neither translate myself with any satisfaction, nor have I found any one who could. Fond as the Germans are of *Denkmals* even they could hardly have caused to be carved and erected a monument with no more purpose than the literal

translation of the following lines would seem to argue:

"Anno MDCLXXXI
Den xxii Januari
Vom Schloss auf Disen Ort
Hat weder alles hoffen
Aus Stücken Chur Furst Carl
Mit Kugel Kugel troffen."

The German you see is evidently of the date, and has perhaps sacrificed a prefix or so to the rhythm, but even so I find it an unsolvable conundrum. How is it with you?

Deine
PRINZESSIN.

VI

Colmar

THE BLUE ALSATIAN MOUNTAINS—A GERMAN GARRISON —EARLY GERMAN ART—TRACES OF THE ROMANS— A "SENTIMENT" FOR "OUR TEDDY"

June 7, 1910.

My Beloved:

Not having you at my elbow, I cannot remember who wrote about the "Blue Alsatian mountains," but here they are in all their blueness and we are in this picturesque old town lying at their feet. No attitude of homage can convey more admiration than they excite in my eyes, and I find it impossible to decide whether they are more lovely in the morning light, when the sun shines directly on them, illuminating every chasm and making every towered castle stand out boldly against the dark green of the pine trees, or in the evening, when the sun slowly sinks behind the highest peak, leaving lingering farewells in the rosy fingers which seem to beckon us to follow and to give promise of that pot of gold which, as children, we always believed lay at the foot of the rainbow.

Colmar is an old town of much-tortured nationality; first German, then for a long time French, and now, since the Franco-Prussian War, again German, with the result of many varying feelings of nationality, and a confusion of tongues out of which has come what I can only call a "lingo," unintelligible except to the well-initiated. We are here to be with friends, who live here because the

family's head is an Herr Rittmeister in the service of the Kaiser, and Colmar is a much-garrisoned town.

We awake in the early morn to bugle calls and the tramp of martial feet, as the horse and infantry go to the exercise grounds; and the day is punctuated by the comings and goings of the military, exciting and novel to us, but so much a part of life here than even the small boy seems to have no thrills.

A visit to the "Caserne" of the "Jäger Regiment zu Pferde No. 3" is full of amusement and interest, especially the stables, which are kept in wonderful order, and the horses cared for in a way that appeals strongly to those who love animals. Each horse has its name above its stall, and saddles and accoutrements hang on pegs by their side, in "apple-pie order" and ready to be adjusted at a moment's notice. In a small stable set apart for horses out of condition, taking a rest-cure, so to say, are two baths which seem a capital idea, and a thing I have never seen before. One is a large stall perhaps fifteen feet square, containing water about a foot deep; the other, about the same dimensions, with very soft wet mud about ten inches deep, and in these, according to their needs, tired horses with cracking hoofs stand by the hour or day, as may be necessary. Not being familiar with cavalry stables at home, I do not know whether this is also a custom in the United States, but if not it might well be.

One hears much about the hardships in the German army and the sympathy expressed is usually for the common soldier, but any one who imagines a German officer's life to be an easy, happy existence is vastly mistaken. It is a continual struggle to, in some way, whip into shape the ignorant, and in many cases the stupid, and with the German system of one, two, or three years' service, for every adult male, the work is never done. Our Rittmeister was up and out, leading his

squadron to work, at five in the morning; from which time until nine or ten, often later, he knows no moment of rest, and arrives home, having tired out two magnificent Irish chargers, only to get food and rest and start out again; or to do, what is almost more trying, head work, planning out possible and impossible charges in the field to be rehearsed later, to prepare for the criticism of the "G. P." as they call the great personage who, from time to time, comes to review. These reviews are the terror of all concerned, for "Wilhelm," as they speak of him, is, as all the world knows, a martinet in discipline, and woe be to any officer whose command does not "review" up to the mark, or who shows not merely inaptitude for his work, but even the slightest nervousness under the critical eye, for to him will come, when least expected, a polite letter thanking him for his past services, and adding that in future he need not trouble himself further.

One can scarcely wonder if under such a system as this, love is apt to absent itself from loyalty and fear take its place. "Wilhelm" is at this moment particularly unpopular, having just asked for an increase of funds for "civil" expenses, which I was told meant his private purse, and it was to come out of the private purse of the people in a new taxation. The pay of the common soldier is about equal to five cents a day, but there are some perquisites which help, and, on the whole, he is not badly off, though he sometimes thinks so. The day of our visit to the Caserne, the Herr Rittmeister was called upon to "speak gently" to a lot of youths, who, being dissatisfied with their food, had taken their supper of herrings, strung them on strings, and festooned the outsides of their windows, which, though laughable, was a breach of discipline impossible to pass over. They were told to "stop at home" that Sunday afternoon instead of having their usual holiday to stroll with their sweethearts.

The system of conscription practised in Germany may have its unfortunate side, but there is certainly much to be said in its favour, as it takes the raw, undisciplined peasant out of the fields and returns him, after his three years of service, with habits of precision and obedience, and of neatness, which, though not perhaps perfect, are at least vastly superior to the ignorance, and often filth, in which he lived before. There are some funny, and also pathetic, instances of the unfitness of every man for the same occupation, one instance of which I give you.

After weeks and weeks of teaching, it was demonstrated that not every man could learn to ride a horse. A poor fellow, having been systematically thrown from his quiet horse day after day, one morning appeared before his Rittmeister leading the horse, and, with tears in his eyes, saluted, and said, "I should like to stop in the army, sir, if you will let me lead my horse like this, but ride I cannot."

One day we had a concert given us by the regiment band which came and played inspiringly in our own private garden, on to which looked the stalls of the Rittmeister's chargers, and pretty it was to see them leave their feeding and come at once to "attention" when they heard the trumpets ring out the signal for gallop and trot. A clever bandmaster had taken the spring song from Wagner's *Fliegende Hollander* and worked it into a rhythm for trumpets so inspiring I could hardly restrain an impulse to lift up my middle-aged heels and canter off to unknown deeds of "derring-do."

The regiment possesses six silver trumpets given it by some one of the "G. P's." who had been pleased with its performances, each with the regimental monogram on its banner, and you can imagine the inspiration when they are played on horseback, the trumpeters charging at the head of their regiment, the knowing horses trained to answer to knee instead of hand.

Aside from its military aspect Colmar has much of interest, many of the buildings dating back to the fourteenth century and of quaint architecture. Driving one morning to the fish market with my hostess, the "market" being a quaint little house on the edge of a canal with the date 1580 over the door, I could but trust that the fish themselves might be less antiquated!

There is an interesting old cathedral,—containing Schongauer's masterpiece and not the least of whose attractions is a stork's nest high up on the roof of the nave, evidently much prized, as an iron cradle had been made for its support. Storks, it seems, are very long lived and go back from year to year to the same nests, and if any incautious person were to disturb or try to destroy them, there would certainly be a revolution,—one of the most lasting grievances against the French being that during the bombardment of Strasburg the storks were frightened away and did not return for years.

There is a wonderfully interesting museum here with a most varied collection, ranging from natural history through almost every art and craft, from pre-Roman to modern times. The birthplace of Bartholdi, a room is given up to models of his many and justly admired works, and here, the guide-books say, is offered the very best opportunity to study early German art, especially in the pictures of Schongauer and others of his time. As a result of my studies there remains in my mind a rather confused conglomeration of very wooden-looking arms and legs capped by equally wooden-looking heads, with faces of about the same vivacity of expression as a rag doll!

The subjects are generally horrible or grotesque, and the temptations of St. Anthony in particular, a favourite theme, run the entire gamut of what would seem a diseased imagination!

No, early German art is not for me!

What did delight me, however, was a collection of Roman jewels and various other articles in wonderfully wrought gold and silver. They were found only a few years ago, all carefully packed in jars, like the amphoræ we see in Rome, while excavations were being made for the railroad up the mountains at a little place called Drei Aehren. It always seems to me very wonderful to think of the civilisation of a people able to make and anxious to wear and use such things, centuries, perhaps, before our Christian era, and we should tread the ground in such vicinities with respect and awe, thinking of the lives that have been lived, sorrows bravely borne, discomforts ignored, love and ambition, hatred and envy as alive then as now, and as little remembered as ours will be in the years to come.

We had some charming excursions in the mountains, for these enterprising and holiday-loving people have a funicular or some kind of railroad up almost every mountain. One in particular delightful was up through the Col de la Schlucht to the Hohneck, the highest point in this part of the Hautes Vosges. Starting from Colmar we had an hour's ride in the ordinary train through Turkheim, one of the best preserved of the old walled towns, to Münster. Both of these towns were members of the ancient "Dekapolis" of the ten Freie Städte. From Münster there is an electric "rack and pinion" road up part of the way, and then a funicular, which, as you probably know, means a cable road, to the Schlucht. As we slowly crept up and up through what seemed almost primeval pine forests, although the trees have been cut for firewood and other purposes for centuries, I felt like crying "Hurrah for Pinchot!" for whatever may be the true inwardness of that most lamentable controversy, the name of Pinchot does certainly stand for "*conservation*"; and for our people to learn to manage and use their forests with the same admirable judgment

used here in Germany is "more to be desired than gold yea! than much fine gold!"

Besides the railroad there is a fine road for carriages and motors, up and through this pass, and we were interested to find that it had been from earliest times a sort of high-road from Alsace and Lorraine over into France, though for many centuries only passable on foot.

I had been told that as it now stands, the road was made by Napoleon, and as he accomplished so many feats of engineering it seemed quite possible, but on looking up the matter I found that any thrills as to following in the footsteps of the great conqueror were misplaced, and that it was Napoleon III. who, during his sojourns at the baths of Plombières, became interested and helped to put through the work, which has made it one of the finest, as well as one of the loveliest of mountain passes.

From the Schlucht another railroad leads up nearly to the top of the Hohneck and a few minutes' climb to the summit itself, where we find a marvellous view and snow and the earliest spring flowers in place of the roses and strawberries of the plain below. At the very highest point the line between French and German dominion is punctuated by a *Douane*, where we found a restless herd of cattle and goats, which, having been driven up from the German side by their peasant owners, were waiting to be ticketed to go down into France. The Laird and I, thinking we would creep slowly down the rather slippery path and get on the car in good time, were peacefully slipping and sliding along, when, by one common impulse, the herd, swinging their tails in the air, lowered their heads and began to prance down after us, gathering impetus as they came, and going faster and faster until at last nothing but Death itself could stop them before the lowland was

Photo by " The Child "

Cattle Passing the Douane on the Hohneck in the Hautes-Vosges

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reached. The Laird and I could not run, either over the edge of the precipice or into the herd, and the result was a few moments of terror to us, until the herd divided and left us safely behind, and, alack and alas for dignity! of intense amusement for the Child and the Rittmeister, who unfeelingly turned us to ridicule.

The German newspapers at this time are full of Roosevelt and we are led to believe that "mein freund" is not to be taken too seriously, the comic papers especially seeming to express the real underneath sentiments. One had an especially clever cartoon representing a huge bear in the uniform of a hotel *chasseur*, holding a big registry book, across the two pages of which "Teddy" himself writes in bold large hand, "T. Roosevelt, der neuer Americanischer Kaiser," while out of his coat-tail pockets project a large crown and sceptre.

Apropos of this I send you a "pome" from the Paris *Herald*, written from Bournemouth, England, which strikes me as really funny, and I know it will please your "Teddy-weary" soul:

"We trust you 'll understand, Ted, in dropping you this line
There 's not one word we 've written that 's meant to be unkind.
But Truth must always triumph, and the object of this 'pome'
Is to tell you frankly, Teddy, that we wish you would go home.

Now don't take this unkindly; you surely know, dear Ted,
We appreciate your visit and all the things you 've said;
And we 'll always try to cherish the lessons which you 've taught

And mend our way in some respects as we really
think we ought.
But again we 'd humbly mention, and with the
utmost grace,
You 're much too swift for us, Ted, and we cannot
stand the pace.

It 's long since you 've been home, Ted, and we
think 't is hardly fair
To monopolise you longer when you 're so much
needed there.
Your countrymen impatiently are waiting for the
fun
To hear you tell of all the things you 've seen and
said and done.
They long to hear your voice, Ted, and see that
radiant smile
(The Lord knows you 've enough to tell to hold
them for awhile),
That 's why we 're just athinking (though we hate
to tell you so)
That really, truly, Teddy, it is time for you to go.

So pack your grip at once, Ted, and here 's a parting
drink.
We never shall forget you, nor the thoughts you
made us think.
While we 've gloried in your presence, yet we feel
we 've earned a rest,
So our pleasure now, dear Teddy, is to speed the
parting guest.
We 'll be always glad to see you if you happen back
this way,
But we now must have the quiet which we 've longed
for many a day.

So do not think one instant we would rush you,
Teddy dear;
But we 've things we must attend to which we can 't
do while you 're here.

So again excuse our frankness (you would rather
have us so),
When we say with heartfelt longing: Oh, for God's
sake, Teddy, go!"

We are leaving to-morrow for Aix-les-Bains, a change of nationality and environment sharply contrasting.

Your devoted
PRINCESS.

VII

Aix-les-Bains

A PALANQUIN—THE BATHS—WATERS FROM THE FIERY CAULDRON — ROMAN DAYS — LAC DE BOURGET — EARLY LEGENDS—MOUNTAIN HAYING IN THE COMMUNE OF LES DÉSERTS—ANNÉCY AND THE FRENCH ACADEMY—A BIT OF THE HISTORY OF SAVOIE

July 7, 1910.

MON PÈRE:

Led by the hand of Prince Opportunity and touched by the wand of Scheherezade, your Princess is now an eastern houri, borne through the streets in a palanquin by two sturdy bearers, whose step is like unto the tread of a camel, and which so heaves her about that, did she not see through her netted peephole the streets and shops of "La belle France," she might truly imagine herself in the sands of the great desert. Almost more truly than Italy itself, this is the home of *dolce far niente*, and the month has slipped by since my last letter, each day a gentle wave rolling into the next, leaving no trace behind, and only mild anticipation to mark the one to come. Not that there is not plenty to do, for we are all busy taking the "cure," and the hours are so full and so marked out in pleasant routine, we simply take no thought of the morrow, and occupy or amuse ourselves as the moment offers. I remember your superb scorn of "cures," and whether I shall agree with you or not remains to be seen, for I am told one should not expect

to see the real results under six months. Meantime I ride in my palanquin, do what I am told, and hope for the reward the copy-books promise.

Aix is beautifully situated in the midst of a country which is so lovely one simply becomes glutted with exquisite views. But, first and foremost, of course, comes the *raison d'être*, the baths, which have been known and prized since time itself began, though the first recorded takers of the cure are the "Allobroges," to whom all this region belonged, and then to those canny old Romans who recognised, fought for, and possessed, most of the good things on this continent, as well as on some others. In Aix there are many traces of them left, and up to fifty years ago boys and girls still took their dips in the Roman basins. The arch of Campanus is still in good preservation, and on it one can make out a part of an inscription and the name Pompeius Campanus. Antiquaries suppose from its position that it marked the entrance to the baths.

The "Établissement Thermal," as it now exists, is as elaborate and luxurious as any Roman could have wished, and, with its marble halls, statues, and every modern contrivance to minister to the body's pleasure as well as weakness, might easily be looked upon as a cure for every ill. But doctors will disagree here as ever and so many are the opinions, one must perforce remember the saying, "Hippocrat dit oui, mais Galiel dit non," and not look for miracles.

One idle afternoon, I determined to see for myself where the water came from, and, guided by a youth who had learned his lesson well, I passed through the iron gates which guard this Inferno, and groped my way for some hundred yards or so through a gallery cut in the rock, just high enough and wide enough to let us pass, into the side of the mountain, to a large, black, evil-smelling hole, in which bubbled up, from where God alone

knows, the steaming sulphur water, inexhaustible in quantity and of a temperature from 114 to 117 degrees Fahrenheit.

At the present time the water is led from here in pipes, but originally it worked its way through the rather soft limestone to the upper air, wearing the rock into caves and grottos and galleries, through which we groped by aid of candles, until we, like it, reached the welcome sunlight many feet higher up the mountain-side than the gates where we had entered, and glad enough to breathe fresh oxygen in place of steaming sulphur.

Above, on top, rather, of the *établissement*, are two great reservoirs, one holding the hot sulphur water and the other cold water from another mountain spring. The water is allowed to flow through these constantly, and is supplied to the bathing-rooms below at the same temperature at which it gurgles from the earth, and by a clever system of pipes and stop-cocks, is mixed and supplied to the bather at whatever degree ordered. The heat of the water varies, not from the cold or the heat of the outside air, but from the amount of rain or melting snow, which somehow leaches through the earth and rocks, and that this is possible gives rise to thoughts of grave import.

Somewhere, not very far under the crust we call the earth, there is a fiery cauldron, which heats the sulphur water and melts the rocks, and while we think we have it bridled and led for our use, and pride ourselves upon our astuteness, it may at the least expected moment burst out in all its violence, destroy us and our thermal toys, and leave the future as little conscious of our existence, as we are of the twelve villages said once to have bordered the Lac de Bourget and of which a volcanic eruption in 1284 has left no outward sign.

Our mornings are entirely taken up with the ceremonies of the baths and restings, but the remainder of the day

and far into the night, if one wishes, can be a continual round of interest and entertainment. The two casinos supply charming music, theatres, operas, ballets, Punch and Judy shows, moving pictures, and last, but far from least, the gaming tables, and through all, one hears the eternal and mystic drone of the croupiers, "Faites vos jeux, messieurs, rien ne va plus."

In good weather, which, I am sorry to say, is not invariably to be hoped for in these mountain districts, there is also the enchanting "out-of-doors." The excursions, especially for motors, are endless, though on these steep and winding roads not without their moments of terror for the timid. One day we motored over the dizzy Pont de l'Abîme to Annécy with its beautiful lake, over which towers, grim and inaccessible on the top of its high mountain, the great rock we christen "Walhalla," for it would seem that only the rainbow bridge of the gods could give access to it. At Annécy with its old castle and quaint, canal-bordered streets, one is told tales of Rousseau and Lamartine and St. Francis de Sales, all of whom lived there at times. Did you know that St. Francis founded at Annécy a society of littérateurs which he called "L'Académie Florimontanes," and which suggested to Richelieu his idea of the "Académie Française," founded thirty years later?

Soon after we came to Aix there was a grand fête in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of what they called "Le libre annexion de Savoie et la France," the casinos giving a magnificent display of fireworks, ending with an elaborate set piece representing Savoie and France joining hands, and the dates 1860, 1910, and 1794. Just what this all signified and celebrated I confess to having had no clear notion, so set myself to work to find out, and in the attempt became, for a time, entirely lost in a labyrinthine maze of contemporaneous rulers and events. There is, however, usually a way out of every difficulty,

if one can only find a clue, and I will give you the gist of my researches.

In earliest times Savoie was peopled by a Gallic race called the Allobroges or Albrogenses. They were conquered by the Romans during the second century before Christ, and later Charlemagne took command and built churches, established schools, and, in general, spread civilisation.

At about the year 1000 there began, under Humbert of the "Blanche Mains," the house of Savoy, whose heads have been counts and dukes and, finally, even kings. It was a free and independent country until the time of the Revolution, when the people were carried away by the new principles of "Liberté, Égalité, and Fraternité," and Savoie became the eighty-fourth department of France under the name of Mont Blanc. This lasted until the end of the first empire when in 1814 the sovereigns of Europe relegated Napoleon to Elba, gave the crown of France to Louis XVIII., and Savoie, in almost its ancient entirety, to Victor Emmanuel I. of the house of Savoy, King of Sardinia. The government of Sardinia proved a hard and cruel one and the Savoyards were only too happy to ratify, by almost unanimous vote, the treaty made in 1860 by Victor Emmanuel II. with Napoleon III.

This, in consideration of aid rendered by the Emperor in establishing Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy, ceded to France, Savoie and the district of Nice, and Napoleon III., with the tact which often distinguished him, pleased his new subjects and won their hearts by retaining the historical name and calling the two new departments Savoie and Haute Savoie.

From my windows of the Grand Hotel d'Aix—which, by the way, is a very delightful place, where one finds that illusive charm, "all the comforts of home,"—I look out upon two distinct views, to the south the rocky cliff of

Photo by G. Brun, Aix-les-Bains

Lac d'Annécy, and a Vision of Walhalla

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Mont Revard, with its "Pic de Nivolet," and to the west, across the lake, the "Dent du Chat," whose moods are said to govern the weather.

If "Le Chat" looks dark and angry in the early morning, we may expect fine weather, but if clear and smiling, he, with the deceitfulness of his race, brings us clouds and rain before the setting of the sun. For many years there had been a huge cross on the top of the Nivolet, but it was blown down by the storms of the winter of 1909. It is to be raised again by popular subscription, and, tradition says, on the very spot where Noah's ark rested after the flood! This may account for the fact that the whole valley is dotted by trees the exact counterpart, the Laird says, of those in the children's Noah's arks, and in the distance we see many Shems and Hams standing around them.

The "Mont du Chat," of which the "Dent" is the highest, sharpest peak, has some interesting traditions connected with it. The pass over it, the "Col," as it is called, is now an excellent road and is supposed to have been made originally by Hannibal, who, in his "audacious expedition against the power of Rome," came through here two centuries before Christ with an army of "32,000 infantry, 8000 cavalry, 30 elephants, and immense baggage."

Small wonder that the simple Allobroges, who tried to oppose his passage, were defeated!

In the words of Père Fodéré, "Moine de la Novalaise," Hannibal is not the only hero who has traversed the rocky gorges of the Mont du Chat. A legend says that on this mountain a furious beast, which the peasants called a wild-cat but which was of a size more like a tiger, terrorised the neighbourhood so that the people dared not pass except in an armed company. At this time the great King Arthur of Britain came through the Col on his way to Italy, and the villagers prayed him to deliver

them; whereupon he left behind two valiant and kindly cavaliers with their companies, one called Berius, the other Melianus. These two knights after having seen the cat, devised a scheme to trap it. Building a sort of hut of wood in the middle of the mountain they put in it several lambs, and arranged two *loges* in which to hide themselves. When the cat, attracted by the cries of the lambs, began to devour the poor little things, Melianus and Berius sprang upon him and killed him, and so delivered the mountain-side from a dire calamity, and bestowed "a benefice which added to the glory of their King."

From this time the mountain has been called the "Chat," and in the words of the reverend father again, "this name appearing from age to age in all contracts and titles as the 'Mont du Chat d' Arthur,' the story can hardly be rejected entirely."

The beautiful and interesting spots around Aix are almost numberless, and each one seems more perfect than the last. The mountain torrents, strong even as we see them in the summer season, must be terrific in their force when snow is melting, for in every direction they have cut most remarkable gorges in the rocks, and in one instance, in the Val de Fier, the torrent disappears entirely through a rocky tunnel into the earth, emerging again some distance below.

The "Gorges du Sierroz," one of the most beautiful of these natural cuts, is so deep as to almost shut out the sunlight entirely. Two mountain streams here uniting, rush with such terrible force as to make a misstep fatal, and we could easily understand how it happened that Mme. La Baronne de Bloc, who visited the place in the train of Queen Hortense, stepping inadvertently on the edge of a plank, lost her balance, fell, and was swept to instant death before any attempt at rescue could be made. A stone marks the spot and bears besides the

record of her death, etc., the sinister warning, "O vous qui visitez ces lieux n'avancez qu'avec prudence sur ces abîmes; songez à ceux qui vous aiment!"

A place of less sad and far different association is the Abbey of Hautecombe on the side of the lake opposite to Aix, a situation full of exquisite beauty and far from all reminders of the busy world. A mountain behind it and the still waters of the lake in front make it a fit and secluded refuge for the monks who are among the few left in France to possess their monasteries in peace. A noble monument to the house of Savoy, many of whose members have found their rest in its chapel.

Of the Lac de Bourget I can find no words to give you a true realisation of its exquisite colour, which can be compared to nothing but the blend of blue and green in the rainbow. When one approaches Aix for the first time and suddenly comes upon the circle of green mountains, the opal lake lying in their midst in the brilliant hot sunshine of a summer afternoon, as was our fortune, one is reminded of the visions of Revelation, and "a new Heaven and a new Earth" seem to open before us.

Beneath the loveliness of the waters are said to lie in unfathomed depths, the villages destroyed by the inward fires of long ago, and as we watch the fishermen draw their nets, we half expect to see golden treasures, or the precious stones of the heavenly cities.

Fish there are in abundance and the silvery leaping things almost console us for the lost visions, so lovely are they, gleaming in the light.

The very unusual colour of this lake is thought to be caused by the quantities of melted snow from the mountains, but whatever the cause a lovelier sheet of water can hardly exist, and it makes the crowning charm of this most lovely spot.

Another delight of Aix is the flower market, where for

a few francs one may surround one's self with bowers of lovely blooms. Just at this season the booths are massed with exquisite roses, and the pleasant smiling French peasants seldom tempt passers-by in vain. If you prove yourself a regular customer, you are decorated gratis by an extra bunch of some lovely blossom, and the smiling "à vous, Madame, merci, Madame," with which it is given, makes one feel at peace with all the world.

Since Belgium, we have left the exact and neat cultivation behind and have seen weeds in plenty, but in this locality farming operations are carried on not only by "sweat of the brow," but often in danger to life and limb. In particular is this the case in such regions as "Les Déserts," a commune of mountain villages in a pass so steep and narrow as to be called another Thermopylæ, where a hundred determined men could defend their homes against an army.

Here we saw the peasants cutting their hay on dizzy heights, at an angle where in cutting downward they stood almost on their heads, and if cutting upward, which seemed the most difficult, they had to reach up above them. Why the grass, when cut, did not fall off into the valley below I could not understand. It was a complete manifestation of what I never quite understood before, "the horizontal cultivation of precipitous declivities and abrupt hills."

The glorious "Fourth" has come and gone, and been celebrated with a fervour mostly lacking in its native land. At our hotel it was made a grand occasion, and at dinner, the band played "The Star Spangled Banner" when, with one accord the guests of all nationalities arose and stood in respectful silence, causing the much-vaunted "Amor Patria" to manifest itself, and we were glad to pay the same compliment to the inspiring strains of the "Marseillaise" a little later. We shall soon be

leaving and it will be a sad good-bye to all these friendly scenes, and I shall, perforce, cease to be an "houri" and once more assume the guise of your loving

PRINCESS.

VIII

Hilterfingen

A CHARMING INN AND THRIFTY FAMILY—THE LAKE OF THUN—THE EVERLASTING SNOWS—CURIOUS SWISS CUSTOMS

July 23, 1910.

My Beloved:

Since my last to you from Aix-les-Bains we have travelled far. A motor took us through a wonderful country of mountain passes to Geneva, twenty-five miles away, which all the world and you know too well for any description to be bearable. We found the country about there very charming, and, for the first time, met with fields of grain and fields of potatoes, in contradistinction to the patches we have seen elsewhere, making it seem, except for the tile-roofed houses, just like the country at home. Here, too, I noticed for the first time my old arch-enemy, the carrot weed, and I felt much like vituperating it for its impertinent presence when I thought it safely ensconced beyond the sea.

From Geneva up here to Hilterfingen, on the Lake of Thun, is an easy day's trip, with a change at Berne, and final stop at the charming old town of Thun, with a drive of perhaps three miles along the shores of the lake to the pretty little Hotel Wildbolz.

The family of Wildbolz, who own and manage the inn, merit a special description, for not even in New England, which is usually supposed to be the home of energy and thrift, have I ever seen their counterpart.

To begin with, they date back several hundred years, in which fact they seem to take pride and satisfaction, as they have incorporated into a window their coat-of-arms, in coloured glass, and the date 1643. Noticing this in looking about the room, I at once became interested, and inquired about them, to find that for many, many years they have been *friseurs*, which means not only hairdressers and barbers, but perfumers as well, in Berne, and they still maintain this business in addition to the hotel. What started them on their hotel career I do not know, but they built the place themselves three or four years ago, and, with admirable judgment, have made it a characteristic châlet on the outside, and equipped it inside with the most modern improvements in plumbing, electric lights, etc.

The family consists of father, mother, three sons, and one daughter. One son, with his wife, manages the shop in Berne; the other two sons went to Paris and England and there learned to be chefs so that they not only do all the cooking in the hotel, but also take pupils, who pay a goodly sum for a three-months' course, during the first month of which they are allowed only to watch, but later on they take part in the serving of the guests.

The sister, a young girl, of perhaps eighteen, does a little of everything, waits at table, looks after the rooms, speaks English to the guests when necessary, attends to the correspondence, and generally makes herself useful and indispensable. The father looks after the wines, is always in the dining-room at meal times, exercising a kindly supervision of his guests' comfort and convenience, welcomes them on arrival and speeds them on parting, and is, moreover, a man of parts, with a passion for collecting old prints, the fruits of which we enjoy upon the walls of the house.

For the mother one can hardly find words to sufficiently laud her, for what any one else may leave undone, she

does, and, besides all else, she goes every day, for half the time, to Berne, a journey altogether of an hour, to see that all goes well with the business there. The house is exquisitely clean, and almost every bedroom has a balcony, where one can sit in comfort and enjoy the marvellous view, and the prices are most moderate.

After this panegyric I know you will exclaim: "But the serpent? There is always one in Paradise!" Truly I should not be able to give him a name. The climate in midsummer is perhaps not bracing, it is not the abode of fashion, and a little too much time is consumed over a heavy German dinner in the middle of the day, but these items are only drawbacks to some, and it would be a grumbler indeed who could not find enough pleasant things to make them seem infinitesimal. For myself, I never tire of sitting in my balcony and looking over the lake to the green hills, and beyond and above them the wonderful, everlasting snows of the Mönch, the Eiger, the Jungfrau, and, loveliest of all, the Blümlisalp.

As everywhere on this side the ocean, it has rained, and rained almost unceasingly, but we have had one absolutely perfect day, and after it a perfect evening, when we had for the first and only time the soul-stirring experience of watching the sunshine fade away and die on those marvellous mountain tops. Some one has likened it to the passing from Life to Death. One watches the brilliant snow-white turn to pink, which grows gradually more and more roseate until there comes "the light that never was on land or sea," and then suddenly, in breathless silence and expectancy, it fades, and all in a moment a cold, grey shadow settles down like a pall, and you draw a long, sighing breath and say to yourself, "It is the end!" But no! it is not the end!

Next morning at dawn, if one is wise, one watches the sun change grey to gold again, and takes comfort in the happy augury.

On the hill behind the hotel the little village of Hilterfingen is full of picturesque beauty, the châlets of brown wood, with their gay, flower-decked balconies, looking more well-to-do than many peasant homes we have seen, though some of their customs are primitive and might be improved upon. Since I became a farmer I can eagerly assent to the fact that a well-mixed, substantial manure heap is a dowry more to be desired than fine linen, but it hardly seems necessary to give it the place of honour in the front yard, and it would be a distinct benefit if it were placed a little less in evidence, and not so much sub *nosa*, if you will pardon the parody.

The village pumps are charming to look at; the tall, grey shafts surmounted by boxes of brilliant scarlet geraniums, and the troughs, upper and lower, filled with clear running water, make really "a thing of beauty," but when, as we saw one morning, the upper trough is filled with the week's wash, while in the lower is being rinsed the lettuce for dinner, it ceases to be "a joy for ever"! The habit of doing the wash in the running brooks, which has prevailed almost universally wherever we have been, is picturesque and convenient in pleasant summer weather, but I often wonder how the poor things manage in winter, and if it is for this reason that Germans have the habit of the semi-annual grand "lavage" we read about.

A curious old custom in this particular part of Switzerland, and which originated in the valley of Saanen, is to make a cheese at the birth of a child, and to put it carefully away to be kept until that child is married. This cheese is called *hobelkäse*, meaning literally a plane cheese, because when the time comes for it to be cut, it is so hard that it can only be planed, like wood. Finding that there was a *hobelkäse* twenty-one years old in the family of Wildbolz, I begged for a taste of it. They brought it to me, in little wafer-like rolls, just as it

curls up out of the plane, and I expected it to taste as wooden as it looked, but found it, on the contrary, of a very delicate and delicious flavour, not unlike a fine old Cheshire, and I should be tempted to bring one home if only the climate would agree with it.

While upon the subject of old customs, I must tell you of some which interested me extremely, and of which I think you may not have heard. We were discussing with some friends the ever-vital question of "tips," when one of them, a Swiss gentleman who is a native of Basle, said he thought we might be interested in hearing of some old Baslese customs which have been handed down from generation to generation, and must be as rigidly observed as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

When one dines out at Basle, be it man or woman, one must take, wrapped in paper, a franc per person, and as the hostess gives the signal to leave the table, hands dive into pockets, and the carefully wrapped francs are deposited under the plates. Of course in the case of man and wife the man may do it for both, but a woman going by herself, being in the present day pocketless, is sometimes embarrassed to know how she may carry it, and you can imagine there must be often funny scenes when the package, stuck in a glove or handkerchief, slips under the table, as such things have a frantic way of doing. So universal is this custom that servants, in engaging themselves, always ask, "Do you entertain much?" and naturally preference is given to the hostess who does much entertaining, and to such the best servants gravitate. Also, when a guest stays in the house, the correct method is to lay a certain sum upon the kitchen table, and some amusing moments occur when, upon speeding a departing guest, he endeavours to find the whereabouts of the kitchen.

The wife of the Swiss gentleman, being an American, had much ado to accustom herself to these habits, and

said that often it was most embarrassing to see a guest's attempts at unconcern, admiring first one room and then another, finally ending up in a desperate "I should so much like to see your kitchen before I leave."

Of all the customs, however, those of weddings are most elaborate and intricate. No gifts are sent to an engaged couple until the day before the wedding, which is known as "gift day." Then are assembled in solemn conclave the two mothers, or sometimes a grandmother and an aunt representing the two families, whose duty, and pleasure, it is to appraise the gifts, which are brought by a housemaid neatly dressed in black, with white apron and cap. She is invited to look about her until the families' committee decides upon the probable value of the gift she brings, and having decided, she is given a "fee" amounting to ten per cent. of the supposed value. Of course, it sometimes happens that a gift is underestimated in value, as, for instance, a piece of silver is judged as tin, and in such a case, when the mistake is discovered, the difference is sent with appropriate apologies. Sometimes, also, two families unite in sending a gift, in which case the fee is divided between the two servants.

The invitations for the wedding are sent out naming the hour of 2 P.M., and the card always reads, "A carriage will be sent for Mr. Blank, who is requested to call for Miss or Mrs. Blank," man and wife being usually separated; and all the families and friends send their private carriages for the function, each coachman getting a tip of two francs per person. About an hour is consumed collecting all the guests at the house of the bride, during which time black coffee and candies and liqueurs are served. A young brother or friend of the bride acts as master of ceremonies, calling out for carriages and their occupants in proper succession, and every one goes to the church in a different carriage from the one in

which he came to the home, which necessitates another two francs per person to the coachman.

The bride and groom, who have in the forenoon gone through the ceremony of a civil marriage in the presence of two or four men of the families as witnesses, go in the first carriage to the church about three o'clock. There they separate, the bride sitting on the women's side of the church, between the two mothers, or in case of a mother missing, a grandmother or aunt is substituted; and the groom does the same on the other side with the fathers or their representatives. If any engaged couples are present, they follow next to the bride and groom, thus, one may say, publishing their banns. After the ceremony the whole party, up to, say, twenty carriages full, take a drive of about an hour, and the way in which this is done proclaims the social status of the company. The upper classes drive always in closed carriages, while those a little lower in the scale have them open, and the lowest of all smoke, regardless of appearances. The drive ends at the hall or casino where a dinner is to be served.

About six o'clock all sit down, the women (having removed their guimpes) in low-necked gowns, and the men in the unalterable evening dress, which they have worn all the afternoon. The dinner lasts four hours, with many speeches, the first of which, the "roast" speech, is made by the young master of ceremonies, and comes, as the roast should, after soup, fish, and entrées. At the end of dinner children come in and give theatricals made up of scenes from the childhood of the bride and groom, after which there is dancing, lasting far into the night, and during the acting the young couple disappear.

Besides the coachmen's fees, there is one in the church which goes to the poor, and, as always, the franc under the plate, so that a wedding guest must start out with pockets or gloves bulging with little bundles of francs

done up in white paper. Are you not glad you have no sons or daughters to be married in Basle?

One more curious custom is upon the birth of a child, when a maid servant is sent out in the family carriage to announce the fact to friends and relatives. She also must receive a fee for her tidings; in this case, I believe, two francs, for in all instances the sum is a definite one. My Swiss-American friend said that the first time this announcement was made to her, being unwarned beforehand, she made polite inquiries and expressed her thanks, but gave no fee, and so much *de rigueur* is it considered, her husband was obliged to apologise for her and send the required sum the next day.

The one perfect day we were fortunate to enjoy in an automobile trip up the lake to Interlaken, where the Jungfrau holds court in all her grandeur. It was thrilling to look into those snowy deeps through a powerful telescope and realise that only a few days before, a party of climbers had been swept to instant death by the falling of some of that very snow, dislodged in its freshness by an incautious hand.

Interlaken is one of the places to see and then run away from, in my opinion, and we were glad to glide off along the shores of the lovely lake, to our quiet little village, passing, in the village of Einigen, an interesting church, which dates back to the fifth century, where the sect for whom it was built lies buried in the mist of ages, though at present here, as elsewhere in this part of Switzerland, the people are followers of Zwingli, a form of Calvinism.

Soon after the perfect day, which, because of the atrocious weather of this season, stands clear in our memories, the heavens seemed determined to show what they were capable of, and produced a tempest and hailstorm such as had never been known before. The calm lake became a violent sea, and the huge stones rattled

like heavy artillery on the tiled roofs, and covered the ground so that they could be taken up in shovels. You would hardly believe me if I attempted to describe the size of the ice-balls, so I send you a photograph, that you may see for yourself. The Laird, with the help of the sturdy little boy, a fine specimen of a Swiss-American, gathered and arranged them on the table while the Child focused her camera and caught them as you see.

This storm enlightened me as to the reason for the overhanging roofs of Swiss châlets. In our country, all the window glass would have suffered, but here, under the protecting wings, all escaped. The serious damage, which was very considerable, was confined to the fields, and in a curious way, for whereas one patch of grain would be laid low, every stalk broken, the next would be standing upright, apparently unharmed. "One taken and another left."

I shall be sorry to say good-bye to this peaceful place and the kindly villagers, but we are due soon at Oberammergau, and in my next I shall be able to give you my view of the play about which the world is talking.

Your affectionate

PRINCESS.

IX

Oberammergau

TOURIST HORDES AND TRAVEL AGENCIES—THE PASSION PLAY OF 1910—PERFORMANCE OF A VOW WHICH UPLIFTS THE WORLD

July 30, 1910.

MY BELOVED:

We are just back, the Child and I, from Oberammergau, with mind and heart so overflowing with that experience I shall write of nothing else except to tell you that we came from Hilterfingen by way of Zürich, Lindau, and the Lake of Constance to Munich.

The Laird, like you, and many others, who, I must remark, have never seen it, has formed an idea of the place and the play which seems to preclude any possible satisfaction in the presentation, so he remained here, content to have our verdict; and the discomfort and annoyances we suffered seemed to him, as I have no doubt they will to you, good and sufficient reason for having denied himself. That I do not agree, goes without saying, as you will, I trust, be forced to admit. The first step on reaching Munich was to reassure ourselves as to the authenticity of our tickets, and to procure our railroad tickets first-class, hoping thus to avoid crowds, and also to obtain what we supposed would be reliable information as to trains. Vain and foolish hopes! The next day saw us sadder and wiser by an experience not likely to be forgotten!

Among the many justifications and appreciations of

the Oberammergau performance which have appeared in many channels I choose one from a prominent newspaper of Boston, Massachusetts, in support of my utter disgust at the behaviour of many of my compatriots at Oberammergau, and indeed in many other places. This article says in substance that "Americans swarm as a horde of barbarians, showing a lack of intelligence, a greed, and a selfish desire to get the best of everything and everybody which makes one mortified and ashamed to own them."

What motives impelled the crowds of uneducated, uninteresting looking people to cross the ocean for this Passion Play, it is beyond me to understand, for on all sides one hears stories of comments and criticisms so crude as to be past belief.

My own experience furnishes a pair of well-dressed, rather nice-looking Americans, man and wife, who sat directly behind me and whose conversation, loud and continuous, promptly made me aware that the story of the life of Christ was to them an utterly unknown quantity. During the morning performance they were so entirely at sea as to the meaning of what was being enacted before them that they brought in the afternoon one of the little books, everywhere on sale, with the words translated into English, and the man's attempts to play the superior masculine and explain to the weaker feminine mind would have been comical if only one could have overlooked the pathos of it all. I hope and trust that they went away wiser and happier for what they saw; and that they were not indifferent, as were a large fat German who slept peacefully through most of the afternoon, and an Italian bride and groom who found much cause for joking and laughter, would seem to encourage such a hope.

But I am anticipating. Having heard it would be wise to arrive early at the station to take the train from

Munich, we were there promptly, and before the gates were opened, only to find a seething crowd, each unit of which was apparently determined to be the first to board the train. Not wishing to be in the mêlée myself I paid a stalwart porter to go ahead and secure our two seats, thinking that as we were travelling first-class there would be little difficulty, but events proved that we should have fared better to travel third, as those carriages were left to the peaceful poor.

There followed a scene of indescribable tumult in which the battle went to the strong, to the selfish, and to the brutal, and I must admit that it was almost with tears of rage that I saw the train move off without us. Probably this same scene had been enacted many times, for across the platform waited a supplementary train, into a second-class carriage of which I finally found myself hoisted by a somewhat sympathetic German guard, who muttered some unpleasant remarks about "Cook's special," and it was only later on that I discovered the first train to have been a fast one arranged for by Cook, and that a substantial fee in the palm of one of his uniformed officers would in all probability have secured me the seats I failed to find otherwise. At all events, the only satisfaction I got when I made complaint at their office on my return was, that my tickets bought from them certainly gave me a right to be on their train, and that I should *have pushed my way in!*

The trip, after we finally got started, was made in a pelting rain, so that we had not even the consolation of scenery during the three hours of its duration, and the arrival at Oberammergau station, where we were obliged to stand under a leaky shed in puddles of mud and water while a chilled, bad-tempered crowd fought for first place to present their papers to another Cook agent, was anything but a pleasing preparation for the serious function we had come to see. When finally, among the

very last, we received our billets for lodgings at the home of Josef Führer and were packed with our belongings into one of the queer ancient vehicles waiting at the station, the rain still dripping drearily, it was with very badly-drooping spirits that we looked forward to the two-days' stay and the experiences which began in such unpromising manner.

Do you begin to say, "I told you so"? Wait, the end is not yet!

It was not with uncheerful curiosity that we drove up the long street lined with pretty, quaint, white houses, meeting as we went many of the pleasant-faced, gentle-looking peasants whose long hair gives them such an old-time appearance, and when we alighted at a nice freshly-whitened house and were ushered into a more comfortable-looking room than we had dared to hope for, our spirits began to ascend slowly towards that high pitch, which later more than atoned for every indignity. Still the rain poured, and as the stoves were said to be impossible on account of smoke, we had even to resort to blankets and hot-water bags to keep reasonably warm and dry, but we were more fortunate in house companions than in our neighbours at the theatre; and the good food, and pleasant willing service, did much to cheer us.

Much has been said, and scathing criticism spread broadcast about the prices charged for the accommodations, which, though surprisingly good, do not of course compare with what may be had in cities for the same amount of money, but I have good reason to believe that the peasants themselves receive only one half of the sums paid, and that the other half goes to swell the profits of tourist agents who undertake to manage this part of the business.

It seems a pity that these kindly people should be misjudged, and that it should be bruited about the world

that the Passion Play has become a simple money-making business to them, as well as to these outside agents, for I do not think that any one who tries to enter into their lives and to see them from an unprejudiced point of view can feel this to be true. One has only to look over their accounts, which are freely published for him who runs to read, to see just how wisely they spend their money and how little there is left—after the sums brought in by the play season are apportioned to the needs of the community—for a fund toward the expenses of the next production.

Does any one know anything about the receipts of the tourist people? If so, I have not met them. Such critics as "A first nighter," who wrote to the Paris *Herald* that he considered it "a punk show" and "rotten graft," should stop and inquire of himself and others before he makes his opinions public. Let him ask himself whether there may not be something wrong with him that a performance which has aroused deepest interest among all the nations of the civilised world for centuries, appeals to him only as "a punk show," and let him ask others, before he makes the mistake of stating that Anton Lang puts a large sum into his pocket by selling his autograph on picture-postcards of himself, for the sum of two marks apiece.

The real truth of this is that the autograph cards are sold for twenty pfennigs, a very different sum, and the money goes to charity. In the matter of the Passion Play, as in most other things, the profit, or the pleasure, or the satisfaction one gets out of it depends upon what one brings to it in themselves, and the motive which prompts one to see it.

Some young friends I met complained that the chorus droned along unceasingly and the whole thing was too long, to which, and to all such criticisms, it seems to me there is a very obvious answer: "If this were done for

your pleasure there is doubtless much you might criticise, but you must remember, that you and the thousands of others who are here, are not being pandered to for your amusement. The play is performed for a purpose, by a people who bring to it their best, as Mary Magdalene brought her precious box of ointment, and if you choose to come and see it, to get as much out of it as may be in you possible, you are made welcome and asked to pay your share towards making, not only the play, but the accommodations demanded, possible."

It is curious how in spite of the many accounts one reads, one really gets very little idea of what one is going to see. Whether this is because it is actually impossible to convey a feeling of the reality on paper, I do not know, but I am going to try to make you see it as it came to me.

The morning of the day dawned in brilliant sunshine so glorious we forgot that it ever had rained, and the first cognisant sound was the signal gun, which calls the devout to mass in the village church, without which preparation the actors never dream of beginning the day of the performance. We were in our seats at a quarter to eight o'clock, and the sight of the vast place, every seat filled, some people even standing, is very stirring. The four thousand people behave with utmost propriety, as indeed they must, for any attempt at noise or demonstration would instantly be quelled by the ushers, who go about from row to row seeing that all have their proper places and that every hat is removed. The auditorium is enclosed at the back and at the sides, but the front is entirely open, the actors being exposed to the weather, whatever it may be, and the blue sky, with the mountains as a final background, aids greatly the impression of naturalness. The musicians are in a pit in front of the stage, concealed from view, and promptly at eight o'clock the music begins and the

chorus file through the colonnades on each side and solemnly and in fitting reverence tell us what is to come.

A tableau in the central part of the stage is soon disclosed, and the chorus draw aside to let the audience see Adam and Eve, as, after their temptation, they are driven from Eden, typifying the fall of man. A picture of the adoration of the cross shows us, with the help of the chorus, the hope in the coming of a Saviour. Then comes the great scene of the entry of Christ into Jerusalem and from the moment when this living personification of all that we have imagined the Saviour to be comes into view, the Child and I are mostly blind and deaf to all else and are living in "the old, old story."

I can tell you how great crowds of men, women, and children, waving palms and singing hosannas, precede and surround the majestic central figure, which seems as it rides slowly along upon the ass to breathe forth the very spirit of Love and Charity and Faith, but criticise I cannot. If there is any one who can look on that and the following great scenes and say "This should be done so," or "The music is poor," or any one of the myriad things one would say at a theatre or an opera, I am not that one, nor do I understand how there can be such.

After this entry comes the scene with the money changers in the temple, made all the more real by the doves which, liberated from their baskets, fly out and up and away off toward the mountains, and the sheep, which seem so conscious of the righteous anger of the scourger as he drives out the vengeful traders. This lays the foundation for the conspiracy among the high priests, and gives them at last the pretext they have been looking for against this man, whose fast growing influence threatens the very roots of their authority. From now on we can see how clearly their motive is expressed in "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,"

as, showing no mercy, listening to no persuasions, they demand his life.

The leave-taking at Bethany is the crowning moment of the morning's performance, as the crucifixion is of the afternoon's, and when, in tones of deepest love and tenderness, the Christ says, "Mother, mother! For all the tender love and care you have shown me these three and thirty years of my life, receive the thanks of your Son! The Father calls me. Farewell, best of mothers!" it would be safe to say there are few dry eyes among the many hundreds who hear.

Certainly no mother, either she who has said farewell to her sons who have left her side and gone out into the world, or she who only looks forward to that time which must come, could hear those words unmoved, and without realising, as possibly she may never have done before, the holy influence of true motherly tenderness.

The following scenes, of Mary Magdalene washing the feet of Jesus, the first manifestations of the greed of Judas, the Last Supper in which the grouping and colouring is so faithfully copied from Leonardo da Vinci's picture, the anguish in the garden, the betrayal by Judas with a kiss, all is done with such reverence, such sympathetic understanding, skill, and dignity, one has no thought of its being a theatre, but only that one is seeing the reality of Faith taught in childhood.

When the soldiers rush in and bind the Christ and drive him roughly out of sight, we come back to reality with a sigh, hardly understanding where we are, but perceive at last that the stage is empty and that the throng is moving out for the midday rest, after four hours which have passed almost unheeded, so intense has been the interest.

People who have seen the Christ of Joseph Mayr, who took the part three times before Anton Lang was chosen in 1900, say that no presentation could equal his,

but from what I have read, and from seeing the photographs of the two contrasted, I feel that, while Mayr may have had more fervour and force, Lang is not to be excelled in the portrayal of the sorrowful, meek, yet majestic "Man of God" who suffers for the sins of the world.

Even off the stage in his every-day guise, there is about him an indescribable air of combined dignity and sweetness which, with evident ability and intelligence, make him, to my mind, a rare impersonator. When, the day after the play, I had the good fortune to meet him and said that I wanted to thank him before I left Oberammergau for one of the great experiences of my life, he gave me a sudden look which seemed to pierce to the depths of my innermost being, and then, apparently satisfied that I was speaking from the heart, there came over his face one of those beautiful, tender smiles and he answered, giving me as he did so a warm pressure of the hand, "Das ist als sollt es sein."

We talked for a few moments and he told me how, from early boyhood, he had always taken some part, even the smallest, in the play, and had never thought, nor expected to be chosen for the Christ, but when that came to pass had set himself not merely to act, but to feel the part, and that his first inspiration had come from reading *Ben Hur*, which book is translated into German and very much read among the peasants. I soon discovered that he spoke English far better than I did German, and so we naturally fell into my native tongue, and he told me many interesting bits about how everything was done by the people of Oberammergau themselves, although they were glad of all they could learn from outsiders, and that he himself often went to Munich in the winter, to study methods at theatres, saying, quite simply, "One can always learn."

Truly the most remarkable part of the whole thing

to me is the marvellous art of the grouping in the intricate tableaux, for which they get their inspirations from pictures; and in the great crowds of people at times on the stage, when every one seems to know his own place without any awkwardness and the colours of the costumes are always blended with such rare good taste. Never a jangle nor hitch from beginning to end, and never a moment's waiting. As soon as a scene is over, almost the moment the curtain falls, from the sides file out the chorus, and though, in this slight interval, the audience begins to rustle and murmur, a few hisses and signs from the warders bring reverent silence.

I cannot begin to mention all the actors, except to say that all seemed to be animated with the same desire, that is, to perform their parts in all sincerity and truth. I was told that as soon as they were assigned their parts each one set himself the task of trying to grow into a likeness of the character.

A very wise decision, made some time ago, to allow no "making up" by false hair and beards, adds much to the feeling that one is looking at the real person, for after studying the pictures of the great masters they, as far as possible, grow hair and beards exactly as portrayed, with the result that when seen on the street in ordinary costume there is still enough resemblance to make one at once recognise many of the characters. I thought the Peter, the high priests Annas and Caiaphas, and the Pontius Pilate, admirable in their parts, as also were Ottilie Zwinck and Marie Mayr as the two Marys. Johann Zwinck has been the Judas for three plays, and before that time was the John for three more, so that he has the advantage of much experience in his remarkable impersonation. His is, perhaps, technically, the most difficult part of all, as he is constantly on the stage alone, and in long and trying soliloquies, but so thoroughly is he Judas, one follows him through every stage of avarice,

doubt, cupidity, and treachery, to despair and remorse, and one feels the weight grow gradually more and more unbearable until, when he puts an end to it all with his life, the relief is unspeakably real.

One of the telling and thrilling moments in the play is when Judas assents to the bargain and promises to betray the Master. Then when the Rabbi slowly pays out the thirty pieces of silver, making each piece ring as he throws it on the table, one can feel the entire audience counting, and when the thirtieth has fallen, a long sigh seems to breathe from the thousands of watchers as from a unit. Then we breathlessly watch the man, turned traitor, pick up the silver and, putting it into his leather bag, slink silently away into the background, his whole being betraying the consciousness of guilt; his manhood fled.

Surely, this vivid portrayal of the almost instant beginning of the crushing weight of the wages of sin must carry with it a never-to-be-forgotten warning, and is more than accentuated by the choral verse:

"Let silver but bind you, let gold ever blind you,
Then honour and love and man's word have an end!"

After the two hours of intermission, when, having been refreshed with food and rest, we return to our seats at the signal of the gun, we are fully attuned for the tragedy of the "Way of the Cross," when, in humble patience, suffering, and still serenely dignified, the "Man of Sorrows" struggles on to Calvary. We have seen Pontius Pilate make his vain endeavours to pacify the angry priesthood, have seen that Herod himself can find no fault, have felt keenly the lesson of Pilate being *almost*, but not quite, strong enough to make his stand, have seen him wash his hands and wipe off on the towel the responsibility he does not quite dare to face, and then the finale of the Crucifixion.

I can hardly tell you with what feeling I had looked forward to this culminating scene, so many and various are the comments one has heard, but to me there was no blasphemy, no feeling that the most sacred of thoughts and scenes was being desecrated. It is done quietly in utmost reverence, a new and more real meaning is shed upon the last words, and the Descent is a revelation of tenderness and loving worship.

When all is over, the sun for the first time throws its slanting rays across the stage, the last participant disappears behind the columns, and the stillness is broken by the rustle of the moving crowd.

A faint attempt at theatrical applause is instantly quelled by that portion of the audience which has the good taste to feel that such a manifestation must not be permitted, and slowly and in almost absolute silence we pass into the late sunshine, the richer for a rare experience.

I have heard that the music has been much criticised as being inadequate and several other things it should not be, but do not agree. It is true that except in some few parts it has not much distinctive character, but its mission is, not to lead, but to accompany the words, and this, to my mind, it admirably does, making a warm background for the necessary chorus.

We finished out the day, the Child and I, by a walk up to the hill where the sculptured group of the crucifixion, a gift of King Ludwig II., marks his appreciation of the play and of the spirit of Oberammergau, and from here we take a long-to-be-remembered look at the pretty village, guarded by the golden cross which shines brightly in the evening sunshine from its height on the top of the great rock, the Kofel.

The next morning, again beautified with a cloudless sky, by 10 o'clock the clatter of departing crowds in trains, carriages, and automobiles has come to an end

and we are left in almost sole possession of a quiet village returned to its every-day peace. Now, it would seem, if this is a community governed by greed and the spirit of commercialism, is the time to see some evidence of it. Now we should see the loungers standing about gloating over their ill-gotten gains, or some other evidences of the "graft" of which they are accused. Instead, they are all at work as naturally occupied with their usual avocations as if a "horde of barbarians" had not engulfed them a few hours before; the haymakers are busy making the most of the sunshine, the carvers and the potters busily make their figures and vases. Only Anton Lang rests after his trying hours, for he told me that the part was most exhausting and that the twenty minutes he hangs on the cross are full of a real physical pain, so that it is by no means unusual that the actor faints before he is taken down. Would a man bear that week after week, do you think, for any but a high-compelling motive?

We make the most of the lovely morning to drive to the Dominican monastery of Ettal, from which, in earlier years, the peasants received much of their inspiration, the brothers helping them with pictures and robes. It is a drive which gives one a charming view of the country and from the brother who showed us about we learn much of its interesting history and to treasure another grievance against the great Napoleon, who pursued his devastating way here as elsewhere. Dispossessed for a hundred years the brothers only in 1900 were restored to their ancient home by a philanthropist of Munich, and now they have their schools and again teach the children from Oberammergau how to treasure the traditions and the faith of past generations. Let us hope that, through their influence as well as other sources, the peasants may be able in these days of iconoclasm to keep themselves "unspotted from the world."

I should be ungrateful did I come to an end without a word of praise for the kindly way in which we were taken care of in the home of Josef Führer, where in other years than those of the performances one would be able to find good, simple fare and comfortable lodging for a reasonable sum which the agents now make impossible. Himself a farmer, the business of the "pension" is attended to by a clever sweet-faced boy of nineteen, who speaks English quite fluently, attends to money, tickets, and such business, waits upon us at table in his picturesque Tyrolean costume, and has, too, his little share of the play which, no doubt, he looks forward to growing into a more important one as time goes on.

Many things draw me, as I think of a possible return to this peaceful, lovely mountain village, but strongest among them all is Anton Lang's kindly expressed wish that I might "come back in ten years' time" and the *Auf wiedersehen* of the boy to whose future I look forward with ardent interest, trusting that he may worthily follow in the faith which fulfils for centuries the vow to represent, for the uplifting of the world, the great story of the Passion.

Your devoted
PRINCESS.

X

Munich, Nuremberg, and Frankfort

A ROYAL HOUSE WITH A DARK HISTORY—THREE YOUTHFUL SPIRITS—ART TREASURES—NUREMBERG AND THE INQUISITION—"THE COBBLER HANS"—FRANKFORT AND GOETHE—THE ALL-KNOWING "POLIZEI"

August 6, 1910.

MY BELOVED:

In my last letter I left off just as we had said good-bye to Oberammergau, with its inspired picturesque mountain folk. Cook's agency gave us another "nasty jar" by making us pay an extra mark apiece to go in their train, in spite of our having their tickets, and upon a feeble protest from me, announced with most evident malicious glee that the other train took four hours instead of the two and a half of theirs. Naturally with that alternative I succumbed.

The ride to Munich in the sunshine revealed a lovely smiling fertile country in place of the grey sodden fields which were all we could see on our way up two days before, and it seemed odd to find at short intervals along the road advertisements of the McCormick "mäh maschine," a modern anachronism in this land of myth and poetry, where every field has its station of the cross or crucifix, and religion seems the breath of life.

It interests me greatly to watch for the peculiar methods of agriculture in different countries. All through Bavaria, for example, I noticed in the fields heaps of

curious-looking sticks, apparently parts of fences, and concluded they must be intended for sheep hurdles, but never seeing any sheep, my curiosity was greatly aroused. Finally, as the days went on I discovered that they were what I could best describe as little clothes-horses, on which the harvest when cut was hung up to dry, field after field being dotted over with them and the hay or grain raised from the sodden ground. In a country where it is hopeless to think of gathering in the crops without a wetting, this seems a most sensible idea. The women here also work in the fields, and very picturesque they look in red petticoats with large clean white kerchiefs tied over their heads, but they do not seem to do the heaviest, hardest kind of work as in Belgium and France.

Some people sitting near me in a hotel in Switzerland were discussing the extent of the capabilities of women as compared to those of men, and one remarked, "I used to think there were some things women could not do, but since I have seen them harnessed together with cows ploughing the fields, I feel that nothing is beyond them." Poor unsexed creatures they are too, and it is a sight which is one of the few things which would tempt me to ally myself to the suffrage cause, provided it could be proved to me that suffrage for women would really prevent it!

At Munich we were domiciled in a true German pension, an experience which the Laird would tell you he did not care to repeat, and which might suit suffragettes, but did not answer for Lairds and Princesses. It was in a beautiful situation, but I doubt if I should have had the courage to settle down under the wings of the Wittelsbach palace had I known then as much about that ancient house as I have since learned, for out of their gloomy, weird history, there must be many restless, wandering ghostly spirits only too glad to be refreshed in the fertile ground of innocent American

minds. When entering our palace after dark and stumbling up the long unlighted blackness there was tempting opportunity for ghostly conferences, and if we were not troubled by them it must have been because "three is a crowd" in more senses than one.

In Munich we ceased to be three, and became six, that delightful number which just fills a railway carriage and enables one with joy to write the mystic and barring word *complet* on the door. The extra three were refreshing, lively young people who infused a new spirit into our sightseeing—the "Dreamer," the "Wag,' and the "Charmer." The "Dreamer" was always delightfully ready to follow your Princess in her excursions into the realm of romance, and if we became in danger of losing our way on some giddy height of enthusiasm, the "Wag" could be depended upon to bring us down to earth again with one sharp thrust of his gentle wit, when he and the Child would make merry over our discomfiture! The "Charmer" carries the world, a light and airy bauble, in her sling! What suits her, suits her well, but what pleases her not, be it a great work of art, a bit of nature, the music of the gods, each and all receive the same final dismissal which waves them lightly into limbo and gives no quarter; but so prettily is it done, we only smile, we elder musty ones, and think how lovely a thing is youth and the happy confidence it wears so easily.

Together we have made a merry, cheerful party, as you may imagine, and have done full justice to the sights of beautiful Munich, which has such art for the artists, such music for the music lovers, and such parks and broad avenues and gorgeous palaces for the many who wish only to be amused. In these days of whirling motors it is easy to see the outside, if one can be content with that, of a great modern city, and if one is pressed for time, as indeed we mostly are nowadays, one is glad

of the ease and swiftness by means of which it is possible to see the most noteworthy sights in a few days.

The "German Athens," as its people fondly call it, is so familiar it would be a waste of time to attempt to go into much description, but you will know with what interest we explored the city built so largely under the influence of the Ludwig to whose enthusiastic love of art its beauties are mostly due. The old Pinakothek and the Glyptothek contain many rare beauties in sculpture and paintings, and both are wonderful Meccas for the student of art, the former especially containing so many gems and being so carefully arranged as to be an art world in itself, where one may study every school, though I must confess to feeling that there were some pictures which I personally should call rubbish, if I dared.

It is difficult when one sees such myriads of pictures rather hurriedly to hold vivid impressions of many, but there are some few which will always stand out clear and fresh, and among these I remember particularly some of children by Murillo, and a Quentin Matsys of the Mary Mother bending over the dead Christ. To me, perhaps because of the Oberammergau influence, she is a gem of gems, this beautiful sorrowing mother, whose face is so exquisitely expressive of love, worship, and tenderness, and which stands out so vividly in distinction to the dead helplessness of the crucified, against a lovely background of blue.

Of course we saw all the myriads of famous buildings and drove many times up and down the well-known Maximilianstrasse so beautifully crowned by the Maximilianeum on its height at the end, and we much admired the good taste and artistic sense which has turned the rough river banks of that famous "swift rolling Iser" into decorative embankments and lovely gardens. A drive of some miles along the river made us realise the aptness of the term "swift rolling," as we

watched its tumbling, tearing torrent, like some snarling, angry animal, eager to sweep to instant destruction any living or inanimate thing within its reach, and only kept within bounds apparently, by water gates and sluices.

One afternoon took us to the famous Nymphenburg palace, built at the time when French influence was all-powerful in Bavaria, and its people, practising that subtlest form of flattery, imitation, were so under the domination of Napoleon that to him they owe the honour, if it be such, of change from electorate to kingdom.

The Electors of Bavaria are legion, and to straighten them out in due succession would be the task of a Gibbon, but of kings they have had so far only four, all of whom, except the first, have had such strangely sad and tragic lives. In 1806, as a New Year gift, Napoleon, "the Cæsar of his day," made Elector Max Josef, king, and presented to him much territory, including some portions of the Tyrol, which wholesale apportionment of their country so incensed the Tyrolese that it gave rise to the rebellion, famous in their annals, of Andreas Hofer, the innkeeper, who, together with Spechbacher, the chamois hunter, and Haspinger, the friar, led the gallant fight for liberty.

Max Josef, or "Father Max," as he was called, although he owed his kingship to Napoleon, finally threw off his influence and joined the allies against him, and through this fact, together with Napoleon's final downfall, the people gradually became less and less French and now are as thoroughly German, apparently, as if they had never heard of France.

To me they are a very attractive people, with far more pleasant, kindly manners than the true subjects of the Emperor, and their attractive way of addressing one as *Gnädige Frau* instead of the rather boorish monosyllabic *sie* and *ja* goes far to win one's heart.

What they must think of the "hordes of barbarians"

which yearly swarm through their country, I tremble to imagine.

The three kings since Max Josef's time arouse one's deepest sympathy and pity, for though Ludwig I. largely made Munich the beautiful city it is, his abdication and its cause are only too well known. Then Ludwig II. the dreamer, friend of poets and musicians; who does not know of his mad, wild rides through the country at night, the almost superstitious devotion of his peasant folk, and his despairing self-destruction when deposed!

After him the poor Otto, so entirely mad as never to have reigned at all, and who is kept shut up in his castle, ministered to with all the pomp and ceremony of courts. A pathetic game to suit his poor child mind! One can but ask is this a curse from God, or but a righteous retribution for centuries of evil living? I was told there is a Princess, aunt to this King Otto, who, quite sensible in other ways, imagines, poor lady, that she has a sofa in her head and always goes through a door sideways so that the ends may not bar her way. There are many of this house afflicted, but it is of good augury for Bavaria that the heir apparent is a fine gentleman in every sense, and that the Prince Regent is justly beloved and honoured.

From Munich a few hours' journey took us to Nuremberg, and on our arrival, after settling about our rooms, we lost no time in going to the old castle where are all the gruesome relics of ancient torture days. To read about the Iron Virgin is one thing; to see her in all her grimness, feel the sharp points of the knives with which she pressed her victims to her savage, cruel heart, and to look toward the abyss where, when satiated with their blood and screams of suffering, she dropped them one by one to die in lingering agony, is quite another, and makes one ponder.

It hardly seems a possibility that the same religion

which created the Passion Play and the ardent disciples who perform it, could evolve such devilish schemes to bend non-believers to do its will and pleasure; but here is unbreakable testimony in the rack and thumb-screws, the cradle in which the naked victim was rocked to and fro over sharp iron spikes, and many other instruments whose uses are not only described by sweet-voiced girl guides, but are shown in detail by old engravings hanging on the walls beside them.

Among the myriads of picturesque old bridges, palaces, windows, and walls, none have greater interest for me than the quaint little house where Hans Sachs cobbled his shoes, marking the time of his hammer no doubt with some of the many verses with which he appealed to the hearts of his fellow-men and which made him famous enough to be immortalised later by Wagner. It is a little old house set back in a narrow court and when our carriage stopped at an old archway, dark and uninviting, we wondered what we were to see, but on passing through were shown the tablet on the house wall which commemorates him, and also another which marks the heights of various floods; the highest of all, up over our heads, being that of last year, when a heavy fall of snow on top of hard frozen ground suddenly melted and ran in torrents to the river, flooding much of the lower town. Hans Sachs's house itself was undergoing a restoration from damage from this very flood.

It is odd that just as I am writing this, my eye catches in the daily paper an account of a book just translated by William Leighton called the *Merry Tales of Hans Sachs*, a collection of his tales, plays, and meistersongs. The latter being composed under two hundred and thirty formulated rules, must have been a work of patience if not of art, and I imagine his popularity in his own day must have come more from the "Merry Tales" than from the more sober compositions, though in this book he is

accredited with being one of the founders of the German drama, as well as a leader in the Reformation. He had a merry wit which he used unsparingly against superstition and quackeries, and satire against the priesthood, for, being converted from Roman Catholicism to the then new doctrines of Luther, he became, as most converts, ardent in persecution of the cast-off faith. Yet he believed that truth is not always to be proclaimed on the house-tops, for thus he writes:

> "Truth is a medicine so strong
> It often does not good but wrong.
> It is not safe to give it pure,
> For it may kill instead of cure."

We were not able to give more than twenty-four hours to Nuremberg, but to see it for one hour is to remember it for life, so filled is it with memorials of bygone men and things. Twelve o'clock in the day found us in the market square to watch the figures on the mechanical clock go through their solemn procession, and nearby we peeped into the Bratwürstglöcklein, a little bier-keller, where one can feast the inner man on hot sausages and sauerkraut, and the outer in quaint old pictures and bits of china, and which curiously enough leans up against a church for its retaining wall. Around another corner the little Gänsemännchen still provides water for the thirsty through the mouths of his birds, which he has been patiently holding for many centuries.

Our departure from Nuremberg was commemorated by another war of Cook's tourists, but by this time we also had learned to push and shove, so came off victorious, without, I hope, being too thoroughly barbaric. Here also left us the "Dreamer," who merited his name by at the last moment climbing up to our carriage window and crying like the starling, "I can't get out, I can't get out."

Notwithstanding what the Laird calls "their nasty language" he got to the platform to say good-bye by muttering something about *gepäck*, but it is no light matter in German countries to pass slightingly a uniformed official, and promptly forgetting the sentence I tried to teach him, he was, so he wrote us, marched up and down and around and about the huge station by a policeman, until finally they found some kind interpreter who let him deposit a few pennies and depart in peace.

From Nuremberg a pleasant four hours took us to Frankfort, where I am writing. It is a charming town with its *Anlagen* or parks, surrounding the inner town, and beautiful houses, palaces almost, each with its own lovely garden and grounds. The Palmengarten is one of the most beautiful public gardens in the world and an ideal resort with its wonderful greenhouses full of rarest plants, lovely walks, lakes, and tea-house, with fine music. We drove through the old town, seeing the house where the family of Rothschild had its humble origin, the old Römer as they call the ancient Guildhall, the gate towers, and most interesting of all, the Goethe house, which is now a museum. There we thrilled in response to the enthusiasm of the guide, who seemed to look upon Goethe as his own most prized possession and told story after story as we passed from room to room.

The original furniture has been restored as nearly as possible and one can see the little toy theatre where the boy genius was allowed to foster his love for the drama, his desk where, they say, he composed his *Werther*, *Faust*, etc., and if ink stains are telltale he must have had many hesitating moments when his pen travelled haltingly.

There also we were shown the side window in his father's study, from which the older man became cognisant of his son's first flirtation with the pretty barmaid who waited upon her father's guests at the beer-house a

short way down the street. Barmaids, however pretty, were not to the taste of the scholarly gentleman, so the boy was forbidden to see her, but, according to the guide, love found a way not easily discovered from the study window. These and many tales I might go on with, but, as I discovered, you may read them for yourself in *Dichtung und Wahrheit aus Meinem Leben*. How much more attractive that sounds than plain autobiography!

Frankfort has also her art collections, and a beautiful opera-house as well, where we heard the *Fledermaus* given in a most spirited manner, doing full justice to the lively "bat."

As all roads are said to lead to Rome, so in Frankfort are strangers led by guides and books to the little museum of Bethmann, where reigns supreme the *Ariadne* of Dannecker. Rather reluctantly my little group were dragged there, all of us perhaps feeling somewhat unwilling to devote precious time to a "mere modern"; so we entered with our several special characteristics, ready as the porcupine's quills for attack,—the "Wag" to make merry, the "Charmer" to fling out her death-knell, the Child to criticise, and I to yield to what influence I knew not—and all of us in the gay holiday mood which makes for jest.

When, however, the custodian slowly turned the beautiful figure seated on her tiger so that point after point was disclosed to us, levity fled and the spirit of true art held us enthralled.

Frankfort has furnished us with a purely personal pleasure in the finding of an old German servant, nurse to the Child, of whom for some years we had lost sight. We found her, as any one may be found in German lands, through the all-seeing *polizei*, who know not only who you are, but for what reason you exist, and the little suburban village where she lives was much set agog by our arrival in a panting motor cab. When, arrayed in

best bonnet and cloak, we whirled her off for a day's outing, every cottage window was alive with eager faces, and for once I am sure we truly masqueraded as fairy princesses. Last night the "Wag," the "Charmer," and the Child flew off to London, leaving the Laird and me to our solitude in this pleasant Hotel Imperial. We shall follow soon in more leisurely fashion to join them. Then, whispers Prince Opportunity, ho! for bonnie Scotland!

Your devoted
PRINCESS.

XI

Pitlochry

IN SCOTLAND—"THE HOUSE OF DELIGHT"—THE GAMES AT BLAIR ATHOLL—THE PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE

September 10, 1910.

DEAREST BELOVED:

The morning after our arrival here I awoke to the sound of rain beating against the window panes so heavily that it reminded me of the days in my childhood when they washed the windows with buckets of water and a "pope's head." While I lay dreamingly wondering where I was, a thin, piping, cracked, and wholly out-of-tune voice droned out the familiar refrain:

"Ye 'll tak the high road and I 'll tak the lower road,
And I 'll be in Scotland afore ye."

Curiosity dispelled sleep and compelled me to arise and investigate whence came these sounds. My eyes were greeted first by the sight of a ragged, dirty little gypsy boy who doubtless knew quite well that he would quickly be paid to stop his noise, and afterward have his feelings salved by a good, hot breakfast. Then when I had time to look beyond him, I was enchanted by a view which even blurred windows and driving rain could not spoil. A lovely valley stretching off far to the south with a dim distant line of hills, and across it in front of me, hills again, covered with that indescribable brownish purple tint of blooming heather, which is so unmistak-

ably an attribute of this country, and I found myself exclaiming, "It is true, I am in Scotland, and afore ye!"

I had been told to expect bad weather and the first week of our stay more than fulfilled all warnings and caused the Laird to go about asking plaintively "if the sun ever shone in these parts?" But having once shown what badness it was capable of, the weather turned a fresh leaf and has since given us glories of sunshine and clear skies which have more than atoned, and made us agree with the saying that "one perfect Scotch day wipes out weeks of rainy memories."

My last word to you was from Frankfort, and as we have not yet taken to aviation I have some few bits to tell you of how we got here. A short day trip down the Rhine took the Laird and me from Frankfort to Brussels, and it was interesting to go over the ground we had passed two months before, and to see the harvesting of the crops which were then almost just beginning. Brussels was filled to overflowing with tourists, but it was worth a trip there to see the illuminations, upon which they have spent money as lavishly as they spend it in every other manner, and the park in front of the King's palace was a perfect wonderland of festoons of coloured lights. The disastrous fire at the exposition had not then taken place, and enthusiasm was lively, so soon alas! to be damped by the loss of inestimable treasures, though most mercifully of little life. A night spent in our old haunt of last May, the Hotel Brittanique, and then a day's trip to Calais and across the Channel to London.

I think no one who has ever taken that trip by train from Brussels to Calais will ever wish to repeat it, nor do I think they would advocate government ownership of railroads, for only to the fact that there is no competition and that you must take their trains or stay where you are, can be ascribed the indifference to dirt and

general discomfort of that particular railroad, only a few shades worse, however, than most of the continental trips we have taken. The Channel served us well, and a "train de luxe" from Dover to London even better, for anything more luxurious and delightful than the "Pullman" which awaited us, with little tables charmingly spread with pretty china and most appetising afternoon tea, we have never met with in any country. London in August is a deserted place, having only a few millions of drones left, while the "queen" and her satellites are off having a good time. So we only stopped long enough to gird ourselves together and then joined the world of "shooters," who so delightfully spend their days knee-deep in heather and breathing an air which makes life an endless joy, particularly to those who have lately sojourned in warm climates where "the very grasshopper is a burden."

The house where we are being entertained for a week's shooting party is such a charming and hospitable one I cannot call it by a better name than "The House of Delight" and our days are spent in delicious drives over these wonderful moors, or walks with the "guns." The latter start off early with the dogs and keepers, and later on the less useful lazy ones follow to join them for luncheon.

Ponies carry baskets of provisions and cloaks and wraps, and we start off, staff in hand, short skirts and hob-nailed shoes, and climb and climb up and up, until, at last, we are on the wide moorland, hill after hill spreading away from us, and above us, always to the sound of running water, and the marvellous colour everywhere. The burns run clear and brown like the eyes of a doe and the miles and miles of heather-covered, undulating ground are of all shades of purple and brown and blue in the distant haze. No soul in sight and the only sign of human life the far-off winding road marked

by tall white posts with red tops, the only safeguard for the carriers who must find their way between them in the long winter, when snow obliterates all other landmarks. At last we begin to see flags, white or red, moving several hundred yards apart in a line, across the moor and we know that the "beaters" are at work and the "drive" still going on, and we stop on a rocky eminence to listen for the guns which show us the shooters and the spot near by where we shall meet them.

The servants with the ponies slip on ahead, and by the time we have picked our way through the heather and from stone to stone across the marshes, all is ready and we find a hungry crowd awaiting us whose appetites we feel that we can match, and soon there is litttle sound but clink of plate and glass, or the running water, as we consume with the satisfaction of the true sportsman the good viands spread before us. In less than an hour's time all are ready for the afternoon's work, and the more energetic of the feminines climb with the "guns" to the "butts" and watch the shooting, which on good days results in large quantities of grouse with plenty of hares and rabbits, all of which we are to enjoy on the table day by day. One often hears it said, "I could eat grouse three times a day all the year round and not tire of it," and certainly no one does tire while the season lasts.

Time was when we in the United States could have grouse, or "prairie chicken," as we call them, but with the prodigality which distinguishes us we have allowed them to become almost an extinct bird.

The "House of Delight" is built solidly of the greystone so much seen in Scotland, on a hillside, and appears from a distance to be nestling just under the protecting shape of the great mountain, Ben-y-Vrackie, an illusion quickly dispelled when we climb to the moors, and find the real distance. The gardens, sheltered by high stone walls from unkind winds, are full of those charming

intricacies and secrecies which one can only hope for where generations have planted, and the tumbling, rushing, rustling "burns" have watered. To one accustomed to the dry parched brooks of our country in August it is an endless delight to follow these mountain streams so plenteous of their bounty, and to see these dash into the rivers, and to watch them "in spate," as the flooding is called.

Inside the house the generations also have their evidence, as attested by many writings on the walls. The place has belonged to the same family since the time of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Lord Darnley, and the original charters are framed and hang in the hall, the one granting such and such lands belonging to the Dunfermline abbey, signed by the abbot and priests, with the seal appended, the other confirming these grants, signed by Mary and Henry, their signatures being the waxen seal stamped with their arms. The first is dated and sealed at the monastery of Dunfermline August 11, 1565, and the second, called the "Crown charter of confirmation," is dated at Perth, April 30, 1566.

There are also many letters, acknowledgments from various people of the receipt of blankets or articles of food for the use of the armies, but far the most interesting is an autograph letter from the Duke of Atholl to the proprietors of this and other neighbouring estates, protesting against the action of the English in proposing the union of the Scotch and English governments. The wording and manner of the letter, to say nothing of the spelling, is so quaint and it so well portrays the sentiment of the time, I copy it for your edification:

EDRADOUR, 24, 1706.

ASSURED FFRIENDS:

It appears by the Treatie latly made with England that the Crown of Scotland and Soveraignity thereof

and the parliament is to be given up to England, and only a very small and Inconsiderable number of our parliament to be added to the parliament of England, this and other things contained in the said Treatie is so Dishonorable and Disadvantagious To this Nation that I doubt not all good Scotsmen will Concur to Hinder Its passing.

It 's very propper that the Nation should lett their Sentiments be known at this occasion by their addresses and petitioning the parlia't, I have sent with the bearer, my servant Robert Stewart a Draught of ane addresse which I hope will be satisfying to you, wherefore I expect that the whole paroch will Sign it and those that cannot writt Let a Nottar Subscrive for them. I order that all my men in the paroch may Randivouze as usually at some Convenient place and att the same time they may sign the address. I am Your Loveing and assured ffriend.

ATHOLL.

That the spirit of rebellion (or perhaps righteous desire for freedom would be more to Scotch satisfaction) was kept alive and fostered by such means we have certain proof in the rising nine years later, which is still spoken of as "the fifteen," and of this and the later one, "the forty-five," we are constantly reminded in this region of historical romance.

The Duke of Atholl now, as then, plays an important part in the life of Perthshire, and one of the greatest events of the year is the "Atholl gathering" at Blair where the grounds are thrown open with gracious hospitality, and where the whole countryside gathers, either as spectators or participants. As the local paper phrased it, "It needed not the fiery cross of old to summon together the men of Atholl. To Blair castle they came from all parts of the ducal domains, north, south, east, and

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west." It was a beautiful sight which met us as our car rolled over the turf of the great park to the roped-in arena, and we secured a vantage point from which to view the gathering. Picture to yourself a flat piece of ground, an acre or more in size, carefully selected out of a huge park with a view to the convenience of all, a hill rising abruptly on one side affording seats in a natural grand stand; at one end a collection of booths, for "Aunt Sallies," gypsy fortune tellers and the like, and around the remaining sides a collection of motors and vehicles of every description filled with merry parties of young and old.

The arena itself was bare except for a small platform in the centre for the competitors in the "fling" and "sword dance," and at one side a tent for the convenience of the judging-party.

It is an all-day affair, with luncheon baskets and teas, for at one o'clock comes the great event of the day, "the march on." The Duke of Atholl is the only man in the United Kingdom who has the right to own and maintain an independent army, to whom he is king and dictator, and if, as has been said, he breathes forth the very essence of pride as he marches at their head, why not? "Breathes there a man with soul so dead" who would not?

At one o'clock to the minute we hear in the distance the signal guns which mean that the little army, two hundred strong, has started from the castle, and soon we begin to hear a faint sound of music, which grows louder and louder as they tramp down the hill towards us, until, through a lane of tiptoeing spectators, they march on to the arena in all the excitement of the swirl of the pipes, the swing of the gait, and the glitter of accoutrements, gay-coloured plaids and kilts and stockings, each man wearing in his "bonnet" a sprig of juniper, the badge of the clan. In the midst marches the Duke, their

colonel, while in the rear follows his eldest son, the Marquis of Tullibardine.

There is a glamour over the march of the Highlanders to which nothing else compares, and much as one thrills at the parade of cavalry and infantry, it all pales before the Scotchmen in their petticoats. May it be long before they, too, succumb to the modern materialism of khaki and put off their gay clothes, for with them it must needs be that much of the spirit will go also.

After this we settle down to our luncheons with a milder interest in the games,—putting the shot, swinging the hammer, tossing the caber, races, etc. The caber is a huge and evidently a very heavy log, of, I should say, eighteen feet in length, needing a very mighty man indeed to lift it upright, balance carefully, and then, with a short run to throw it, in the hope, not too often realised that it may turn a somersault.

There are prizes for all the games and contests and also for best knitted stockings, and when I read on the programme that a prize would be given for the best player of "Piobair-eachd" I truly felt alarmed to know what kind of a serpent it might be. Some questioning, however, revealed the fact that it was the quite harmless bag-pipe masquerading for the day in its old Gaelic disguise, and it is only somewhat alarming because the players seem to find it necessary to march up and down in fierce haste while they are playing, though how they manage to have breath enough to blow and march at the same time I fail to understand.

The Highlander, however, is well exercised in the matter of breathing, for to say nothing of constant climbing of hills, it is seldom indeed that one can be found who is not capable of a "Highland fling," for as long as one wants to watch, and apparently without so much as a puff at the end. Of course there are prizes for the "fling" and the ancient sword dance, and very

remarkable it is to see big, heavy men, as well as boys, dancing so lightly one almost feels them to be like leaves blown by the wind!

A prize which interested me much was offered for long service, that is "men servants and maid servants who have for the longest period served, and still continue to serve with fidelity and without interruption in the same service or place in the Atholl district." Also a footnote says: "Men or women servants who have gained the first prize are again admitted to compete, after seven years, for separate prizes." Think of it! You who labour with a "help" for a month, or, sometimes, alas! for a week or less, is there not something fine in a service which commands a prize for its longevity, and something wrong with a civilisation which has made such a thing almost unheard of?

It was interesting to find that the prize for long service for men was given to a butler who had served for forty-four years and that several others made him close seconds in thirty-eight years. The maids apparently are more changeable as the first prize was given for twelve and a half years' service.

A detachment of the Scottish horse gave exhibitions of "tent-pegging," "heads and posts," etc., very creditable to a troop of volunteers who have had little practice except in the more serious departments of real hardships of war. They had their beginning in 1900 when Lord Kitchener took over the command of the forces in South Africa.

The Caledonian society in Johannesburg suggested that a troop should be recruited from Scotsmen in the region, a proposition to which Lord Kitchener readily agreed, and he appointed Lord Tullibardine to take command, with the result that the troop was gazetted in the same year and did some good hard work and made some tremendous forced marches with extraordinarily little preparation. Naturally they are regarded by

their district with affectionate pride, and the performance of the newest recruit hailed with enthusiasm.

The afternoon closed with a presentation of prizes, when, in spectacular array, the Highlanders formed three sides of a square around Lady Helen Stewart Murray, who as daughter to the Duke, distributed them amid cheers of appreciation.

Driving from Blair to Pitlochry after the games, our way lay through the famous pass of Killiecrankie, the scene of the battle which, if it had not compassed the death of Claverhouse, that ruling spirit of the day for King James, might have had even more serious results than were realised for the English cause. The story is told that he passed unharmed through so many dangers he was thought to bear a charmed life, but death found him at last by means of a silver bullet. At a crisis in the battle, having given the order to "throw away plaids, haversacks, and all other utensils, intent upon the action and carried away by the impetuosity of his courage, he rode straight on, and as he plunged into the smoke which marked the enemy's line was observed to rise in his stirrups and make signs by waving his hat over his head for the rest to come up. At that instant the silver bullet sped its deadly way and he received the fatal wound, and to-day a stone marks the spot where he fell."

The Atholl of that day had given his allegiance to William III., but Claverhouse having captured Blair and held it for King James he was carried there from the field to die, and in the little ruined church of St. Bride's we are shown the tablet which tells us that the body of "John Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee," lies buried in the vault beneath.

In the pass of Killiecrankie also is the rock of the Soldier's Leap, which is not mythical, but a true tale of a soldier who not only escaped, but lived to write an account of his adventures. Separated from his fellows,

who mostly lay dead or dying on the field, he suddenly found himself pursued, and after dodging about a large waggon in a farmyard made a sudden dash down the wooded slope, which is almost a precipice, and on the wings of fear leaped from rock to shore beyond, a feat which those following, trying to emulate, failed in accomplishing and miserably perished in the rapids of the rushing river Tummel. They say that five hundred pursuers thus perished, but that is really too much even for your romantic Princess to believe, unless—indeed, the Tummel had been "in spate" as I saw it after the rains, when it might have swept away even that number had they been foolish enough to tempt it.

It is small wonder that growing up among such associations the boys whose ancestors helped to make this history should be eager to join the bands of Boy Scouts, that organisation which had its origin in the United States and which here, under the leadership of General Sir Baden-Powell, is becoming a factor for good all over the kingdom. Pitlochry has the honour of establishing the first band in Scotland, and in less than two years the membership has grown to many thousands. Last week a bazaar was held to raise funds, and in the opening address the Marchioness of Tullibardine gave, in a charming manner, an account of the various trainings of the Scouts, and also fired their ambition and enthusiasm as she presented each prize, by telling the boys of experiences in South Africa, where she followed the fortunes of war with her husband, and pictured to them a life led for glory to which they might attain.

A great name truly carries with it great responsibilities, and those of Atholl wear it well, how well I have hardly begun to tell you, but not being a Highlander, I am out of breath.

Your most devoted

PRINCESS.

XII

Blair

THE LAND OF PRINCE CHARLIE—BLAIR CASTLE—SOCIALISM AND SPORT—THE GLORIOUS HISTORY OF THE BLACK WATCH

September, 1910.

"Cam' ye by Atholl, lad wi' the philabeg,
Doon by the Tummel and banks o' the Garry,
Saw ye the lads wi' their bonnets and white cockades
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie?"

These are the lines, my dearest, which have been singing themselves in my mind of late, not only because this is Prince Charlie's land, where the Tummel and the Garry dash together over their rocky beds, but since with these eyes I saw the veritable white cockade worn by that Lord George Murray of whom it was said that "had Prince Charlie slept during the whole of the expedition and allowed Lord George Murray to act for him according to his own judgment, there is every reason for supposing he would have found the crown of Great Britain on his head when he awoke."

Instead, you know what did happen, and how the Stuart cause in Scotland, which had so many ardent followers, was lost for all time, not only, I fancy, because they were outnumbered, but largely because they were outbrained, and never had in the Pretender a man quite strong enough to win. When one reads that the

Chevalier de St. George, who would have been James III. had he succeeded in his undertakings, "burst into tears" as he stepped into the boat which was to carry him for ever from his country's shores, one's sympathies are not so much with him as with his followers, and we agree with the courtier, who muttered under his breath, "Tears do not win kingdoms."

How and where I saw the white cockade is a story I hope may interest you. We were bidden one day to see Blair Castle, the historic home of the Murrays, the Dukes of Atholl, seated in its grand park where the "games" of which I told you in my last letter were held. The main approach is by a long straight avenue lined by fine old spreading trees, though the buildings are hidden from the approaching visitor by a sharp turn whereby the trees make an impenetrable screen, from behind which the castle is disclosed as a complete and delightful surprise. It is hardly what one could call a beautiful building architecturally, but conveys in a subtle sort of manner the sense of having been a "home," in spite of the grandeur of a great house and the grimness of a fortress. That it has been all of these we were reminded when we drove up the avenue at the principal entrance and thought of the stories of Rob Roy treacherously captured, and of Robbie Burns who visited here, and Prince Charlie to whom it was a home, and of Queen Victoria, and a long, long line of princes and illustrious great spreading way back into a past when our country was not.

We had the good fortune to be shown the historic treasures by members of the family who take the keenest interest in their history, and the Marchioness of Tullibardine, wife of the heir, has written a "Military History of Perthshire" to which book I am much indebted for many interesting details.

The room in which we were first received contained

Photo by " The Child "

Prince Charlie's Land

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
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some interesting pictures among which I especially noticed a charming sketch of Prince Charlie, a portrait of Mary, Queen of Scots, with her son, James VI., who in this picture looks much more like a girl than a young man, and one of James V. and Mary of Guise, the father and mother of Queen Mary.

In the large drawing-room there were several family groups and a portrait, particularly interesting to us so lately at Heidelberg, of Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., who married the Elector of Hanover, and had built for her that part of Heidelberg Castle famous as the "Elizabethan Bau."

In this room, too, there is a remarkable collection of miniatures, five of Prince Charlie, showing him first as the charming, beautiful boy, and then marking only too clearly the deterioration which history tells us came later in his life. A miniature of George III. is curiously interesting, as it pictures him absolutely without any forehead, his profile a complete triangle, with the nose for the apex. What could be expected from such a physiognomy but the regency, and how can we wonder at the profligacy of a son with such an inheritance! As we passed from room to room we were shown the extraordinary thickness of the inner walls, as well as the outer, and also many alcoves which are supposed to have been guard stands in the old days, when treachery lurked behind every door.

In the halls were, among myriads of others, a picture, which is famous in this part of the world, of Niel Gow, the Scotch violinist, a name almost better known just now as that of a racehorse, a fine portrait of Lord George Murray, and two at different ages of that remarkable woman Charlotte de Crémouille, who married a Murray, and of whom one reads in *Peveril of the Peak*. Another recollection of her was in a bedroom which was hers, and where the bed-curtains and tester were of a cream-

coloured woollen material embroidered by her own hands in appliqué.

In the dining-room, a large fine room, were many handsome old pieces of silver, among them a rose-water beaker and salver, which in earlier times, I suppose, were handed about after dinner in lieu of the modern finger-bowls. The curtains in this room are of the Stewart tartan, in keeping with the kilts and plaids worn by the footmen, and also by the family.

In a small room next the dining-room is a glass case containing "Stuart" relics, one of which, the White Cockade, I sang to you about in the beginning, also a lock of Prince Charlie's hair, cut from his head in 1737, his gloves, the compass he used when in hiding, a piece of his tartan, a jewelled collar of some order which he wore, and, what interested me almost most of all, one of the tickets by means of which only, admission was gained to the Jacobite meetings. These tickets were pieces of plain white paper cut in the pattern of a rose and on them were inscribed in finest pen and ink characters the names, amounting, I think, to between seventy and eighty, of those executed in the cause.

The older part of the castle was built in 1200 and we climbed up endless winding stairs and out on to the roof of the old tower, to see from the battlements a wonderful view of the park and gardens; and beyond, towards the west, the famous mountain Schehallion, and on the east some of the Grampian hills.

Noticing an odd-looking cross standing on a nearer hill I asked what it meant, and one of the family, who was standing by me, said, "That is the hill where the gibbet used to be, and it is called 'Tom-na-Croich,' the Gaelic for 'Hill of the Cross.'" Then she added, smiling, "You know in those days if we had anything against a person we just ordered him to be hanged." The "power of regalities," it was called, and the Earls

of Atholl could order hangings with as little ceremony as *Alice in Wonderland's* Queen ordered "Off with their heads!"

There are some very magnificent state-bedrooms, the beds hung with priceless satin brocades, and one in particular where the top was crowned by four nodding bunches of plumes, looking extremely hearse-like, except for the colour, and must have been a ghostly place before the days when electricity illumined all dark corners!

The family live in a long wing on the ground floor, charming rooms basking in the afternoon sun, each one opening on a long corridor, which, as you look down it from the entrance, seems a canopied forest of horns, all antlers of deer shot by the Duke in his own forests. Hanging under these are prints of all sorts and kinds, making it a fascinating place to study. One in particular, I remember, is a coloured picture of Queen, then Princess, Victoria, riding a pony. She spent much time at Blair, and here it is said formed her love for Highland country. This print is quite imaginary, we were told, and appeared after a newspaper account of "Princess Victoria pursuing her favourite amusement at Blair."

The old moat is in part preserved and has still a running stream at the bottom. It makes a barrier on the entrance side of the castle and is crossed by a bridge to the tennis court and to the gardens beyond. These are approached by a long wide grass walk edged by shrubberies and at the top in the distance is seen a statue which gives it the name of "Hercules Walk."

Just before we reach the statue a small door in the wall of green is unlocked for us, and there to our intense surprise is spread before us a perfectly unsuspected and most beautiful garden. It was laid out sometime in 1600, at the same time as the restoration of the castle and by the same artist, and is in the best sense a work of art. Standing at the entrance by the little simple

door we look down a slope which is all flowers, to a lake, and then up another slope to the guarding wall again. These two slopes furnish a rare opportunity, lying one to the north and the other to the south, for many experiments in gardening, and the lake or system of lakes with islands planted with shrubs and trees, bridges, etc., make altogether a charming semblance of Nature's varying moods. Grass walks not only surround the lake, but pass between the various plantations, which, as so often in this land, are a sensible as well as beautiful combination of vegetables and fruit and flowers, and to see a garden at this season a blaze of colour and with exquisite fresh green turf and ferns, is to realise how far more beneficent to all growth is this climate, than with us, where love's labour is so often lost by heat of sun and want of moisture.

At one time these lovely grounds were often open to the public, but as so often unfortunately happens the privilege was much abused, and now only the outer park is shown and a fee charged.

In these days of socialism, one hears much about the injustice of the great places being kept for the benefit of the few when they should be cultivated for the many, and such like doctrines. The Duke of Atholl, who has, I should be afraid to say how many thousands of acres, not long ago invited a committee of such malcontents to spend a day with him, go over his estate, and point out, if they could, what lands were being sacrificed to game, etc. They came and he walked them over hill and dale until they were forced to cry for mercy, and in every instance where on plodding through the heather which makes agriculture so difficult, not to say impossible, they saw and exclaimed about a bit of green farther on, they came up with it at last, only to find a peat bog or a marsh, and were obliged to admit that the mighty public had little cause for complaint, and that these lands

could not be used for any better purpose than as a home for game.

Upon this subject of game I have lately been stirred to wrath by a newspaper letter from the United States accusing Englishmen of being "butchers" and only "mock sports," and bestowing upon them the epithet of "game hogs." This point of view is held largely in this country by men who are too lazy to work, and who would like to "poach," otherwise to steal, what does not belong to them, and while it is possible that there are among the myriad of shooters some few to whom the term "a good sport" would not be applicable, yet I think it is quite true that no one who has been intimately associated with men in any part of the kingdom who "preserve" their game would admit for a moment that they were other than true sportsmen in the best sense. I have been privileged to see many estates where the shooting is most rigidly cared for, and have never failed to find the most conscientious kindness toward the poorer tenants, and a very generous distribution among them of the hares and rabbits they are forbidden to steal, and rightly punished for so doing.

It is true that grouse and pheasants are only legitimately food for those who can pay for them; so, I might remark are chickens and turkeys with us, and if it is "butchery" to kill game on a "drive," is it not equally such to raise and kill poultry fed from the hand? In the United States everything has been free and open with what results? Game of every size and description almost exterminated, and too late we are seeing the error of our ways and making stringent laws much grumbled about already.

I cannot forbear to mention another part the Dukes of Atholl have taken in history. Everywhere since coming to the Highlands I have been noticing posters about the Black Watch and recruits being wanted. Who or what

the Black Watch might be I was quite as ignorant as was a very "modern" young Englishwoman with whom I was discussing novels when I asked her if she cared for Trollope, and got for reply, "What is trollope?"

"What is the Black Watch?" I asked of all who seemed likely to know, and for reply received the surprised and somewhat hesitating answer, "The Black Watch? Why —it 's just the Black Watch." So it is, and enshrined with pride in the hearts of all true Highlanders, and little do they reck how the name came, or why they wear the "red hackle" in their bonnets, or any other of the small customs which are swallowed up in the great and glorious fact of their being. Not so to me, however, and failing in getting my questions answered otherwise, I sought refuge in books and discovered much.

The Black Watch was originally an independent company of Highlanders, "raised by their chief, John II., Earl of Atholl, under a commission of Charles II., clad by him in their native dress, and maintained by the state." The name was given them to distinguish them from the guardsmen, or "Red Soldiers," as, in contrast to the red-coats, they, even with their plaids, which are dark blue and green, appeared almost black, en masse. In early days so lawless was the Highlander considered that even educated people are said to have believed that they killed their prisoners, and "sucked their blood after the manner of other savages," but though undoubtedly often in those days a source of mischief, their fine qualities have been turned to good account in the service of their country, and the Highland regiments, as every one knows, have often saved the day in battle by their splendid courage.

Led by their pipers, the scream of the pibrochs, added to their savage attacks, has proved a source of terror to many an enemy, and secured irresistible victory. So independent were the Black Watch in their early days

they were vastly annoyed at being sent down to England, protesting that they had volunteered only to serve in their own country.

A story is told that a small company of them being asked to display their skill before the King, and he, in his pleasure, presenting each with a guinea, they were incensed and presented the guineas in their turn to the porter at the gate, saying that "the King had no doubt mistaken their character and condition."

In the war with Napoleon while in the Netherlands, as the British retired upon a village near the Waal, the French seized two guns which had been deserted by the cavalry, and the Black Watch turned back, charged the enemy, retook the guns, and dragged them in triumph to the village. For this they were awarded the "red hackle," or vulture's plume, to be worn as a badge in their bonnets. When I visited at Dunkeld the old cathedral, much of which is in ruins, I saw there hanging against the wall of the restored choir the original "colours," of the Black Watch, a few bits of faded blue and rose-coloured satin, sewed on gauze to preserve them. Among the folds can still be seen, embroidered in gold, the names Waterloo, Corunna, Egypt, Pyrénées, Fuentes d'Onor, and no doubt there were many others hidden or perhaps torn away in battle, for the 42d Highlanders, as they have since been gloriously known, have taken a prominent part in almost every great battle since their inception in 1667.

It was at Corunna, I think, under the very eyes of Sir John Moore, where in a case of hesitancy about orders some one shouted, "Come on, you can't do wrong to follow the 42d!" There are many such anecdotes to be told, but I daresay you are not as ignorant about the 42d as I was about the Black Watch. For most of what I have learned I am indebted to the Marchioness of Tullibardine's history, which is almost of too local a charac-

ter to penetrate across the ocean, even to a booklover, but its chapters on the Black Watch are inspiring reading, and are, as much as history can ever be, the real work of the author, not simply edited by her.

A picture in this book of the regiment in South Africa, where so many are left for ever on the lonely veldt, is most amusing, as it portrays the Highlanders in tribulation fording a stream, when, with accoutrements and kilts, they appear to have as much anxiety, big warriors that they are, as any girls about their petticoats.

At Dunkeld cathedral there is, besides the "colours," a monument to the "memory of officers and privates of the Black Watch who fell from their creation to the close of the Indian Mutiny in 1859," and also a very ancient tomb to the "Wolf of Badenoch," so ancient I have been quite unable to discover who he was or what he did. Underneath these, tradition says, lie the bones of St. Columba, who founded an abbey here which flourished for centuries. It was what the custodian called the "Culdee chu 'ch," a faith, or sect rather, which I have since learned was a Roman Catholic one, not, however, recognising the authority of the Pope, and which has died out since many centuries. The abbey and the sect are, I believe, undoubted facts, but the "tradition" had best not be inquired into. My researches have led me to conclude that if one wishes to believe a legend one must not be too curious. Dunkeld is, besides, Macbeth's country, but he must wait for another letter.

Your devoted
PRINCESS.

XIII

Scotland Again

BIRNAM WOOD AND MACBETH'S COUNTRY—GLAMIS CASTLE AND ITS MYSTERIES PAST AND PRESENT—SMA' GLEN, THE BURIAL PLACE OF OSSIAN—EDINBURGH AND A SECRET—A MOTOR DASH TO WINDERMERE

September 23, 1910.

BEST BELOVED:

Though bodily in this great town of London, "My heart 's in the Hielands," and there is still much to tell about them. We left our "House of Delight" and went to the little roadside inn at Moulin, a village once the camping-ground of an army and in the very midst of some of the exciting events of the Scottish fight for freedom and for the Stuarts.

Not far from the inn is a cottage called "The House of the Harp Strings," so named because when Queen Mary, coming over the moors by the very rough road where we had climbed with the shooting party, stopped there to rest on her way to Blair Atholl, the harper strung his harp anew to play to her. Near by also are the ruins of the Castle Dubh, where, tradition says, a garrison of soldiers died of the plague, and for fear of the pestilence spreading, no one would go near the place. So they battered down the great walls with cannon to make a funeral cairn. Now, where once were stately halls, fir trees grow thickly and cover, in their green beauty, the ruined walls with the grim association.

Near Dunkeld, twelve miles from Moulin, we come to Birnam, Macbeth's country, to which one day we made a pilgrimage to see two great trees standing on the banks of the Tay, which are said to be at least a thousand years old and among the few which remain of the original forest of which Macbeth's messenger at Dunsinane reports: "As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought the wood began to move." These two trees, a sycamore and an oak, are large enough of themselves to have provided a goodly army with branches, and the trunks measured, at the ground, a good fifteen feet in diameter. It happened to be just at the time of the ripening of the sycamore seeds, and I gathered some from a low branch, and have since given them to a friend's gardener to start them for me. If Nature favours, I shall some day bring a Birnam wood a far greater distance than was dreamt of by Shakespeare, but he will live to give them interest, even to another thousand years.

"Time is but a span," after all, and these great forest monarchs are but children compared to the "Patriarch of British yews," which, at the nearby village of Fortingall, totters on its ancient roots in the churchyard. According to a local guide-book unquestionable authorities have pronounced it the oldest authentic specimen of vegetation in Europe. And it is said to be doubtful whether it is "twenty-five or thirty centuries old or if it is contemporary with Solomon or merely Zerubbabel, the siege of Troy or the Peloponnesian war!"

Finding that Glamis Castle was within a day's motor journey, and fired by the thoughts suggested in Birnam woods, we determined to see the place Shakespeare has made so gruesomely familiar. A beautiful drive over the moors to Kirkmichael, Blairgowrie, and Coupar Angus took us to Forfar, where luncheon fortified us for the rather arduous work of going through the castle,

which was near this latter place. Here they call it "Glawms," and the hill of Dunsinane, a few miles away, they pronounce with the accent on the middle syllable, instead of at the end, neither of which would ring properly in the play, and makes one wonder if it is since Elizabethan days that the habit of clipping words has come about.

The title of "Thane" of Glamis and Cawdor is extinct, and the estate is now the home of the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne; the Castle a beautifully kept and stately mansion is the most perfect realisation one can imagine of all one's childhood's dreams of what castles might be. It is shown only on Fridays, but the wonder is how it is ever open to strangers, though, perhaps, as it is so remote from the track of the tourist, there is less objection than in some other places. Certainly, we were fortunate in having it to ourselves.

The grounds, gardens, etc., are exquisitely kept, and are entered through a beautiful stone gateway, which looks ancient enough to give no sense of incongruity in imagining the passing of Macbeth and his kingly guests under its arch. From this gate the road winds a long distance through the trees of a great park, coming at last to a straight avenue at the end of which we see, in all its romantic grandeur, the stately old castle. Dating mostly from the end of the sixteenth century, there is, however, still a part in use which was built in the first half of the eleventh, perhaps even earlier, for it is authentic, I believe, that a King, Malcolm II. was murdered there in 1033. We were shown the very room, which was hung with arras, with a wonderful old carved oak mantel, secret hiding places only recently discovered, and approached in several different ways, and it was easy to believe it a place of evil deeds done secretly. We were shown over the castle by a pleasant-faced house-

keeper, who appeared to take great pride in its treasures and in telling the traditions.

Unlike Blair where one feels the shadows of the past at every turn, everything at Glamis has been restored, but with most punctilious care and lavish expenditure, and one feels grateful to the restorer for making real one's visions of the magnificence of ancient days. At one time the walls were plastered, but now all that has been torn away, leaving the original reddish-coloured stonework, which makes a charming background for the pictures and silken hangings. The old hall is now fitted as a beautiful modern drawing-room, but only modern in the sense of comfort, being furnished in perfect keeping with its date, and the recently discovered alcoves in the thick walls, where probably in olden times soldiers stood on guard, are now charming little places for a letter-writer or book-lover.

Among the many fine pictures, one of Claverhouse, by Sir Peter Lely, lives most perfectly in my memory, partly, perhaps, because hanging on a chair just under it is his coat of tan-coloured cloth, braided and sleeveless, which gives one the feeling that he has just hung it there and stepped behind the frame in jest. The principal staircase is of the same red stone as the walls, and winds up to the top of the tower, which is one of the remaining oldest portions. It is uncarpeted and undecorated, except for some rare old china arranged in the embrasures of the windows passed in climbing to the other stories, where is shown a room known as Prince Charlie's, and in a dressing-room next, a rug is drawn aside, disclosing a trap-door giving access to dark winding steps leading to some unknown place which we were not invited, and did not care to ask, to investigate.

This brings me to the grim stories of a far later date than Macbeth's time, of horrid scuffling sounds heard in the late hours, and dim visions of a terrible unknown,

supposed to inhabit a secret room. What it may be, what story it is which, revealed to the heir on his coming of age, changes the current of his life from gay to grave, and is kept in rigid silence by father and son, no one knows, but rumour flies, and conjecture makes every conceivable suggestion. It is told that a party of young people staying in the castle plotted among themselves to discover where the room might be, and each determined to hang from his or her window and from every room to which access might be found, a handkerchief, but that plot was thwarted by the Earl, who, discovering their object, sternly forbade the plan being carried out. Another story is of a fascinating woman, who so moved the heir, Lord Glamis, that he succumbed to her witchery and said that as three always knew the secret, and as one of them, the factor of the estate, was dead, he would make her the third; so he told his tale, and she never smiled again!

An unlooked-for confirmation that there is something wrong I met with in a book by Oscar Browning, *Memories of Sixty Years*. In this he says he had been invited by Lord Strathmore to pay a visit to Glamis, and gives this account of his experiences: "My nerves had been duly strung up by narratives of this secret room, and brilliant as was the hospitality of this noble castle, there can be no doubt that a sojourn there is accompanied by eerie feelings." Then, after describing how he and another guest, whose room adjoins his, toss up to see which one shall sit with the other until he goes to sleep, he ends by saying: "The mystery of the secret room has never been revealed, but I have never met any one competent to give an opinion who did not believe in its existence." It seems to me an odd requital of hospitality to write about a thing so sad and so carefully guarded as this appears to be, but as he has done so, possibly thinking it common property, I give you his authority for its being more than an idle tale.

In the newer part of the castle are some delightfully comfortable, home-like rooms, and there is also an old chapel, beautifully decorated by a Dutch painter. Outside in the grounds there are ruined, ivy-covered towers, supposed to be watch-towers in the original walls, long since disappeared, and near these, one is not unkindly, brought to the present by tennis-court and putting-greens. You will agree, I am sure, that this was an excursion of rare pleasure, to live always in one's memory, and an experience which gives a new interest to the time-worn lines of Macbeth the Thane.

The next expedition of very special interest began with a regretful farewell to the little inn where we had spent such pleasant weeks. Starting one fine frosty morning we began, the Laird, the Child, and I, a four days' trip as far as Leeds by motor, and from thence by train to London. The first morning's run was from Pitlochry to Dunkeld, thence over the moors to "Sma' Glen," a beautiful mountain pass of somewhat stern aspect, where they tell us the poet Ossian has a fitting burial spot, and also point out a place looking very much like the remains of an old-fashioned circus ground, said to have been a Roman camp. From there a short run over high ground, with extensive views, took us to Crief, and from Crief to Stirling. Our way lay over the Roman road, lined by trees which look old enough to have been planted by those wonderful people themselves, when they built their road straight and fair over all difficulties, which was to endure so much longer than their nation's glory.

At Stirling, after a luncheon which refreshed and warmed us, we paid a somewhat hurried visit to the castle, in front of which one is greeted by a fine statue of "Robert the Bruce," standing where he no doubt often stood himself, looking over the "Links of the Forth" to the hills beyond. To all of us who in our

young days thrilled with the romance of *The Days of Bruce* and the *Scottish Chiefs* this castle is of more than ordinary interest, and from its high vantage-point one can see the fields where Bruce defeated King Edward, and Sir William Wallace won his right to the name of hero. Bannockburn, Stirling Bridge, Sheriffmuir, Falkirk, what pictures do they not bring before us! And all lie spread at our feet as we stand on the battery called Queen Anne's.

The home of the Scotch kings from earliest times, many of them were born here, and our imagination paints a pretty picture when we read that "Queen Mary was crowned here, with great rejoicings, at the age of nine months," that here her first steps were taken, and her first practice, no doubt, in the arts and witcheries which were her undoing.

The last Scotch Parliament was held at Stirling Castle, and the Parliament house in the upper square is still held for government purposes, but most of the buildings are now barracks, and the public are freely admitted to all the courts and bastions, so that it is almost a people's park, in spite of the very magnificent and brilliantly uniformed Scottish guards who keep guard at the entrance gate. From Stirling, past Bannockburn, an hour or more took us to Linlithgow, where is the beautiful palace, now only a ruin, which was yet another residence of Scottish kings, and in especial of Queen Mary, who was born there in 1542. It must have been a very beautiful place, but a very cruel one, for under the very rooms where Mary of Guise lived in utmost luxury were prisons and dungeons; and while she feasted, or said her prayers in the little chapel close to her apartments, she must surely have heard the voices of the prisoners below. In another wing of the palace we were shown the stables, every whit as dark and dungeon-like as the prisons themselves, and as great a contrast to the present-day homes

of thoroughbred horses as can be shown in the comforts and conveniences for human beings.

From Linlithgow, we hurried on through a fine farming country to Edinburgh, the end of our first day's trip of ninety-odd miles, which we reached in time to be refreshed by the "cup that cheers" at a charming little hotel, the Roxeburgh, looking upon Charlotte Square.

Most of my sightseeing in Edinburgh was done on the way up to Pitlochry, when the Laird and I were by ourselves, and the rain poured drearily and unceasingly. We found time, however, to show the Child that most interesting collection of pictures in the National Gallery. The Raeburn portraits are wonderful, so soft you almost feel the texture of the skin; and there are several by Franz Hals which appear able, if they wished, to walk out of the canvas to meet one, and a Rembrandt in his very best mood, said to be the finest work of his "ever seen at Christie's."

Edinburgh, with all its stories of Holyrood, the Canongate where every house and "close" reeks with history, and of Burns, Sir Walter Scott, and John Knox at every turn, would take more pages to describe than you would be willing to read. But I must tell you of a secret, an open one to-day, it is true, which I happened upon, and which seems unknown to many, even here.

In going over the castle, that romantic and grim warder of the town, which they say has never been captured except by treachery, so inaccessible is its steep crag, the guide told me the story which, if known a few centuries before, might have so altered the course of history. In 1830, he said, some repairs were being made outside Queen Mary's room, where James VI. was born, and the workmen happening upon a spot in the wall which sounded hollow, opened it, to find a tiny oak coffin, and in it the skeleton of an infant clothed in royal garments, with embroidered letters, I. R., upon them. The officer

commanding the royal engineers in charge of the work, after some consultation, decided it a case for secrecy and discretion, and very soon had the coffin replaced, possibly under orders from high authority, and the wall built up as before. But in spite of all efforts the story, as such things will, gradually spread about. Some to whom I have mentioned this have laughed at it as an idle tale, but a Scotch clergyman who was at the inn at Moulin thoroughly believed it, and told me he had known a man who had seen the whole thing, and who said that the garments were undoubtedly royal.

If, as might be, this were the true child of Mary and Darnley, then *who* was James VI.?

What abysses of conjecture are here suggested, and if the true heir had died, and in their anxiety for a successor another child was substituted in his place, what could have been easier? The baby James VI. was lowered in a basket from a window in Queen Mary's room, as they still show you, and who would have been the wiser if it were some other woman's child which was taken to Stirling for safe keeping? I am not putting in a claim for a "Pretender," as you might suppose, but it is supremely exciting to conjecture what might have been the result had this discovery been made two hundred years earlier, and what dynasty would have come to the throne. Queen Victoria may well have been annoyed, as they said she was, at the discovery!

We left Edinburgh at eleven o'clock on a bright, sunny day, had a very beautiful ride across to Carlisle, and on down through that marvellous lake country to Windermere, arriving, grimy with dust, at the delightful Low Wood Hotel just at dusk, after a day's run of a hundred and fifty-one miles without mishap of any kind, though why we were not all in the penitentiary for fast driving I cannot explain. A stop at Ecclefechan on the way down gave us the interesting sight of the house

where Thomas Carlyle was born, and the room where he did so much of his studying and writing, with all of his things just as he used them arranged about the room.

It is in truth, as we have read, a dour country about that neighbourhood, and when we look at the grey, grim hills anb remember that Carlyle's father was a simple labouring mason, it explains much of his melancholy and the phenomenal struggles he must have made to develop the spirit within, and to conquer the bonds of circumstances.

After a sojourn of rest at the Low Wood, with its comforts and ideally beautiful views across the lake to the Langdale Pikes, a morning's trip took us eighty-four miles to Leeds without any special incident except the finding of a wrecked motor on the roadside where an hour before it had plunged uncontrollably down a steep hill and torn itself to pieces, its occupants hurt, but escaping fatal injuries.

What an object-lesson! The huge machine lying helpless on its head, the vital essence still dribbling from its poor torn insides! I think it had its effect even upon our somewhat reckless chauffeur, for when, on dismissing him at Leeds, I asked when he would reach London, he answered, "Oh, I shawn't 'urry meself, madam." And for all I know to the contrary, he may be on the road still.

Your loving
PRINCESS.

XIV

London

A PERCH TO PREEN ONE'S FEATHERS—ENGLISH HOMES—A LITTLE COMPANY OF THE ELECT—TRIBUTE TO MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE—A KATE GREENAWAY VILLAGE—A WORD ON ENGLISH POLITICS

October 18, 1910.

My Dearest:

I have let nearly a month slip by since I wrote to you last from this great city, but still we are using it very much "Sur la Branche," to make free with Pierre Coulevain's title, and Half Moon Street as a perch on which to preen our feathers before taking flight, now east, now west, in pursuit of the most perfectly interesting pleasure imaginable, seeing English homes. At the risk of having you tell me I am didactic I must say that while the people of England may be "insular," may be "snobs," or deserving any one of the thousand epithets hurled at them by envy, hatred, and malice from time immemorial, they are, as makers of homes, inimitable. There seem to be various reasons for this. For one, they almost never have things for effect, but rather for use or comfort or real beauty, carrying out the teaching of William Morris who laid down as a cardinal principle the rule, "Never have anything in your house which is not useful, or which you do not believe to be beautiful."

Another reason lies in the perfectly trained service which keeps in order the useful or the beautiful articles one may have gathered together.

In England when one engages a butler or a housemaid or a servant in any department and offers good wages for skilled service, one gets skilled service, and you arise in the morning with the comfortable security of knowing that when you go down to breakfast you will find your rooms swept and garnished, your silver bright, the fire burning in a clean shining grate, the newspaper laid ready to your hand; and when you go to bed at night you have a reasonable surety that the same pleasant peace will continue day by day. With us, on the contrary, it often seems as if the higher rate you pay, the more incompetent the creature who demands it, and as for security, the only sense of it is that you may be quite certain some fine morning will soon arrive when you may go without any breakfast at all, unless able to get it for yourself. To alter these conditions is a task all seem to shrink from, and is only to be accomplished, to my thinking, by concerted action of housekeepers, and training, on the same lines as in this land, where to serve is a *profession* and one in which proficiency commands promotion, respect, and consideration.

In my account of our somewhat meteoric descent to the south from Scotland I omitted with a purpose telling of an afternoon spent at Fox How, the home of Doctor Arnold of Rugby, because that is an experience not to be hurried, either in the making or the telling. When, at Ambleside, that favourite camping ground of the British holiday maker, one leaves the beaten track, with its omnipresent trail of the tourist, and turns to the right into a narrow lane, little more than a footpath by the side of the winding stream, one puts behind not only the dust of the road, but that dust which gathers on one's mentality as well. We pass into the fresh clear green of the woods to the sound of slipping, gurgling waters, and the soft, sweet voices of birds, the very stones covered by the velvety green moss and ferns with which nature here

Photo by " The Child "

View from the Windows of Fox How

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is so prodigal, and through a green gate which gives a hint of privacy, but which does not forbid, even the stranger. The house, built of the grey stone so universal in the north, peeps out at us from a gracious screen of tree-tops; the smoke from its chimney curling up into the misty air with a comfortable sense of fireside and tea-cups, and all around, as we draw nearer, are shrubberies; nearer still, gay beds of flowers and the open hospitable door.

Within, the Child and I are welcomed, and quickly feel the flavour of a lovely past, a fast vanishing age in which simple living led to high thoughts and these to higher deeds, for this flavour is carefully and lovingly preserved by our somewhat stately, but most gracious hostess, the daughter of Doctor Arnold. The great master of Rugby himself seems to greet us in person, so lifelike is the portrait which meets our eyes as we enter the drawing-room, and it brings to us an abrupt realisation of how fine a use he made of his short span of life; for such impress did he leave upon his time we unconsciously have thought of him as of great age, not realising so young a man could have such wisdom. Surely no greater tribute could be paid to his understanding influence than by the boy who said, "You can't be such a rotter as to lie to Arnold, he always believes you."

The world is small and the best goes out to meet the best of every land, and it is something to be glad of that there are those who can gather from their experiences, or their memories, a little company of the elect who loved books because they were good, who loved traditions because they were fine and models to grow to, who cared for simplicity because it ennobles, who loved peace because it nurtures great thoughts, but who never let moth and rust gather upon their brains. Of such a company is Miss Arnold, and privileged indeed are those whom she welcomes to this spot, where Doctor

Arnold and Mr. Wordsworth and their coterie gathered to themselves the goodly number of friends and kindred whose names are household words wherever in the world there are readers, or thinkers, or art lovers. Lovingly she tells about them all, and of her brothers, their boyish pranks as well as the later, maturer achievements, especially of Matthew, whose name adds brilliant lustre to those elder ones, honoured as he is as scholar and essayist, and loved as the man and poet.

The garden at Fox How is lovely, and, though small, acquires an effect of space by a skilful arrangement of walks disappearing into plantations of shrubs and trees and vistas between them to the far-off, mist-covered mountains, so different in their colouring and contour from those we have been living with in Scotland. This planting having been done by Doctor Arnold himself, you can easily imagine with what loving interest the growth has been watched and tended by those who worship his memory.

As I have been writing of the little company of the elect, the *London Times* has been handed to me, with its tribute to one, pre-eminently a member of such a gathering, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Naturally the papers at home and abroad will be filled by accounts of her, but having been privileged to know her in the intimacy of the home, as well as in the larger knowledge of the outside world, I want to add, to you, my little meed of homage to a rare personality, and one we are not likely to meet with again. She was one who had brains, and never ceased to exercise them, even to the end of her ninety-one years; a keen wit, which she never used unkindly, and, animated by the strongest sentiments on some much-combated subjects, never allowed herself to obtrude them when her never-failing tact showed her they would be unwelcome. Her memory will live, sweet and fragrant, in the hearts of all who knew her

merry, gentle spirit, as her achievements should be a goal toward which others may strive.

The day after our visit to Fox How we came, as I have told you, to London, and from there went almost immediately to another lovely country around Tring, near which are many well-known homes, pre-eminent among them those of Lord Rothschild, Lord Brownlow, and Mrs. Humphry Ward.

"Stocks," the home of Mrs. Ward, is an old place, which has had many masters and was at one time a favourite visiting place for Sir Walter Scott, who, no doubt, found some of his inspirations hereabouts, particularly, it is said, the title of *Ivanhoe* which he adapted from the name of the nearby village of "Ivinghoe." One of the chief charms of the old place is the lime-tree walk, where the limes, stately and tall, make a lofty aisle of green, and a haunt in summer-time for countless bees, which make delicious honey from the blossoms; while another charm, not less beautiful in its way, and almost as many years in the making, is the old walled garden. Mrs. Ward has amplified and modernised the house until it seems the very essence of comfort and convenience, and there in her sun-warmed library, writes the books which have made her world-famous. She also, Italy-lover that she is, has made a garden fashioned after their art, to which she may step from her table when weary of pen and paper, and where her rosy, charming grandchildren delight and refresh her with their merriment.

The house where we were visiting was, before Mrs. Ward's occupancy, a part of the estate of Stocks, and is an old farm cottage transformed into what I can only call a gem of artistic comfort, and rejoices in the name of "Barley End." There is always a reason, good and sensible, over here for names and this is no exception, being literally the end of a hedge-lined lane, and prob-

ably where now are rose-garden and lawn, was once a field of barley. The cottage kitchen with its wide hospitable fireside, and old oak beams, is transformed into a charming dining-room, which, preserving these same beams and general characteristics, and decorated by a few genuine works of art, makes hospitality thrice gifted, providing food for the inner man, artistic pleasure, and kindly warmth, most grateful in chill autumn days.

The little village of Aldbury, the nearest one to "Stocks," is very typical of such illustrations as Kate Greenaway's. Old half-timbered brick houses built about a green, in the centre of which is a duck-pond, and the pillory still standing ready to be used if occasion should justify it, and possibly a wholesome reminder for the growing generation. Here, too, is the village church where since some time in 1600, by the will of a certain Sir Thomas Hyde, a "dole" of bread is given every Sunday after service to the most needy and deserving of the parish "who are not dissenters." It was interesting to see the spirit of kindliness and friendliness. The old men and old women, or sometimes a child, as representative of those too feeble to attend service themselves, dressed in their Sunday best, came up, one by one, received their loaves with curtsey or salute of finger to forehead, and passed on, the giver and the receiver, each, I fancy, a tiny bit the better for the action. England is not all socialist fortunately, as I dare venture to predict we shall see in the days soon to come.

An afternoon's motor ride took us through Ashridge Park, the seat of Lord Brownlow, who, with the kindly hospitality of many great landowners, allows the public to freely enjoy the beautiful drives. The castle here is historic, and so large that a Frenchman, taken to see it, exclaimed, "In what part of the village does his lordship live?" Many tales are told of royal visitors, and at one side a terrace is shown where, taking the air under the

trees, Queen Elizabeth, then Princess, received the deputation sent to summon her to London to receive the crown, or the death sentence, one seeming at the time as likely as the other. Bold, able woman as she was, her heart must have fluttered painfully at such a future! Not far from Ashridge we went to Dunstable to see the church, which is nearly all that is now left of the priory which sheltered Queen Katharine before her divorce. Some parts of the church have been restored but the ancient door of hard oak, studded with nails, is still just as it was when the notices of the divorce were posted upon it, and to-day the custom still survives, as was attested by various papers of law, or other matters, which hung there fluttering in the breeze. Still a few miles farther on is St. Albans, with its wonderful old cathedral dating to the early Roman times and showing so many traces of their handiwork.

Soon after this we are back in London, which begins again to be gay after the summer holidays, and before starting off on another visit, to Wales, of which I hope to write you later, we pause a bit and look about us. It is five years since I have been here, and those years have brought about a great change in the methods of locomotion.

Then, the taxi was practically unknown, and the motor 'bus, that modern juggernaut, was only an object of derision and a butt for witticisms, as the few one saw were usually stranded, forlornly hauled up and having their insides probed; then, too, the smart-looking hansom, with its well-kept, swift-travelling horse, was always in evidence, and there seemed no possible means of getting about which could be more agreeable. Alas! now the machine age is with us, and the long-predicted extinction of the horse seems imminent. Motors are everywhere, and the great "'bus," tearing along at breakneck speed, a terror to all. Crossing a street in London is much

like the game of "Puss wants a corner," and it is an amusing occupation to stand in security on the pavement and watch men and women, old and young, wait their chance, and then, with a breathless fearful dash, take refuge on the island in the middle, without which there would be no safety, only to frantically await an opportunity for the other dash from the island to shore again. The man or woman who can accomplish this feat with dignity or grace is a rare bird indeed, and but for the wonderful system of rigid obedience to the able "bobby," who controls high or low by a lift of the hand, casualties would be the order of each moment.

The few cab horses left are mostly sorry-looking beasts, with crooked knees and general air of having fallen, metaphorically and literally, and the drivers pursue one along the streets begging for a fare. It is a case of Scylla and Charybdis, danger on both hands, for if not employed one feels the poor nags may have short rations, and yet so forlorn often do they look we would almost prefer to put them in the cab and do the drawing ourselves. It really is a sad question everywhere, and even worse on the continent. One can only hope that when the present generation dies off there will not be any new horses put in their places.

Some time ago, in a letter from London, written by an American who was haunting the Parliament buildings, it was said that it was a difficult matter for ladies to gain entrance to the House of Commons, "particularly so since, owing to the demonstrations of the suffragettes, the ladies' gallery had been enclosed by iron gratings!" What a comical picture! The valiant, militant House cowering from the onslaught of the Amazons and demanding protection!

Seventeen years ago, before suffragettes were, I was in that gallery listening to one of the famous debates between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain, who was

at that time his opponent, and, being quite maddened by the difficulties of seeing and hearing through the grating, begged to know why it had been put there. The grating, I was then told, had been there for a great many years, and was put up because the bright eyes and sweet smiles of their feminine friends caused such havoc in the hearts of the members as to prevent them from properly attending to business! An onslaught, indeed, but of a less philistine character.

Of course we hear much talk of the political situation, and the grave crisis which all seem to think must come. One hears every shade and variety of opinion between the two opposite extremes of the most radical socialism and intense conservatism. I have heard it said on the one hand, that the monarchy is doomed, and that King George will not end his life a King; while on the other there is the most fervent belief that he will take a firmer, stronger part in affairs than any sovereign for generations. Meantime, to an onlooker it is most exciting and interesting to feel that one is watching a great upheaval, and to those who have looked upon the English government as the one most stable of all, the one most nearly approaching the ideal, it is a matter of intense anxiety that they should justify our faith and find a way out of what at present seems an almost hopeless jumble.

A question of most vital interest all summer has been the new system of taxation, and also of much joking, for when any one would be late for a meal or engagement, you would hear, "Oh, never mind, let him alone; he 's probably mulling over Form 4." We were shown at one place a copy of this much-talked-of "Form 4," and also a parody upon it, in which one was supposed to give the number of cubic feet of air consumed. One question on this parody paper as I remember was, "How many sons and daughters have you, married or unmarried? If unmarried, *state reasons why*"! Absurd

as this sounds, it was hardly more so than some of the serious questions asked on the original paper, and when I asked, "How can you possibly answer these things?" the reply was, "We cannot; we shall simply say we don't know."

If, as is said, Mr. Lloyd-George and his party aim at breaking up the great estates, it certainly seems as if they would accomplish it if this "budget" goes through, but what I find difficult to understand is how socialists, who want to overthrow existing conditions, break up great fortunes, etc., can forget that by so doing they are not altering human nature, and that those who can *get* and can *keep*, will continue to exercise these abilities in spite of rules or regulations.

Surely there is not very much encouragement for an overthrow of such a monarchy as England's to be found in the conditions existing in the republics of either France or the United States, for in both countries unrest seems rampant, and as applying to the effect in the United States at large of what might be called Rooseveltian obsession, I quote to you a phrase on the English situation by one who calls himself "an ordinary man." He says: "We don't want any more excitement. What we want is a quiet time, with nothing much happening, so that people can settle down to attend to their own affairs. Excitement after excitement is no good for business or anything. It is not so much things happening that matters. It is the worry and distraction of wondering what is going to happen next that upsets everything." My pen has almost run away with me, but these are galloping times, and we can only hope that good may find a way.

Your much-stirred

PRINCESS.

XV

A Corner of Wales

MEWSLADE BAY AND THE SUN GOD—THE STONE MEN—A PENSIONER AT FAIRY HILL—THE "CORACLE" OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS—LONDON AGAIN AND ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S—CHARTER HOUSE SQUARE

October 28, 1910.

MY DEAREST:

Since my last of the 18th, the Child and I have had a very interesting visit to what was to us a new country, and since rejoining the Laird here, have seen something of old London under the guidance of one who knows her old city better than most, for, as a rule, commend me to English society people for pure ignorance of their historical treasures.

The particular corner of Wales, if a peninsula may be called a "corner," which we were privileged to see under very delightful auspices, was "Gower," a point of land jutting out into the sea at the mouth of the Bristol Channel, and unless you have a much clearer idea of its location than I had before I went there you will be obliged to look it out on the map, to realise at all where it is.

After a journey of four hours to a country of names made familiar to us of New England, by the affection our forefathers preserved for the land they were repudiating, we arrived at Swansea to find a fourteen-mile drive still to be accomplished before we were to reach

the promised end of journeys, "lovers' meeting," at "Fairy Hill." Swansea is a place one would use willingly only as a means to that end, for not even our Pittsburg can be more smoky or more dirty than this "most important copper smelting centre in the world," transformed at night into a vast wonderland of red-hot furnaces and flaming chimneys.

In the whole of Gower, which is about fifteen miles long and five or more miles broad, there is no such thing as tram car nor steam, except for a few miles out of Swansea. It is, therefore, a paradise for the lovers of the picturesque, and very many of its charms are beyond the reach of motors and only to be won by the enthusiastic pedestrian, whose ardour finds a rare reward if it leads him to climb along the cliff-bound coast. A large portion of the centre of the peninsula is moorland or open "common" land, which, except that it is in comparison flat, might almost be taken for a Scotch moor, though the colouring is different, and the sturdy Welsh ponies grazing about, and the flocks of geese, take the place largely of sheep. After crossing the moors we come to a farming country very much cut up into small fields, and divided by hedges of thorn and hawthorn, which, growing as they do on the top of earthen banks, make an impenetrable fence which the shooters complain of, and which would be impossible for a hunter to penetrate. Beyond this farming country where our friends live on their Fairy Hill, when we approach the coast, there are sand dunes, and still beyond the wonderful rocky cliffs which make the coast a dangerous one for vessels, though they shelter caressingly between their gigantic arms many an exquisite bay whose sandy shores would tempt the sternest worker to idle away his hours on their smooth red sands.

To one of these bays we one day made an excursion. Mewslade Bay it is called, or, as translated, "the valley

of the seamew," and except for these birds we had it and its delights of caverns and rocks to ourselves. The country people sometimes have a most eloquent manner of expressing themselves, as witness one who being asked of this place said, "You mean the place where the rocks are like cathedrals and the pools like fonts?" The appropriateness of his description was apparent when we found ourselves among the vast, pointed, towering cliffs and found rock after rock with basins hollowed in them, round and smooth as if by the stone-cutter's chisel, and filled with beautifully brilliant anemones opening and shutting their softly-waving tentacles.

As we sat on the rocks at the entrance to a great system of caves, washed and shaped by centuries of storms, and looked up to a high jagged rock in front of us, a curious debris of blocks of stone on the top suddenly began to take form and shape and to become almost human. A face, long and heavy in outline, first became clear, and then an arm raised as in salute, eyes looking far seaward to the dying sun; and directly in front, within arm's reach, a pile of faggots ready for the burning! What was this but a sun-god? A Druid in the act of sacrifice and salutation to his fast-disappearing deity the setting sun, turned to stone by some malevolent being! There he has been sitting for untold ages unseen, unknown, unsung, until we came and our eyes were suddenly opened as if one said, "Behold, he who hath eyes let him see!" If only we could have gone farther and "heard with our ears" what secrets might not have been revealed to us, but one glimpse even into that far-off past is more than is often vouchsafed to present-day mortals, and so we had to leave him, and content ourselves with having been blessed so far as to see him, whom we left alone in his solemn state, our god "Salutaris."

This is a land of "stone men," and Gower itself derives

its name from them, being a corruption or derivative of the Welsh term "Meini Gwyr." I walked a long distance one day to see one of the most famous of these monoliths, which stands half hidden by a hedge in a field in the parish of Llanridian and goes by the name of "Samson's Jack," and there are others near by, though not so large, and also on the top of one of the downs the stone called "Arthur's Seat," supposed to be a dolmen or grave. It is a huge block of stone standing on stone props and is estimated to weigh at least twenty-five tons, and is supposed to be of very great age, though my hostess was inclined to scoff at the idea of its having very special significance. Some people think these monoliths, etc., were erected by the Danes, and that they were perhaps only a sort of mark for boundaries, but antiquarians and archæologists assign them to an age long before the coming of the Celt, and believe them to be silent records of a mysterious people who lived in the dim unwritten past. Unless some seer can be gifted with a new hearing, as we were with a "second sight" in the case of our god "Salutaris," the truth can never be known, but it would seem that such tremendous labour as must be entailed in erecting such monumental blocks could only have been undertaken for some very serious purpose, and most probably had to do with a religious motive, for "worship" in all its various forms and practices has from time immemorial given us evidences that "Faith may move mountains."

Gower is also associated with the age of chivalry and romance, when, it is said, Wales reached its zenith of power in the days of King Arthur, for in Gower lived Urien Rheged, the most famous of the knights of the Round Table, and here he entertained the renowned Peredur, one of the three virgin knights who obtained a sight of the Holy Grail. From the time of King Arthur up to the year 836 A.D., the land was in a pleasant state

of tranquillity, but with the coming of the Danes, churches were plundered and burned, religion almost lost sight of, and famine and pestilence fell upon the most wretched inhabitants. The Flemings came two hundred years later, and from them the present inhabitants are supposed to be descended, and, except in the very northern part of the peninsula, where there are mines, no Welsh is spoken. For this reason, perhaps, the region is known as "little England beyond Wales."

Having naturally expected to hear Welsh spoken on all sides, it was with distinct disappointment I found the country people answering me in quite pure English, with hardly even an accent, though they consoled me by using some words in a far different sense from what we are accustomed. A happy old pensioner, who had been carpenter for most of his eighty-odd years at Fairy Hill, when he heard that we who had come to visit him were from America, shook us warmly by the hand, and, peering at us with his dim old eyes, exclaimed, in the high-pitched, feeble voice of age, "Ah! the Americans are a 'tidy' people, and I am glad to see them," meaning to pay us the compliment of saying that we were clever.

In these days of social unrest it is significant to note the pride of family and ownership of the old and well-loved servant, who so felt his union with the family interests that he could say, as this one did: "It did n't matter to me whether the master gave the orders or the mistress, and"—with a chuckle—"she was a rare one for orders, was the mistress. I just says to myself, the place is mine and will be mine till I die, and then I don't care who it belongs to."

To hear some Welsh, as well as to see the district of the cockle industry, we were taken to a place called Penclawdd, which is on the north side of Gower, at the mouth of the Burry River, and where, when the tide is out, there are acres and acres of sand and muddy flats.

Here the cockles thrive, and the women, for whom the industry is sacred, and which furnishes them a hardly earned pin-money, are to be seen in numbers far out on the sands, knee-deep sometimes in water, with their petticoats kilted up about their waists, and the patient donkeys standing ready to bear the heavy baskets to the land. Woe to the man who invades this shore! If any dares to have such hardihood he receives instant punishment at the hands of these sturdy feminines, for they surround him, and he is ducked until he prays for mercy and promises to so offend no more. On market days these women dress themselves in their picturesque costume and take their cockles to Swansea, where I have no doubt one could hear the refrain so familiar in the song-books of our childhood, of "Cockles, hot cockles."

There is small need in this locality for the suffragette, for the women appear to have things very much their own way, and to be looked upon by what is usually regarded as the stronger sex with the wholesome respect accorded to might. The story is told of an old-time, stately, perhaps not altogether virile, member of the aristocracy meeting some of these cockle-girls crossing his private park, and upon his remonstrance against their trespass, they answered by kissing him! Imagine the poor gentleman's helpless distress! It was in Gower, too, that the famous "Rebecca" riots took place. These grew out of the revolt of the farmers against the heavy tolls, which amounted to nearly a shilling a mile, when the leader of the rioters, wishing for a disguise, dressed himself in the garments of a tall, sturdy old woman whose name, Rebecca, became a byword and a terror to the authorities.

One needs more than one lesson in the Welsh language to fathom their pronunciation, for rules, however clear, hardly enlighten one sufficiently to compass the proper sounding of such words as "Llwchwr," which in the

mouth of the natives becomes something like "Lucca," or to discover that "Llan" means a church, but properly done in their soft voices it is a pretty sounding puzzle.

There is a curious custom of selling the land by ploughshares, which accounts in some degree for the smallness of the divisions. A "ploughshare" I found to be the amount of ground which can be tilled in a day by a man, a plough, and a horse. Many a bit in the gambling times of the Regent passed from hand to hand by the turn of a card, making curious complications sometimes, as when a gallant turned over a portion of his front lawn to an opponent in a neighbouring county!

At "Fairy Hill" there is what might be called a "fairy" river, so tiny a thread of water it seems to American eyes, and it is navigated, as are the other streams in this locality, by the coracle, a vessel invented in the dim ages by the very ancient Britons, than which no one has ever been able to find anything better suited to its purpose. The fishermen still use it to paddle downstream to the sea, and then, by virtue of its airy lightness, are able to walk home carrying it strung over their shoulders. It is like a large flat clothes-basket of wicker, covered on the outside with tarred canvas, with sides about a foot high, and about five feet in length and less than four in width, with a board across for a seat, upon which, with very great care and discretion, two soberly inclined persons may sit. One end is square, with rounded corners, and the other pointed, which would seem the natural end to progress with; but not at all! The paddler must put his paddle out in front of the square end, and, with a movement not unlike the paddling of a canoe, draw the water towards him, and in this way, going with the stream, a quite rapid rate of progression is obtained, over water only, perhaps, a very few inches deep. Of course I could not miss the opportunity to masquerade as an ancient Briton, though

not of the airy, fairy lightness such a literal "cockle-shell" would seem to demand, and amid much laughter and screams of anxiety, four of us accomplished a race without a serious wetting. A convenient strap is arranged across the coracle and when hanging on the backs of their carriers they look like a procession of solemn black beetles taking the air on their hind legs!

One more tale and I have done with fascinating Wales. The hay and grain stacks, not only here, but everywhere in English country, look so trig and neat with their thatched covers, I was inspired with a desire to learn how it is done, so my indulgent friends took me to the farm-yard for a lesson. The farmer being absent, his wife undertook to initiate me, and I found it like so many other things not so very difficult if you know how! While plaiting the straw we were busily answering questions as to how things were done in far-off America, and when it was revealed that in that land stacks were covered, if at all, with sail-cloth, we were truly abashed by the fine scorn of the woman, who protested, "Oh! I would n't live in a place like that!" It took all of our remembrance of the "tidy" compliment to recover our usual self-esteem, especially as we left her still muttering, "What a country! No thatch!"

All pleasant things must come to an end, and all too soon we were whirled back to London town, bidding farewell to sunshine and green lanes, but London, as you well know, is filled to the brim with its own fascinations both ancient and modern. I think I had never realised before how very rich it is in music of the best and highest quality at prices to suit all varieties of purses, and of character to suit any kind of taste, from church chants to symphony and opera. In the latter, Mr. Beecham is doing his best, and a very good best it is, to create a name for himself, and to present the best and newest works to a not too appreciative public, for in spite of

attractive and modern operas very fairly well done indeed, one hears that his expenses are very far beyond the receipts, and many witticisms as to pills paying better than singers are in evidence. However, he has his fun over it too, and no doubt cares little for the jests, when, as happened on the night of the first performance of that gruesome weird *Electra* he is called again and again before the curtain to bow his acknowledgments.

One afternoon we were invited through the kindness of a friend to see something of Smithfield, and in particular the oldest church in London, St. Bartholomew the Great, or, I should say, what is left of it, for all that remains now is the choir. Having been by most valiant efforts saved from the ravages of the great fire, the large nave was destroyed by Cromwell, who, finding its roof and windows heavily charged with lead, thought that this metal might be used for better purposes, and the beautiful choir was only saved because most fortunately there was not lead enough about it to pay the destroyers. When we come so continually upon the traces of the great destroyer as we have of late, for in Wales especially it was always the answer when we asked how a castle or church had been ruined, "destroyed by Cromwell," I can but wish with all my heart that the monkey who stole him as a baby from his cradle and climbed with him to the roof of Hinchinbroke Castle, his father's home, had thrown him down and put an end to him then and there. Unfortunately for architecture, the monkey was enticed to deliver the baby safely back to the frantic caretakers, and we can only imagine and grieve for the beauties which but for him might have been preserved to rejoice our eyes.

This church, taking its name from the parish of St. Bartholomew, was the first building erected in the parish area and was gradually surrounded by cloister, infirmary, chapter house, and all the other parts and appurtenances

of a monastic community, and for four hundred years was occupied as a priory by a company of "Canons regular of St. Austin." The other buildings have all been for one reason or another destroyed, but this very beautiful remnant—for large as it is, it is only a small part of the original—has been preserved from the time of Henry I.

Its founder was Rahere, a man whose name is held in reverence down to the very present day, for he founded also the great hospital of St. Bartholomew near the church which "relieves one hundred and fifty thousand sick poor" every year. His history is an example of what may be accomplished by an earnest resolve to lead a new and useful life, for canon though he was, his reputation as a courtier of King Henry I. was far more for his witty conversation than for piety, until about 1120, when he went on a pilgrimage to Rome. While there he went to the place outside the walls where still to-day the spot of the martyrdom of St. Paul is shown, and as in those times people had not learned to take proper precautions, he was attacked by a fever which so often has proven deadly to visitors to the Campagna. Through suffering and weakness he was led to repent of his former manner of life, and St. Bartholomew appearing to him in a vision during his convalescence and commanding him to build a house to the glory of God, he, upon his recovery, returned to London and founded both the hospital and church at Smithfield, and in 1133 the King granted to the priory a charter of privileges. His tomb is in the north side of the choir, and upon it lies his effigy, which is thought to be of the twelfth century, though the canopy above it is probably work of the fifteenth. His biography says that his preaching stirred the hearts of his hearers, and that "his life accorded to his speech and his deed approved well his sermon." What higher praise could be desired?

On the opposite side of the church to this tomb, but higher up and on a level with the arches of the triforium, is a very beautiful window, from which the monks kept watch over the high altar. Gradually as time has gone on, bit by bit of the church has been reclaimed from degraded use, and most carefully and lovingly restored. The small portion of cloister now to be seen was used as a stable, which seems to have been a favourite manner of desecration by Cromwell's soldiers; a part of the north aisle was, up to a few years ago, a blacksmith's forge, and the Lady Chapel behind the high altar was only just lately reclaimed from a silk weaver and carefully rebuilt on the lines indicated by the remnants left of the ancient building. In this I noticed a curious little window of the oldest period, and found it was "the lepers' window," through which those unfortunate ones were allowed to receive the sacraments.

Fortunately there are many of the rich and great who are interested in the preservation of this beautiful old landmark, and just lately some one has presented a very beautiful altarpiece for the Lady Chapel, of a Madonna after the school of Murillo, which it is thought may possibly be the veritable work of the master himself, or, if not, of a very sympathetic pupil.

Here in St. Bartholomew's Church Hogarth was baptised, having been born in a neighbouring close, and when in after years he became rich and famous, it was his pleasure to return and adorn the walls of the hospital with some of his paintings. One of these represents Rahere dreaming his vision, and another pictures the building of the priory. The church is approached, through an ancient archway, which is the sole remnant of the vast old nave, and which gave entrance originally to the south aisle, and its threatened demolition has fortunately been prevented through the efforts of the

present rector, Rev. H. G. Sandwith, who appealed to the nation, and in less than two weeks received the goodly sum necessary to buy the property adjacent and secure it to the church.

It is, however, an unhappy instance of the irony of time which shows a modern office building occupying the greater part of the ancient site, and where once were sculptured façade and grand old Norman arch is now, alas! in letters of brazen gilt, the sign of "Swift," the world-known dealer in Chicago beef!

After admiring this most beautiful remnant of ancient days, which is, however, still a living, pulsating factor for faith and hope and charity in the immediate present, we were guided through some of the very quaint old streets, such as the "Cloth Fair," where, on a corner, stands "Ye olde Dicke," the oldest tavern in London; "Long Lane," "Duck Lane," and "Little Britain," the very narrowest and oldest lanes to be found in all old London, and finally to the old Charter House school, with its ancient square or park, around which are a series of private houses which look as if they had just emerged bodily out of some of Dickens's pen pictures. Indeed this whole locality is eloquent not only of the real past, but of the characters which have been made real for us in fiction, and all who love their Thackeray should not fail to see this spot made familiar in story by dear charming old Colonel Newcome.

London in November, though it has its fascinations for the strong in body, is full of damp and chill for the less robust, and your Princess with her retinue is ordered off to seek for sunny climes. She sends you therefore a last greeting from the Mother Country and passes lightly over her regrets, for there are fresh fields across the sea, and like the birds we shall fly back on the wings of Spring. More Anon.

XVI

Paris, The Enchantress

THE THREATENED FLOOD—UNDER THE SURFACE—TREASURES ARTISTIC AND HISTORICAL—REMINISCENCES OF MARIE ANTOINETTE—MUSIC NEW AND OLD

November 20, 1910.

DEAREST BELOVED:

Coming to Paris for a better climate has been a huge and grim joke, for during the three weeks since we arrived here from London there have been just three days when there was no rain; and mud, with penetrating dampness, prevails. The newspapers have risen to fever point of excitement over prospective floods and they have a truly familiar "sound from home" in their denunciations of the authorities for their laxity in precautionary methods and general ignoring of the lessons taught by last winter's experiences. Every day we walk from our hotel in the airier, I wish I could say drier, region of the Arc de l'Étoile down to the Pont de l'Alma to see how "Aristide," as *Figaro* has dubbed the mammoth zouave figure on the bridge piers, bears his fate. At first he stood some days with only his feet in the water, the helpless object of the derision of passing boatmen, but when centimetre by centimetre the water crept up to his knees and above, he was left master of the situation for no boats were able to pass under the arches he guards. Yesterday the flood reached his waist and in such places as the cellars of the Palais de Justice, where the fires are

extinguished, there is discomfort, if not peril, but until "Aristide's" chin is washed by the passing waves, which happened last winter, there is no real cause for anxiety in the city.

Paris having been to you "a happy hunting ground," you must forgive me if I write of your familiar haunts as if they were new and original discoveries of my own, but in one way at least the city has put on a new face, just as London has done, and that is in the machinery of locomotion. To engineer one's way across the Avenue des Champs-Elysées in the busy late afternoon hours requires boldness and decision and if there are not hourly casualties it is more owing to luck than good management, for a more helpless, inadequate person than the Parisian police officer it would be difficult to find. Anything funnier than a block of vehicles in some of the narrow busy streets I have never seen, particularly at night after a theatre. Autos to the right, taxis on the left, carriages in the middle, each one heading a different way and nobody doing anything except to gesticulate and swear. How the mêlée ever dissolves is a mystery, but finally some one seems to have a glimmering of sense and a way is opened. After the precision and method of London such a scene furnishes volumes of commentary on the national characteristics!

One of the first sights we saw here was the funeral of the Duc de Rivoli, conducted with very great ceremony and magnificence, and the newspaper accounts the next day were a revelation to one who thinks of France as purely democratic, it was with evidently such unctuous pleasure that they spread out almost a column of titles, each to its farthest limit. Hearing so much as we do of the disestablishment of churches, monasteries, and convents, one is naturally prepared to see few evidences of religious feeling, but masses are said as often as ever, while the crowds of devout worshippers who wait for

each service and watch their turns to slip into the places of those coming from the service just ending, seems the best possible proof that religion in France is very much alive.

You know the old saying, "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar." It seems to me that if you penetrate ever so little under the surface of the French quasi-agnostic republican you find surprisingly often the priest-loving aristocrat of the ancient régime, and the very fact that there exists such a society as the "Camelots du Roi," one of whom the other day assaulted M. Briand, shows that the government rests upon a not too solid foundation. Arguing one day with a French girl over the date of the Revolution, she said: "Mais, madame, nous avons eu plusieurs des révolutions en France!" That is just the trouble, they have had so many revolutions they do not know, as the darkies say, "just where they are at," and with the *haute noblesse* who long for their ancient grandeur, the myriads of the middle and lower classes who love the spectacular array of kings, and the many who are ready to join any cause for the sake of change and excitement, one feels that the most unlooked-for things might happen. They are such children too in a way and show their pique in just the same naïve way a child would.

I have been much interested and somewhat amused at their attitude toward Prince Napoleon, who has been so much the subject of conversation of late, owing to his marriage to the Belgian Princess. It seems that when his banns were published the government would not allow his titles to be used, and in the face of this it was considered that he was very particularly gracious and tactful in giving 10,000 francs for the poor of Paris. The *Figaro* published a very pretty and delicate appreciation of him, although not at all a royalist organ, and after speaking with much sympathy of the happy ending

of his love romance and of his twenty-five years of exile from France because of his imperial pretensions, finishes by saying: "What difference does it make if he has preserved through all the sadness of his difficult life that most charming of virtues, hope? Peril for the republic is only to be born out of the faults of the republic itself."

To the ordinary feminine visitor, the very name of Paris creates visions of "chiffons," and is encircled about by a haze in which dressmakers, milliners, furriers, jewellers, etc., mingle together in an inseparable whirl. I have been in such myself; but this time, partly, I confess, because of dipping into that very same *monde* in London, whose shops are not to be excelled, was able to turn my back upon such seductions and devote the hours of daylight to the inestimable treasures, artistic and historical, which Paris guards so carefully and offers with such free hand.

First of all, there is the great palace of the Louvre, to the hurried visitor a mere memory of endless distances and unforgettable fatigues, but which to the leisurely sightseer is a haven of beauty, hospitably open to those who have the will to enter for a moment of refreshment or for hours of study, rich and poor alike. Here, as you know, it is an endless delight to come face to face with pictures one has been familiar with from childhood by reason of engravings and photographs, but which take on a new and unexpected glory when we meet them face to face. Of course not every picture pleases, and in this vast collection there is every variety to suit all tastes, and to know them all would take a lifetime; but it is something to add to the richness of life, to be able to open the doors of our halls of memory and to find within such friends as *Mona Lisa*, Botticelli's exquisite *Madonna* and the lovely child faces of Greuze; almost most precious of all, to be able to see the inward vision of the *Venus of Milo*, so exquisite against her velvet

background, making a sort of sanctuary all one's own wherein to sit and smooth away the tangles in one's days. Of the Luxembourg, one can say almost the same, to a lesser degree, and just breathe a breath of gratitude for the dead kings who made and bequeathed to us these lovely buildings and their gardens.

At the Cluny we are led far back in the centuries to Roman days, by the ruins of the baths once connected with the palace supposed to have been built by the Emperor Constantius Chlorus, who is known to have lived in Gaul in the fourth century. Here also the Emperor Julian was proclaimed, and the early Frankish kings used it as a place of residence until they transferred themselves to the Cité, where their two great monuments, the old royal palace and the cathedral of Notre Dame, still charm all beholders by their majesty and beauty. In the Cluny, too, whose wonderful collection of "mediæval objects of art and products of industry" is, or should be, familiar to every visitor to Paris, we were interested most of all by the collection of state carriages, so magnificent in their trimmings and so gorgeous in their decorations, as to make one long for the picturesque old days. The roads of France, so wonderful to-day in their smooth durability, seem all to have been begun by that genius, Napoleon I., and before his time coach-makers evidently turned their wits to solve the question of comfort over bogs and mire, for a more wonderful and complicated system of springs it would be difficult to imagine. In some instances the whole body of the coach is swung free from the running gear on strong leather bands, and the princely occupants must have rolled over sticks and stones as gently as one's baby in its cradle.

Another deeply interesting place is the Musée Carnavalet, partly because it was for many years the home of Mme. de Sévigné, and where it is so pleasant to imagine her queen of her salon, and surrounded by the most

famous men of her day, though, except a portrait and the bare walls which inclosed her, nothing is left by which to trace her occupancy. Here we saw many autograph letters of Robespierre, Danton, Marat, etc., several of which pertained to the execution of Louis XVI.; and also an autograph order of this King for the defenders of the Tuileries to cease firing.

Besides these there are a myriad of other memorials of that most thrilling period of French history, the great Revolution of 1793, and also, among other things, a pathetic reminder of Latude. He, you remember, was the unfortunate who, incurring the displeasure of Mme. de Pompadour, was confined for thirty-six years in the Bastille, where, in loathsome dark and miserable filth, seeing rats, dreaming rats, bitten by rats, he, with the courage of despair, fashioned a ladder of rope, bit by bit, by means of which he finally escaped. The ladder is preserved in a glass case, together with the rude tools which he used to make it, and near by stands a model of the Bastille, which shows it to have been as grim and impenetrable as the most vivid imagination could picture.[1]

While upon the subject of prisons I must tell you of our visit to the Conciergerie, to me the most thrilling of all the many sights of old Paris. It is a difficult place to see, being shown only on Thursdays by special order from the prefect of police, and I have never before been able to see it, perhaps because I was not then led by the hand of Prince Opportunity, who is still my shadow, though I neglect to mention him. Writing at once upon our arrival in Paris, the coveted permission was obtained for myself and friends, and we hastened to take advantage of it. Well it was we did so, for had we delayed another week, the rising Seine would probably have caused us to

[1] See Letter XXVII.

be denied. On entering the vast halls with Gothic columns, which Sir Henry Irving made so familiar in his play of *Robespierre*, almost the first thing I noticed was a mark on one of the columns, showing the height, about four feet, reached by the flood of 1910, and the guard told us that the water remained at that depth for four long months. In one corner of this great hall is a little staircase which is blocked at the top now, but in the days of the Terror it led to the great "Salle des Pas Perdus," and up these stairs Marie Antoinette was led when passing from her cell to the court where the revolutionary committee condemned her to death. It still is known as the Queen's staircase, and it is upon these steps that Irving, in his play, made the great ladies practise the art of stepping gracefully up to the guillotine.

This great hall, perhaps because it was used as a place of exercise for prisoners and the only street most of them were likely to walk in, is known as "La Rue de Paris," and from this we are allowed to look through a grating into the great "Salle St. Louis," where, in the time of the Saint King, courtiers took their meals. From here we grope our way by the light of a feeble flicker of gas through a door which is unlocked for us, into the old dark, damp passage leading to the cells of Marie Antoinette and Robespierre, and to the chapel of the Girondins.

With what emotions we bow our heads to enter by the same low doorway, fashioned to force the proud Queen to bend hers, into the tiny wretched place where she spent in the utmost discomfort her sad last days. A brick floor, stone walls, a small barred window, where sun could never shine and light of day even only partly penetrate, such is the place where the poor heart-broken "Widow Capet" made her brave stand, submitting in silence to every insult and deprivation, never allowed for one second a decent privacy, and bearing all with outward serenity and the utmost dignity.

"Noblesse oblige!" indeed, and if, as her enemies charge, she did oppress the poor, did plot against the government, surely she expiated all here, even before she bent her lovely head to the butchery commanded by the man who in later days, if tales be true, screamed his cowardly way out of existence.

Outside the grating of this tragic little cell we are shown the "Cour des Femmes," made famous by such names as Charlotte Corday and Mme. Roland, for here it was that these prisoners, as well as so many others, were forced to perform their modest toilets and to take their exercise. Into this court, too, the Girondins were pushed through the small door still shown in their chapel, to be massacred in such numbers that "it became knee deep in blood."

The name of the "Conciergerie," it is interesting to learn, came from the word "Concierge," which, though now a name given to almost all porters, in the early days of Louis IX. meant really a bailiff, who had charge of the prisoners adjudged as "criminal" by the Parliament. The Conciergerie is to-day still a criminal prison, and the new part, where the cells are said to be large and admirably arranged, "perhaps the best in Europe," is entirely forbidden to the public, and is, I may add, upon an upper floor quite out of the reach of rising floods.

Another part of old Paris full of charm is the so-called Latin Quarter with its many beautiful old churches, chief among which are the churches of the Sorbonne, St. Etienne-du-Mont, and St. Séverin. The last, found in a narrow, dirty back street, is one of the most beautiful Gothic churches to be seen anywhere, and has some fine old fifteenth-century glass. St. Etienne is a wonderful old place with a perfectly unique and remarkable carved rood screen, called a "jubé," and this church also has some very interesting stained glass. The tomb of St. Geneviève in St. Etienne is still a much worshipped

shrine, and in the Panthéon near by, Puvis de Chavannes has pictured her in rare beauty, standing in her nun-like garb under the light of a full moon watching over sleeping Paris. A pretty sentiment this, and one to make us pause—Paris, gay, worldly, volatile, Paris hushed and asleep at last, watched over and prayed for by a saintly woman, the prototype of watching, loving, serving mothers whose prayers are to regenerate the sons of men!

Not all my time has been spent in or about old Paris, but in "le monde qui s'amuse" we have amused ourselves well, and in no way better than in the theatres and the operas. One may say "operas" advisedly, for two houses, the Grand Opéra and the Opéra Comique, give most admirable performances of what may best be described as grand opera, while many others give the lighter operettas.

When we first arrived in Paris we heard that there was to be performed in the afternoon of the holiday of "All Saints" at the Palace of the Trocadéro, Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust* in its original manner, as a concert piece. Years ago in New York, in the day of the elder Damrosch, this was a favourite, but never since that time had it been my good fortune to hear it, so with an equally enthusiastic friend I determined to avail myself of the opportunity.

The day came, and, as usual, a torrent of drenching rain, which did not make easier the fight through the crowded foyer to our places, where we found ourselves some time later feeling very small atoms indeed in the enormous hall which seats 6000 persons, and which was filled, even to the aisles, in a way which would never be allowed in any other country. It was a bohemian crowd, and not too good-humoured, for just as the music began and the tenor took up his theme of Faust, a murmur in the crowded first gallery grew into a loud and

louder altercation, which at this time of strikes and bomb-throwing took on a very sinister aspect, and for a moment it seemed a great disaster trembled in the balance. The conductor never wavered, his men obeyed, and the tenor, after one faltering moment, gathered courage and burst into the brilliant recitative with which the part begins, and all danger of panic passed as quickly and as thoroughly as a black cloud passes from the brightly shining sun, and for the remainder of the afternoon, four good hours, all the vast crowd listened in interested silence or enthusiastic appreciation to the beautiful music.

Soon after this performance it was announced that the same *Légende dramatique*, as Berlioz called it, would be produced at the Grand Opéra, "in five acts and with ten tableaux," as adapted and arranged by Raoul Gunsbourg. Whether this departure from the original intention of Berlioz would prove an addition, or whether it would simply detract from the effect of the symphonic character of the music, was a question only to be answered by the performance itself. So my musical friend and I, both almost fanatics in our admiration of this composer, went to hear it, quite prepared to disapprove of the scenic effect. What we were greeted with, however, completely disarmed all criticism, so exquisite was scene after scene as the story developed before us, and so admirably and sympathetically were the few changes made. As we watched these beautifully arranged pictures, received with the greatest enthusiasm by a crowded house, we could but think of Berlioz, the man, unappreciated by his contemporaries, longing for a following, a prophet in music without honour in his lifetime, come to his own at last!

Whether this will ever arrive at popularity and be a much-given opera, I should doubt, because it will always be a difficult piece to produce, requiring every soloist

to be of first rank in both art and voice, and a chorus with very exceptional training, and also the best of orchestras.

Another production which interested us in its announcements was a new opera by Leoncavallo, who has not been heard from authoritatively since his great success of *Pagliacci*, and, naturally, bearing in mind the lovely music of this opera, we were on tiptoe, I might say, of excited expectation for the first night of *Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre.* No reader of *Trilby* could but be interested, and still farther in the past we read of the song having been made popular through the nurse to the dauphin, son of Marie Antoinette, singing it to her charge. Leoncavallo's "Malbrouk" is a very different person from the great general Marlborough, and as great a contrast to the original as is the music to that of *Pagliacci*, for both turn from the sublime to the ridiculous.

One's first feeling is of distinct disappointment that the story should be a mere farce and not too nice in its sentiments, and that the music should be a medley of tunes and "motifs" seeming to argue a paucity of ideas and dearth of originality. Gradually, however, we begin to perceive that what is meant is pure fun, that the medley is arranged by a master hand, and that from among what appears as confusion there stands out boldly one exquisite serenade, a gem which will live. There are many charming bits besides, and while our expectation of a new grand opera is dashed, we can but admit that a new type of opera bouffe is before us.

That we are not the only ones who have passed through the same phases of opinion the newspapers give us ample evidence and one of them publishes a defence which says in part: "It is a praiseworthy ambition on the part of a musician to enlarge his field of musical activity and we should not find fault with M. Leoncavallo

that he has momentarily forsaken the everlasting lyrical drama, but remember that he is a Neapolitan and that, like all such, he possesses the *vis comica*, which gives to these people their irresistible gaiety." When this operetta is produced in America, as it probably will be later, one can at all events promise its hearers an amusing evening, if not a serious musical treat. Among such fascinations a winter in Paris is not to be despised, but we are in search of sunshine, and gradually but irresistibly it is borne in upon the Laird and me that we shall not find it in the north at this time of the year. Therefore, inexhaustible though the charms of Paris undoubtedly are, I fear my next word will reach you from other climes.

Your most devoted
PRINCESS.

XVII

Tours, Poitiers, and Bordeaux

TOURS—IN SEARCH OF SUNSHINE—THE HOUSE OF TRISTAN L'HERMITE—GLORIES OF POITIERS—A WORD FROM THE PAST—A LOVELY STATUE—BORDEAUX—ITS HARBOUR—BEAUTIFUL CHURCHES—THE "CHAPON FIN"—A HINT TO 1911

PAU, December 1, 1910.

MY DEAREST:

Soon after my last letter from Paris we, that is the Laird, the Child, and I, decided to go in search of sunshine to this southern land, and to leave, though regretfully, the fascinations of that marvellous city to a hoped-for future. Tours was to be our first resting-place, and when we started it rained, of course, drearily and unceasingly; we had almost ceased to expect anything else, and as we slipped and slid over the greasy, muddy pavements, and crossed the turgid, rushing Seine on the way to the Gare d'Orléans, we were inclined to congratulate ourselves and to feel sorry for the multitudes we were leaving behind in the dull, chill damp.

Outside of Paris it became evident how much trouble and anxiety the floods had caused, especially to the small holdings of the peasants who raise vegetables for the markets. Their little plots, where, under the bell glasses, they do such remarkable intensive cultivation, were in many cases entirely under water, and the cows and donkeys stood about the fields on little islands, for-

lornly contemplating the sodden, dull prospect, as if they had premonitions of slow starvation.

The three-hour journey to Tours was not enlivened by such scenes, and it seemed adding insult to injury when we were deposited, bag and baggage, upon a dripping platform at St. Pierre, nobody having vouchsafed to us the information that the train did not go through Tours itself. True it only meant getting into a local train for a matter of ten minutes, but except for happy accident and the courtesy of a fellow-passenger, we might have gone on to Bordeaux for all the officials knew, or cared, apparently.

Tours, as you well know, is amply supplied with hotels and we were soon installed at the Hôtel de l'Univers, comforting the inner man with most excellent food, and the still more excellent wine made in the neighbouring village of Vouvray.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and mine was no exception, for lulled to sleep by the monotonous drip, drip of the rain I dreamed visions of a sunshiny to-morrow. The visions, however, proved delusive, as visions will, and to-morrow only brought cold, pelting storm which successfully obliterated all plans for excursions to the neighbouring châteaux.

The hotel possesses a small library of books and I give thanks to the unknown donor of *The River House Mystery*, which I commend to you if ever there comes a time when you wish to become dead to the world, deaf to the voice of affection, and blind to the unkindness of Nature. It is a story of a mysterious house on the Thames near London, and while I followed the threads of a cleverly concealed and rather terrible mystery, it mattered little if the wind blew and the rain fell, and it was only when each thread had been traced to its end and the whole plot lay open before me that I became once more interested in the outer world.

On the third day we determined to see the town at least before pursuing our journey, and first went to the lovely cathedral dedicated to St. Gatien, who introduced Christianity into Touraine. It was built in the thirteenth century on the site of two earlier churches in which St. Martin in the fourth and St. Gregory of Tours in the seventh are said to have officiated. The façade is very elaborately decorated, and the two immensely high towers, with their delicate open-work and dome-like tops, are beacons, as they should be, to all the world around.

There are other churches of interest and innumerable old houses in narrow streets, which last remind one of Italy, but to us, the most interesting of all was the so-called house of Tristan l'Hermite. I say "so-called" because Baedeker tells us that it is "misnamed," but the custodian who conducted us over it had the most firm faith in the authenticity of all her stories, and I found it quite easy, besides being far more interesting, to believe with her. Besides, why should a hangman's rope be incorporated here and there in the stonework over the lintel of the ancient entrance door, around windows, on the staircase and other places, knots and frayed ends and all, if it were not a hangman's house, and what hangman could have lived, moved, and had his being within sight of "Plessis les Tours," but Tristan l'Hermite himself?

Away with doubt, and follow me through the dark old passage into the inner court, across this, through a quaint, arched doorway decorated with beautifully carved, though crumbling, stonework, the threshold worn by countless feet, and the door itself of heavy oak carved after the style of the period in *plissée*, like folded linen. From here, go with us up a narrow winding stair, with dangerously worn steps of stone, but all else, walls and all, beautifully laid in brick-work artis-

tically curved and quite unique. Up and up we climb and finally emerge upon a covered platform with timbered embrasures, from which there is an extensive view over the quaint old roofs far up and down the river Loire, now swollen and wide, and away off to the hills where our guide points out the ruined fragments of Louis XI.'s castle, with which Scott has made us so familiar.

Not long, however, may we look so far away, for we must peer down the opening of the oubliette where the dead bodies, after hanging from the great iron hook just at hand, were thrown, to slip slowly into the fast running river by an underground passage from which no phantom ever returned to tell of horrid deeds concealed. Then we must count myriads of huge nails driven into the masonry of the gables and listen to the marvel of their being the "tally" of the dead, kept in this ineffaceable fashion for the cruel monarch to gloat upon when he came hither, as he often did, through a secret underground passage from "Plessis les Tours." Each nail may have had a name, who knows? and if we had only had the cipher we might have read great names, and piteous histories!

Through the witchery of Scott and the very realistic impersonation of Sir Henry Irving, Louis XI. is still to-day, to many, a very real and living personage, and it was with distinct relief that we emerged once more into the open humdrum street, out of possible reach of the malevolent spirit I almost feared each turn of my head might show to me in all too solid flesh.

There being no more possibilities of sightseeing in Tours, an hour's run took us to Poitiers where we found, strange to say, much warmer atmosphere, and for a short space even sunshine, and an excellent hotel, the "Palais," with all modern improvements of steam-heating, private baths, etc., luxuries one does not associate with the Middle Ages!

Poitiers, high up on its impregnable rock, the home of the famous Diane, the battle-field of Charles Martel, Edward the Black Prince, and of Coligny, and the dower of fair Eleanor of Aquitaine, who has not read and thrilled over it? But Poitiers, the ancient "Poitou" of the Romans, and before them of that strange race which left its indestructible traces in the Dolmens or "Pierres Levées" as they call them here, who knows or thinks of it?

The inhabitants complain that it is neglected for its better known neighbour, Tours, and claim for the province that it is not less interesting for the tourist than Touraine, called the "Jardin de la France." As excursions were impossible, I can myself only speak for the city itself, but that we found most deeply interesting, and far more rich in historical interest than Tours.

Perhaps the most ancient of all the old buildings is what is known as the "Temple Saint-Jean," which carries us back to the earlier days of the Roman occupation. From the twelfth century up to 1791 it was used as a parish church and whatever opinions may have been held before this latter date as to its earlier use or intention, it is only since then that excavations and investigations have been pursued in order to support the various theories of antiquarians. At one time it was supposed to have been a pagan temple, this theory being suggested by a supposed altar and near it a hollow, thought to be the receptacle of the blood of the victims of the sacrifices, but this theory hardly seemed tenable when it was discerned that the church, or building, was in its original conception cruciform. Other archeologists thought there were good reasons for believing it to have been a funeral monument, the mausoleum in fact of a certain Claudia Varenilla, of whom there are important inscriptions in stone in the museum, but after most careful comparisons of these and the constructive materials, etc., of the temple

it has been decided that the inscriptions are of two to three centuries earlier date, therefore this second theory was abandoned.

The latest, and the accepted theory, is of its having been built for a baptistery in connection with the nearby cathedral, with which it communicated by a little street which still exists to-day under the name of "Passage Saint-Jean." The strongest proof of this theory is the discovery, nearly in the centre of the building, of a "piscine" or reservoir, fed with running water which was kept at a constant level by a system of "canals."

It will perhaps interest you to read of this discovery in the words of the discoverer himself, the then commissioner of war in service at Poitiers in 1803, M. Siauve. Passionately interested in old monuments and only half satisfied with the theory held at that date of its being a mausoleum, he obtained permission to make excavations, and of these he says: "I thought that a sarcophagus upon which figured an inscription giving so very exalted an idea of magnificence as that of the Varenilla would surely have rested upon a foundation of masonry, of which it should still be possible to discover some trace, and it was with this idea that I made the excavations in the first days of 'Ventôse' in this year (1803). Hardly had the workmen put their picks into the ground when they discovered a capping of extraordinarily hard cement, and I at once thought I had discovered the puzzle, and involuntarily exclaimed to myself like Archimedes, '*Je l'ai trouvé*'; but what was my surprise when I saw a wall disclosed, then a second and a third, and at last the fourth line of a perfect octagon which I hastened to uncover entirely." He continues with an account of the further excavations and how at last a perfect octagonal-shaped baptismal reservoir with steps down into it following the lines of the eight sides, was uncovered. Two steps were in a perfect state of preservation, but the third

had been partly destroyed, as also had been the stone or marble probably originally the paving of the bottom, when the piscine had been covered up.

This discovery seems to have been sufficient proof to all interested that the building had been used as a baptistery, and there only remained to be determined its date. As baptism by immersion was generally superseded by the present form in the seventh century, and as after carefully investigating the materials used and the manner of the construction these seemed to be of the third or fourth century, it was fair to conclude that the building was erected by the early Christians, and probably as soon as possible after the promulgation of the edict of the Emperor Constantine, which, in the year 313 A.D., allowed the Christian religion to be publicly acknowledged and practised.

Naturally, the Temple Saint-Jean, as we now see it, is not exactly as it was at that early date, especially as it was much damaged by the great fire of the year 1018, which destroyed much of the ancient city; but enough of the original building remains to make it one of the most unique monuments of its date in existence. It is now far below the level of the street, and its foundations are protected by what looks almost like a narrow moat, solidly walled up to and above the street, for its protection. In 1834, when the commissioners of streets in Poitiers wished to straighten out some of the crooked ways near the temple, they, being as ruthlessly indifferent as some present-day officials, were on the point of tearing it down in order to make a wide, straight street leading to the cathedral.

Fortunately, the antiquarian society, just coming into existence, was able to persuade the administration to "renoncer à son grand amour de la ligne droite," and to go around instead of through it, and it is now, although far from beautiful, being almost barn-like in

its simplicity, a much cherished and tenderly cared for relic of a dead civilisation, as well as a memorial of the early struggles of a living faith.

Near the temple, as I have said, is the cathedral, which in its present guise is known to be the fourth on this spot, and this present building was begun under the auspices of Eleanor of Aquitaine, through whose marriage to Henry IV. of England, after her divorce from Louis VII., the provinces of Poitou and Aquitaine became for so long a time English possessions. The cathedral is large and imposing, especially the inside, where the height and width of nave and aisles give very grand and vast effects. It has some fine old glass, and the façade is much decorated in the style of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, at which time it was finished under the direction of Jean de Berry, brother to Charles V.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the many extraordinarily old churches is that of "Notre Dame la Grande," and it is considered one of the finest specimens now existing in the pure Roman style. Built originally upon the site of a pagan temple in the fourth century, there are still a few traces of this original building left, but the west façade dates from the eleventh century. The decorations of this façade are marvellously elaborate, giving the effect of the *repoussé* work of a silversmith more than the carving of architecture, an impression heightened by the slight traces left of the original colouring. On the south side there is a particularly interesting porch, in the construction of which a very ancient *motif* in a system of round arches is employed, and the porch forms a platform on which stood originally an equestrian statue of the Emperor Constantine, who was revered as the protector of Christianity and under whose auspices the original church was built.

Besides the churches, which I could continue to describe indefinitely, there are so many of interest, there is

the "Palais de Justice," in which the "Salle des Pas Perdus" is one of the most beautiful halls we have seen, and is said to be equalled only by that in the Palais de Justice of Rouen. It has been built and rebuilt at various periods, but the superb chimney-pieces, three in a row, surmounted by most lovely gothic windows, and a gallery reached by winding staircases at each side, were made under the auspices of the same Jean de Berry who finished the cathedral. This prince, Comte de Poitou, seems to have been a great lover and patron of art, and, keeping himself outside of the political strife of his day, surrounded by celebrated artists, "precursors of the French Renaissance," spent his time, apparently, in planning treasures of architecture. To him also is due the reconstruction of the Tour Maubergeon, now a part of the Palais de Justice, and the ancient dungeon of the palace of the feudal seigneurs of the province, which was destroyed just after the battle of Crécy, and is again, at the moment, undergoing another restoration.

Hardly second to these wonderful buildings in interest is a statue of Minerva now in the museum, but which was only discovered eight years ago when, in 1902, some trees were being planted in the garden of a school for girls, built in recent years on the ancient site of the Villa de Lusignan. "Antiquarians pronounce it to be of marble of a very unusual and precious kind, and the work of a Grecian artist of at least the third century before the Christian era, if not earlier, and betraying the influence of Egyptian art by the attitude in sheath form." This attitude, however, was used by the Egyptians because it was an easy evasion of the difficulties of modelling limbs, while in this statue the exquisite perfection of the modelling under the semi-transparent drapery is one of its most distinct beauties.

The conception is very different from that of the numerous classic models of Minerva to which we are

accustomed, as she apparently carried neither lance nor buckler, but is supposed to have held in the right hand a little figure of Victory, of either ivory or bronze, and in the left, which is inclined to the earth, an olive branch. The entire figure is draped in a clinging robe of semi-transparent, soft material, a sort of full-plaited tunic gathered into even folds, belted at the waist, with a scant under-drapery through which the lines of the lower limbs are seen in most perfect detail, and which falls away at the bottom from the lovely bare feet. The sleeves, which reach to the elbow, are a perfect counterpart of those seen in evening dresses of to-day,—rows of finely tucked transparent stuff caught together on the top of the arm, with round openings, showing the bare flesh as clear and distinct from the drapery as if it were real, and this impression is heightened by the charming, youthful contour of arm and wrist, so beautiful that one feels an impelling desire to caress it. Over the shoulders and down the back to the bend of the knees hangs a sort of mantle of serpent's skin, fastened in front over the chest by a head of Medusa, a "legendary cuirass" they call it, and on the head is a close-fitting casque holding in place heavy bands of hair drawn around the ears and falling in curls on the neck.

The face itself is somewhat spoiled for perfect beauty by a heaviness of the cheeks, but the eyes and nose are very lovely, and there is a slight pouting expression of the mouth which gives almost a roguish look, though it does not detract from the extreme dignity of the whole. There is something extraordinarily human about the whole figure, and perhaps from its size, which is a little smaller than nature, it makes one feel almost as if it were some slight slip of a girl who had in a spirit of fun garbed and posed herself as the goddess, though the critics say "it is a Minerva pacific and triumphant, to whom a great Roman general rendered homage in a private

temple in the middle of his park." Whatever may have been the manner or reason of her creation, she is a most lovely vision of a most exquisite delicacy of style, and a very ample reward, even if it were not so full of beautiful buildings, for a pilgrimage to Poitiers.

To any intending pilgrim, however, I should offer the advice to seek Poitiers in the springtime, although that is true of most other places as well, and makes one wish to give "the year to the Spring," to paraphrase Browning.

Having quite exhausted not only the small modicum of sunshine but the rather scant enthusiasm of the Laird and the Child for "Roman remains," we decided to go on in the afternoon to Bordeaux, spend the night there, and, after a morning for sightseeing, take the one solitary express train for Pau.

Bordeaux is not in itself an attractive town, though it possesses a fine harbour, and from the arched stone bridges across the Garonne it is a wonderful sight to see the hundreds of ships of all descriptions, flying the flags of many nations, lying along the shores. There are also many beautiful churches and some remarkable old gates, some of them entrances in the ancient town walls, and others to the now vanished châteaux. It being near to Thanksgiving day, perhaps the most interesting place of all to hungry travellers was the "Chapon Fin," a restaurant which might be called the "Delmonico of the South," for there is to be found such food and wines as they say do not exist elsewhere in France, with the possible exception of Paris, and much appreciated by royalty. Here again, however, I should warn intending pilgrims, and advise to "put money in thy purse," and again and yet again!

Just as we were about to leave our hotel at the station, a stir and expectant air in the lobby announced the presence of King Alfonso, and all at once he came quickly down the staircase, very smartly dressed, smoking a

cigarette, and, lifting his hat, passed out the door into his waiting automobile, to the great delight of the assembled crowd. Why should we of the proud United States thrill at the sight of a King, and without even the excuse of kingly apparel? I cannot tell you why, but I only know that there is a something at the bottom of the sternest Puritan heart which rises up and thumps pit-a-pat when kings go by.

A few hours later and we were in Pau;—dark night and unceasing rain, and to-day still it continues to patter, while the promised mountain view exists only in the imagination. I seem to have harped unendingly upon that prosaic, commonplace subject, the weather, but it is uppermost in the minds of all, and to prove to you that I am not alone in my complaints, I give you the sentiments of London *Truth* in what it calls "A Hint to 1911":

"Send, gods, next year what penalties
You like; send boils and blains,
Send war and famine and disease,
Send frogs and lice, send votes for Shes,
Send what Egyptian plagues you please,
But do leave out the rains!"

We can only trust that this prayer may be answered, and that the new year may improve upon present impressions.

Your devoted,
PRINCESS.

XVIII

Pau—The Home of Sport

DIFFICULTIES OF THE LANGUAGE—A HUNTING MORNING—THE INN OF MORLAAS—CRÊPES ON THE JOUR DE L'AN—HORSES FOR THE GOVERNMENT

January 15, 1911.

DEAR BELOVED:

It is a very humble-minded, glass-slipperless Princess who addresses you to-day, sitting in her chimney corner in the dust and ashes of despair! Why? Well, because she has come face to face with the impossible! She has made her very best efforts to pronounce one little simple word of four letters, *très*, as a Frenchman does, and has failed! We are surrounded by people who can say their r's and u's with an airy fairy lightness, a roll and an *esprit* which fills me with jealousy and rage because I cannot do likewise, and some of them add insult to injury by being able to fly! Do you wonder I go to my corner and waggle my head in despair?

There are consolations, however, one being the thought that it is a wholesome medicine to be forced to recognise a limitation, and another that I have companions in misery. So good an authority as our friend Philip Gilbert Hamerton said: "If a man wishes to learn to speak French perfectly, he must begin by marrying a Frenchwoman of unimpeachable descent, then live twenty years in France in the midst of his adopted family, and at the end of that time, if he has been industrious

and used his best endeavour, he may have accomplished something which might be mistaken for the native tongue." With this monition to console me, I shall adopt the English point of view that it is more "comme il faut" to pronounce French as if it were English than to make a futile endeavour to masquerade as a native. And as for flying, anybody may have a try at that in Pau who possesses the requisite courage to leave *terra firma*, and who has 100 francs so to invest.

One may have the choice between a dirigible balloon, which swims around in the ether above our heads like a huge yellow whale, or may dart about, swooping and swerving, like a giant dragon-fly, in an aeroplane. Either or both of these are to be seen every fine day, for there is not only a public station, but also a "Blériot school" for beginners and amateurs, and we are already beginning to feel that soon privacy will no longer exist. All about Pau, and indeed almost everywhere on this side the ocean, people have secured privacy by high stone walls, but what good are walls, even ten feet high, if people are going to be able to fly over them and look into our bedroom windows? You may deride, but it is not ten minutes since I glanced out my window and saw the "Astra" just above, and the occupants of "he, she, or its" car (gender not yet decided) waving their handkerchiefs! It makes me sympathise with the protest of a certain M. Valet, mayor of a village near Buc, who claims that the courts should restrain Maurice Farnam from flying over his property "at a lower altitude than 200 metres." Shall we in future change our signs from "Keep off the grass" to "Get out of my air"?

In my last letter, when we had just arrived at Pau, I think I expressed the hope that it might be an instance when first impressions would not prove final. Our sensations were much like those at the first fall of night, when all is grey gloom, with no glimpse of horizon

to give hint of brighter things beyond, and we grope toward one another to feel the touch of human fellowship and sympathy. Then, when courage has almost flickered out, there appears a star, a bright, particular star, with its little wake of light, then another, and another, and again and yet again, just as we have a hundred times watched the black-blue canopy turn to sparkling brilliance, and this in its turn to promise of radiant morning.

If I am piling Pelion upon Ossa in hyperbole, it is not without just cause, for the first sight of Pau, in the rain, to the stranger fresh from gay Paris and legendary Poitiers, gives gloom as deep as any night one could paint. The old town itself, in spite of its historical interest, is rather sordid, but modern enterprise has relegated it to the background, and in front of it has built a boulevard high up on the terraced hill, lined on the one side by hotels and villas. On the other side we lean against a parapet, look down upon the rather unlovely railroad and its accessories, across the rushing Gave du Pau to the village of Gelos and the green hills, hardly suspecting that there is loveliness beyond. With the sunshine, however, comes the first star of hope, the superb view, which can never satiate, of the snow-covered Pyrenees stretching in long range from the rising sun to its later setting place, and dominated in the centre by the great Pic du Midi, glittering under its mantle of ice.

Here on the "Boulevard des Pyrénées" gather the feeble, and the old, and the children, while motors and horses carry the strong and the gay to their sports and their pleasures, giving glimpses of all shades and varieties of the life of the place. Pau is not gay, as the well-known Riviera resorts are gay; there is at first sight little to do, and it would seem to deserve its reputation of "a quiet calm suitable for nervous troubles," but outside and beyond there is the sporting life, with an endless

round for those who love the chase, or golf, or the vigorous mountain snow games, or fishing and racing in the lowlands. Gradually we have been growing into the life, taking part in the sports, and making our endeavours in the language, studying the people and their customs, and are settling down in an attitude of content, which serves to point a moral as to relying upon first impressions. Already, with the winter half over, we are beginning to perceive that there may be days in the future when we shall look regretfully back upon these days as upon vanished pleasures.

The Child, in particular, is having her fill of the good old sport of hunting, which might almost be considered the reason of Pau's existence, so much does it dominate the life. At first it seemed as though it might be an impossibility for those who had not their homes here, with the accompaniments of stables and grooms and strings of horses, but we soon found that all was quite easily arranged, and I am told, moreover, that its being accomplished here so much more economically than elsewhere accounts for the great popularity of the place as a winter home. The meets are usually some distance off, in order to reach a country less cultivated than that immediately about the town, and we who drive in carriages start early for the eight, ten, or twelve-mile drive, in order to reach the rendezvous at the prescribed hour. Rain or shine, it is all the same, for wet weather only makes the scent the better, and no true sport minds a wetting, but when the sun does shine, so much the merrier.

Imagine a beautiful morning, "Pau weather," its lovers call it, with brilliant sunshine, spring-like in its brightness, but with a nip to the air which makes furs a necessity. Our victoria waits, the coachman in his picturesque costume giving an extra feeling of festivity. He wears a shiny black hat with silver band, and short

blue coat braided in silver, with lapels and bits here and there of red, and his cheery smile illumines and translates to our unaccustomed ears the Béarnois patois which in his excitement of the chase supplants the veneer of true French he has managed to acquire.

We pack in, the Child, the Laird, sometimes a friend, and always the lunch basket, and start off for the long drive, the horses, well knowing what is before them, taking things quietly, and soon leave the town behind us. On a market day the road is lively with peasants bringing their produce to market, old women in donkey-carts often knitting as they go, loads of wood drawn by the oxen so much used here, and always the crowds as we pass the *octroi* stations, where tax must be paid on every chicken, or cabbage, or whatever they bring to town to sell. As we near the place appointed for the meet, we begin to pass the hunters being led out by their grooms, and soon, with great puffing and tooting of horns, the hounds pass us in their van. It is a funny sight, the great, scarlet automobile, its two iron-barred cages packed closely with the grave, solemn-looking hounds, quietly taking a ride, and it seems, when one comes to think about it, a comical paraphernalia and preparation, all to chase to earth one poor little bagged fox! The fox, too, rides to cover, arriving there before us, and is let loose just in time to give him a good start to run for his life. It seems a pitiful fate, until we remind ourselves that he is robber and thief, and also that, as Seton Thompson has taught us, "no wild animal meets a natural death," so, "Vive la chasse!"

Arrived at the rendezvous, all is at once a brisk scene of preparation: grooms rub down their charges' legs, take off the blankets, and tighten up girths; riders emerge out of their furs, mount, and see to stirrups and reins; the hounds are grouped en masse around the huntsman, the master gives the signal, and the jolly-sounding horn

warns that the moment is ripe. Then the cavalcade begins to move slowly to cover, and on a morning like this one I am telling of, a brilliant sight it is, with sixty or more horsemen and women, red coats in plenty, and "cattle," as the English name them, of superb breeds and many types, fitting the "stone" they are to carry. Automobiles are not allowed to follow, even along the roads, so for once feeling superior with our horses, we trail along behind with beating hearts, awaiting the dash which shows the hounds are "off," and generally managing a glimpse of the Child, as she takes her first leap, well up ahead of laggards. It is a queer country, in some parts quite flat, and in other directions almost forbidding in the steepness of the hills, with endless jumping of banks and ditches, and the horses must know their business well, else both they and their riders come to grief.

The hunters here have been taught not to try flying leaps, but just to jump up to the top of the banks, and pause an almost infinitesimal second, but enough to see what is on the other side, a necessary precaution, because sometimes it is a deep ditch, or another bank, or even both, and in weather like the present it is not unusual to find an awkward bit of ice lying in wait for the unwary. It is really wonderful to see how clever they are, scrambling up and down steep banks just like a cat or dog, as eager as their riders to be in the front, and through brush and bush which in cold blood look almost impenetrable, and it is a lucky day when there are not many bruises and scratches. Seldom, however, are there any hurts much more serious, as, thanks to the frequent rains, it is a soft country to fall in, and a sorry looking crowd it is which, mud-bespattered and dishevelled, straggles back to the rendezvous when the run is over, in two or three hours' time.

We, the Laird and I, scramble excitedly through the

country lanes, sometimes in the very midst of it all, and again stopping to listen in the still, quiet loneliness for sounds to guide, but the hounds here are taught not to "give tongue," and unless the huntsman has occasion to wind his horn, we often lose them entirely, and make our way back to the appointed meeting-place. Sometimes the fox goes so far afield a messenger is sent galloping back to give notice to those in waiting to repair to another distant village, and then off we go, pell-mell, to be in time to receive them.

Cooking with the French is apparently an inborn art, and it is surprising what good hot coffee a peasant woman will make for us before her log fire. We draw up in the lee of a cottage, eat our sandwiches, and are ministered to in kindly hospitality, and in some of the villages there are inns where one may have a right good meal, with the wine of the country.

At Morlaas, in particular, a village with a history, about eight miles from Pau, there is an inn where genius itself in the guise of a chef in white cap and apron presides over the saucepans. When the hunt is anywhere in the vicinity of Morlaas, we look forward to a luncheon at this *auberge*, and on New Year's eve it so happened. A large kitchen holds in the corner a modern cooking-range, and just at hand the big, old-fashioned chimney, with glowing logs, in which one can sit and look up through the huge smoke flue to the sky above; and on the other side of the room, long, heavy, wooden tables. At these the hungry sportsmen sit, while the presiding spirit of the house, the old but still erect and vigorous mother, makes toast at the hearth, while her son, the chef, manipulates his pans at the range, giving us the toothsome, nourishing soup of the country, and in special honour of the day, the exquisite pancakes, *crêpes* they call them, without which the "Jour de l'An" is not complete. This chef became proficient in his art in the service of

the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, but as a brother presides at Sherry's in New York, the mother needed him at home, and in France sons, be they children or men, obey their mothers!

Naturally, in all our drives and picnics about the country we are becoming familiar with the homes and ways and manners of the peasantry, for though their patois of mixed French and Spanish is quite unintelligible they generally understand enough of our French to make communication possible, and sign language, too, is always at command. They seem to wring a very hardly-earned and meagre livelihood from the land but they are a pleasant, kindly people, and they make the most of what they have, and never seem to lose a moment. If the women are watching their sheep or cows, they knit as they watch, or often carry the distaff, spinning their thread as they stand about, and the very trees are made to yield their crops, for seldom indeed does one see a full-grown natural tree. The branches are cut off at intervals from every kind and size, with the sad result of gnarled, knobby trunks ten to fifteen feet high, surmounted by pitiful little whips of branches, these to be cut again and again as soon as they attain a possible size. It gives the country a very novel and unusual appearance, and the thickly planted trees look almost like a race of deformed giants stretching out little thin arms to the sunshine.

The hunts, which have existed here since the days of the Peninsular War, when the Duke of Wellington brought his own pack from England and hunted the wild fox in these localities, are in some measure a godsend to the peasants. The huntswomen have carried to their peasant sisters knowledge of conveniences and comforts hitherto unsuspected by them, and the damages paid annually to the farmers amount to from 60,000 to 80,000 francs, while so much the custom is it to throw pennies to

Photo by " The Child "

Béarnais Peasants

The " She who must be Obeyed " of France

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the children and others who open gates, that pockets especially for these "sous" are made in the saddles.

Having always an eye for the beautiful in the horse, we were surprised to find an unusual quality of animal even in those owned by the poorest classes, while the cab horses seemed marvellously good, both as to looks and endurance, and the natural conclusion we drew was that it had grown out of the love of sport and the horses brought here by the sportsmen; but not at all. Like many other things in France, it, I mean the high breeding of the horse, owes its origin partly to that far-seeing person, Napoleon I. He bought the château of Gelos and its grounds, a charming old place across the river, which I see from my window, and there he established a stud farm, "l'Haras," they call it in French, and bequeathed it to the country. In the hands of the government it has grown and increased until to-day there are 168 horses there, all of highest breeds, some pure Arabian, others pure English, and many half and half. Each horse has won for himself a reputation, and some have earned on the race course as much as 400,000 francs and have been bought by the government for a corresponding price. One beautiful white Arab was presented by Prince Mohammed Ibrahim to President Loubet and in turn by him to the farm. They are housed in the most perfect comfort and spotless cleanliness, and show a fondness for their caretakers which reflects credit on the management, and they seem proudly conscious of their records, which are printed with their names and numbers and hang on the walls behind each stall.

In regard to the numbers there exists in France, and also, I believe, in Germany, a system of registration which is quite new to me, and as it possibly may also be the same to you I venture to describe it. In a country where a standing army assumes the proportion it does in France an immense number of horses is required, and still more

in case of war, and they have therefore reduced the matter to a system which commands the greatest admiration for its simplicity and thoroughness.

Every horse in France, literally every one, whether it belongs to peasant or noble, must be registered and this is accomplished by a commission, which consists of an officer, a veterinary, and an orderly, and is held once a year in the spring in nearly every village, and in every town in France. The horses are brought before the commission, examined carefully, and each one is given a number, then this number is registered in the books, with a designation showing whether the animal to which it belongs is fitted for use in light or heavy cavalry, or artillery, or commissariat. If the horse has already been registered, an addendum is made showing his condition at the date of commission, thus at the shortest possible notice enabling those in command to know exactly the number, quality, and capacity of horses in the country, and any owner, be he whom he may, must be prepared to part, in case of need, with his horse at the government valuation.

Of course such a system as this must absolutely prevent such disgraceful fraud as existed in England at the time of the war in South Africa, when the cheating was almost beyond belief. I have been told on good authority that in one instance two horses, being left on the docks as unfit to ship, were bought back by the dealer at a quarter the price for which he had sold them to the government, doctored back into a semblance of condition, and resold to the government again at big profit. As at that time horses at the rate of 10,000 a week were shipped, one may imagine that the authorities, not knowing the resources, bought wildly when and where and as they might, and it is to provide for such emergencies, as well as to prevent so many frauds, that the government in England has just appointed a "horse cabinet," so

to speak, to distribute a grant of £40,000 for the encouragement of light horse breeding among tenant farmers.

Just after the last horse show in New York in the autumn, the newspapers mentioned a project talked of among the management and its friends to subscribe a sufficient fund among themselves to start some such system of a stud farm as I have mentioned, and when in good working order to transfer it to the United States government to be carried on at public expense for the benefit of the army. It is to hoped that this may prove to be more than a suggestion, for such a poor showing as was made at this same contest by United States officers in competition with the foreigners, while it is most probably, as acknowledged, the fault of the quality of the horses, is yet to be deplored from whatever cause it may arise, and should give the spur, in more than one sense, to a better accomplishment in future.

While the subject of national defence is such a burning question, let it not be forgotten that even in this machine age a portion of our defenders is as dependent to-day upon the horse as in that time so long ago when kingdoms were his price.

I am neglecting history to-day, but Pau is rife with it and some day I shall tell you about it. Meantime you will be glad to know that six weeks of residence have fairly obliterated the first dismay, in spite of difficulties of pronouncing the language.

Your most affectionate

PRINCESS.

XIX

Pau in History

"LOU NOUSTE HENRI"—JEANNE D'ALBRET—HER TRIALS AND HER OPPRESSIONS—RESULTS OF HER REIGN—FRANCE AND THE CHURCH TO-DAY—MAURICE BARRÈS—HIS APPEAL FOR THE CHURCHES

February 1, 1911.

MY DEAREST:

The metrical petition for good weather during 1911 with which I concluded a late letter appears to have been efficacious, for brilliant sunshine with frosty cold is now our portion, and such are the inconsistencies of human nature, we shall soon be praying for rain to lay the dust! The boulevard is thronged and the band plays gaily on the Place Royale, where crowds saunter slowly or stop to laden themselves with flowers at the Marché des Fleurs. Over all presides the genius of Pau, the statue of the great King Henry IV., born at the château here and the first of the line of Bourbon Kings. He so pervades the town, living still in the pride and affection of the people, that one unconsciously appropriates him oneself and becomes almost as ready as the true Béarnais to sing the praises of "Lou Nouste Henri," as their language lovingly expresses "Our Henry."

A great King in all matters of state, he showed more clearly than most the dual nature we are one and all said to possess, and the frailties he inherited from his weak self-indulgent father, Antoine de Bourbon, were

continually at war with the noble feelings and extraordinary ability so clearly shown in the life of his able mother, Jeanne d'Albret. Of her too little is known, although perhaps I should not attribute to others an ignorance which was certainly mine before I came to live in this country which was hers, and amid people who revere her name. She was the daughter of Henry II. of Navarre and Marguerite of Angoulême, who was so beautiful and gifted as to be known as "The Marguerite of Marguerites" and much beloved, as well as trusted, by her brother Francis I. of France.

The château at Pau, although it has an earlier origin, is chiefly associated now with the date of Jeanne d'Albret and her son, and is not only the show place, but the one building left of any historic value in Pau. It is beautifully situated on an eminence above the "Gave," as the rivers in this district are called, and directly adjoining is an extensive park, heavily wooded, with beautiful trees forming now as of old a most charming retreat from the powerful sun, and is full of suggestions and imaginings of the bygone glories. The principal entrance to the court of the château is through a colonnade built by Napoleon III., for, though it has never been a royal residence since Henry IV. succeeded to the throne of France, it has evidently been the object of the solicitous care of royalty during all the centuries since his day, and has been enriched from time to time with gifts of rare old bits of furniture and very wonderful tapestries. Louis Philippe added a chapel of very ordinary design and interest, but otherwise the exterior of the château is very much the same as when added to and elaborated by Henry IV. and his first wife, Marguerite de Valois, who lived here and reigned over the kingdom of Navarre before the succession to the throne of France.

All through the decorative designs of both interior and exterior we see the H. & M. intertwined, a too en-

during testimony of a brief and none too happy union, at the unconscious sarcasm of which one can with difficulty refrain from smiling, dead though its perpetrators are. Parties of sightseers are shown through the rooms at breakneck speed, and the custodian drones out his lesson in the accustomed manner, but a small evidence of interest procures for us a special tour and an intelligent guide, and we are allowed to pass more lingeringly through the rooms and even to take the sunshine at leisure on the balustrades and climb to the top of the Tour Gaston Phœbus for the wonderful view of town and snow-covered mountains.

Entering under the colonnade we cross the court of honour and gain entrance to the château itself by a sort of porter's room and thence to the "salle des gardes" and then the banquet room, where one hundred covers may be laid and which was formerly the "salle d'armes" where Béarnois princes were armed and knighted. This was also the room where the councils of state were held and during the "Terror" was turned into a stable. We pass up the fine restored staircase to the floor they call the "first" in this country, where are reception rooms and bedrooms occupied by many kings and queens, the walls covered everywhere with beautiful tapestry of Flanders or Gobelin and in which are many curious bits of furniture. Then up the grand staircase again to first a bedroom, occupied in 1848 by Abd-el-Kadir as state prisoner. The bed in this room is hung with curtains and covers of very beautiful embroidery on white satin done by her attendant ladies under the supervision of Mme. de Maintenon. After this room we come to a large bedroom supposed to be that in which Henry IV. was born, where we are shown a wonderfully carved bed with 60 medallions of Kings of France, and also the huge tortoise-shell which we are told was the cradle of the King, but in the *Life of Jeanne d'Albret* it is said to have been used

only when his grandfather, the King of Navarre, carried him to the font for his baptism.

Beyond this room is that of Jeanne d'Albret with several fine specimen pieces of furniture of a later date than her time, and the original bed of carved oak with the date 1572. All of these rooms are hung with beautiful tapestries, and along a corridor wall outside are the most remarkable of all, being Flemish of the fifteenth century, and in a wonderful state of preservation. These represent the story of the life of John the Baptist and the costumes make them most curious and interesting. The saint himself is clothed in leaves, an odd counterpart to the "Papageno" in *The Magic Flute*, and as we follow through the story his head is presented to Salome on a jewel-studded frame, while she kneels to receive it in the costume of a Flemish lady, with pointed coif and flowing sleeved bodice, and train of brocade. Still later, the head is carried in procession in a gilded state carriage and we are left to imagine its final destination. The arms and the buildings are also very curious and the tapestries are supposed to date from the reign of Louis XII.

In the Gaston Phœbus tower there are more rooms hung in old Gobelin of curious designs, and from here we look across the court to the Tour Monte-Oiseau, so called because in ancient times the only entrance was through a window by ladder, which was drawn up after the occupants, making a safe and inaccessible place of refuge. At the time of the birth of Henry IV. the château was occupied by the King of Navarre, who in unison with the desire of the people of Béarn that his grandchild should be born in their midst made most imperative appeals to his daughter (the Duchesse de Vendôme she was then) to journey here from Compiègne for the expected event. She obeyed, and accomplished the journey in a litter drawn by mules, in two weeks and four days,

which in those times was considered extraordinarily rapid. She arrived at Pau on December 4th, and the prince was born on December 13th. She proved herself a Spartan mother, though the historian gives us a clue which shows that the tendencies of Mother Eve gave compelling influence to her courage.

The King of Navarre, for some time a widower, had given Jeanne d'Albret much anxiety by repeated threats of re-marrying or of willing his kingdom in a way which did not suit her, and to her anxiety upon this subject much of her motive to please her prospective subjects of Béarn may be attributed. It is said that one day, being alone with her father in his cabinet, she alluded to the subject and begged him to let her know the terms of his will, and he being much amused at her anxiety and not averse to increasing her curiosity, took the following means to answer her desires. Opening a coffer, the King took out a small gold box having a chain to suspend it from the neck, and showing it to the Duchess, said with a smile, "Ma fille, this box contains my last will and it shall be yours provided that when the pains of labour assail you, you will sing me a Béarnois song. I do not want a peevish girl or a drivelling boy." Jeanne agreed to the contract and it is a much-repeated fact that the child who was to become one of the world's great heroes was ushered into it to the strains sung by his forceful mother of a peasant chanson beginning "Notre Dame du bout du pont, aidez moi à cette heure."

The birth of a son was an occasion of great satisfaction and rejoicing for it settled the anxious question of a future dynasty for Navarre. The King received the child in his arms and, according to promise, placed the gold box in its mother's hands, exclaiming, "There, that is thine own, my daughter, but this," pointing to the child, "is mine." He, however, withheld the key to the box, having made no promise about that, so Jeanne d'Albret,

in spite of her cleverness and her bravery, was tricked, and no wiser than she had been before. The wily old King then proceeded to perform an ancient Béarnois ceremony. Carrying the child to his room he first took a clove of garlic and rubbed the lips of the little prince, then offered him wine in a golden cup, whereupon the new-born, smelling the wine, lifted his head and swallowed a few drops, after which he was pronounced a true Béarnais and was presented to the waiting assembly of courtiers as "mi leone."

Jeanne d'Albret having lost two elder children through the carelessness and incompetence of those to whom she had confided their care, the King determined to look carefully after this one himself, and several nurses dying in succession of the same low fever epidemic in the district, the prince was finally put out to be nursed by the wife of a peasant. The house, not far from Pau, is still to be seen, and, I believe, still legible are the arms of France blazoned over the doorway with the words "Sauve-garde du Roy."

About a year after these events the King of Navarre died, and Jeanne d'Albret became Queen in his stead and she and her husband were proclaimed as sovereigns over a much contested empire. It suited neither the King of France nor him of Spain that these sovereigns of so small a principality as Navarre should have so much power and such great riches, but they were nevertheless crowned at the castle of Pau by the bishop of Lescar, and the country remained independent until it was united with France by the accession of Henry IV.

King Antoine was only a feeble, vacillating ruler and it is to Jeanne d'Albret alone that the honour of holding the principality intact is due. He caused her the most intense anguish of mind and heart, and with his attempts to keep on good terms with all factions, his vacillations between Protestantism and Romanism, and his faithless

treatment of his long-suffering wife, he won the respect of none and it was a happy solution when death removed him from the scene of his many intrigues.

Jeanne d'Albret, brought up at a time when Protestantism was first beginning to gain a hold upon people, was exposed to first one religious influence and then another, but finally declared herself most vigorously upon the side of the Huguenots, thus incurring to a still greater extent the animosity of both Spain and France.

It was to the astonishment and confusion of both countries when, in June, 1563, she assembled her council and boldly published letters-patent interdicting the exercise of the Romish religion within the limits of Béarn and authorising "the seizure of the temporalities of that church and their union with the domains of the crown." She also issued decrees to the effect that all of her subjects should make public profession of the faith which she considered as being "most surely grounded on the doctrine and written word of the apostles and prophets." That they should not have any excuse for ignorance, she wrote in her own vigorous phraseology, which not even her contemporary, Queen Elizabeth, is said to have equalled, the articles of the Calvinistic confession and had them incorporated and distributed in her letters-patent. Her daring in this matter amounted to rashness and her actions partook too much of the nature of persecution to have satisfactory results. That there was not immediate insurrection of a serious nature is a wonderful tribute to the deep love and respect of her people, for it was surely a most high-handed proceeding for her to dare to personally superintend the removal of images, etc., from the churches.

The Ambassador from Spain wrote at this time: "I went to Lescar and there I saw the church despoiled of the holy images, the silver statues of Our Lady and the child Jesus, the pixes wherein the holy sacrament reposed,

and these and all the treasure of the silver plate had been carried away by Mme. de Vendôme to Pau. The following day she sent her accursed sect to break all the altar-pieces and no inhabitant of the said town of Lescar daring to molest them under pain of death." At many places where Jeanne herself was not present her emissaries were severely handled, and in one place the unfortunate minister while he was in the act of burning the images was seized by the women of the town, who tore off his hair and beard, and would have killed him had not a party of Huguenots gone to his rescue. At Morlaas the same kind of scenes occurred, but Jeanne went calmly on in her own way and the treasures from the churches were all deposited in the subterraneous chambers of the mint underneath the castle at Pau.

Naturally these proceedings provoked the greatest animosity and upon the devoted head of the Bishop of Lescar fell the first beginning of the storm of wrath. The bishops of Lescar held most important rank, and were appointed directly by the Holy See, and the first reprimand naturally came upon Louis d'Albret, who at that time held the office. By him the papal letter was laid in helpless alarm before his mistress Jeanne, and she in her turn received the menaces and threats. The Cardinal d'Armagnac, whose department it was, said to her: "I pray you, madame, to reflect that your states are encircled by the dominions of two of the most potent kings of Europe, who abhor nothing more than the religion which you favour, and into whose countries your subjects will retire." In spite of all, Queen Jeanne persisted in her gallant stand, and all the world knows the story of the intrigues of Catherine de' Medici, offering friendship and smiles on one side and a dagger on the other; the loyal service to the cause by Coligny and Condé, the help of Queen Elizabeth, the puerile passions of Charles IX., puppet in the hands of his Queen

mother, and the youthful faith and courage of Prince Henry.

In such a medley of good and bad, political intrigues mixed with religious superstition, what other end could come than what did come after Jeanne d'Albret had passed away,—the terrible slaughter of St. Bartholomew, where men's reason gave way to brute passion, and the rage to kill, kill, kill, held such sway as to carry terror to the hearts of even the instigators, who found themselves helpless to quell the passions they had roused! To this day the people of Béarn believe that Jeanne d'Albret, who died at Paris, was poisoned by Catherine de' Medici, and though this was scientifically disproved by post-mortem examinations, they will tell you that if not by poison, then magic, for "Queen Catherine was known to have had dark dealings!"

Her death is supposed to have hastened and brought to a focus the plot for the massacre, for the sight of the army of nobles who accompanied Prince Henry to Paris to his mother's obsequies, and to his own nuptials, already arranged with Marguerite of Valois, aroused the greatest consternation. It needed little more than Queen Catherine's sarcastic remark to the King, that "Henry's eight hundred gentlemen alone, to say nothing of his followers, were more than a match for the garrison of Paris," to which she significantly added that they were "commanded by Montmorency, a devoted adherent to the house of Bourbon," to inflame his anger, which, once aroused, knew no bounds.

In driving, as we have so much, through the villages about Pau, we notice in each a church, and in many instances we see the priest walking about and on terms of pleasant kindness with his people, and when we ask, "Where are the Protestants?" are told there are none except in the cities. In the villages they are Romanists or nothing, and one is tempted to think, "of what use,

then, has been all this suffering, this bloodshed, these sorrows and intrigues?"

Queen Jeanne imposed upon her people a liturgy so dry and uninteresting, so devoid of the colour and mystery which appeals to the unsophisticated, that even she herself confessed to weariness at the dulness. It is on record that, finding herself utterly unable to keep awake during the long, wandering discourses of her ministers, she applied to the synod for permission to sew during the services, and that thereafter she was always seen in chapel with her head bent over her embroidery! A beautifully worked tapestry fire screen is proudly shown at the château as the work of Queen Jeanne's own needle, and as I studied out the carefully worked design, I could but imagine the dry doctrines which, as she stitched, she stored in her mind for future use.

History repeats itself, and to-day there is much the same sort of religious persecution going on in France, for though in this so-called age of peace they do not torture the body with iron racks, the government has much to answer for in that it tortures many a man's mind, forcing him either to deny his faith or lose his opportunity for livelihood. When we first came to France we could not believe the stories we heard of government officials losing their places because they were seen at a mass, but time and inquiries have proved this to be absolutely true. Of course it is largely political, for to be a Romanist is in many cases synonymous with being a royalist as well, and naturally no would-be overthrower of the republic could be accepted as its servant; but it is not always the case, and there are many instances which have come to my notice of cruel injustice. In one case a man lost his position because on the death of his son he had the temerity to have the body taken to church for the last rites. In another, a colonel in the army, arriving

at his time for promotion, was "retired," instead, and upon investigating was told he had been seen going to mass. This in France, the country which stands for republicanism, the country which boastfully takes for its motto "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité"!

There is, however, a light dawning on the horizon. In the middle of January, Maurice Barrès, academician and member of the Chamber of Deputies, made a plea at a meeting of the Chamber for the preservation of the churches of France. He prefaced his discourse with reports which he had gathered together of instances of desecration and destruction, which provoked a heated debate, the members from the different places fiercely denying his charges, which, however, in every instance he was able to prove correct. Among many others there were two which interested me strongly. One was at Cinqueux in the department of Oise, where the sous-préfet had caused the church with its many tombs to be blown up with dynamite, and replied, when the broken-hearted villagers complained: "Of what do you complain? I have made you a fine ruin. Put up a wicket and charge admission to strangers. You will make money!" In the other, the closed church had been allowed open but once since 1907, when the municipality wished to transform the baptismal font into a trough to feed pigs!

When M. Barrès, with great calmness and decision, finally secured silent attention to his speech, he moved the House by his appeal, and his words, appearing the next day in the papers, produced what I can only call a storm of approval. Hundreds of letters were received begging that the appeal might be printed in pamphlet form and spread broadcast over France. He appealed to those who make the laws to preserve not only the beautiful churches to gratify the love of art, but the ugly little churches where the peasants say their prayers. I would that I might give you the whole of his discourse, but I

shall try, in a few words, to convey the heart of what is a lesson not only for France, but for all who, without thinking, too lightly prize the influence of the church temporal.

He said in part: "There is at the bottom of us all a domain rich with confused aspirations which psychologists recognise as the reservoir which feeds our clear thoughts, and more and more our spirits turn to this subconscious region. You cannot take count of the extent of the interior activity, but this mysterious life and conscience, this need of the divine is a fact, which it is not in our power to abolish in man. It is this which demands the village church, it is this which let loose the unrest of Faust, this which impelled Auguste Comte to open a chapel and Stuart Mill an oratory. The church planted in the village purifies the soil around it, the human plant develops in the fresh air of civilisation. If you destroy it, at once there reappear the evil exhalations it has stifled. Have a care, lest in a spirit of fruitless strife and rancour you destroy a larger part of the sustenance of the life of the soul."

If you fail to be moved by this as his colleagues were moved it is not the fault of M. Barrès, but of my translation of his ardent words, and that there are so many in this land of free thinkers who have been influenced by them, seems to me to be the star of hope which gives promise of a time to come when persecution shall be dead, and that from its ashes shall arise a true liberty, which, uniting justice and brotherhood, shall give a new and more Christian meaning to the motto which now seems defamed.

Your most affectionate

PRINCESS.

XX

A Day at Lourdes

BETHARRAM AND ITS MIRACLE—APPROACH TO LOURDES—IMPRESSIONS OF THE TRIPLE CHURCH—STORY OF THE MIRACLE—SERVICE OF THE BENEDICTION—A MODERN MIRACLE—ITS ELECTRICAL EFFECT—ON THE ROAD TO ARGELÈS

February 20, 1911.

My Dearest:

You will be interested to hear that under the kindly guidance of Prince Opportunity I have made a pilgrimage to Lourdes. A very modern, up-to-date pilgrimage it was, by automobile, as we were advised by many who had been before us not to mingle too closely in the trains or in the crowds at Lourdes, with the many seekers after miraculous cures. It is not only a danger to health, but a severe test to the feelings, to see and to be in close association with the suffering pilgrims, some of whom seem to have passed too nearly through the gate of Death for any miracle to cause it to turn on its hinges and leave them outside.

The drive from Pau along the river and under the lee of the snow-clad mountains is very beautiful, and passes through a more richly cultivated and prosperous-looking country than in any other direction, and in less than an hour we found ourselves at Betharram. "We," I must tell you, includes not only the Laird and the Child, besides your Princess, but another, who has kept us

company in many of our expeditions. We dub him "The Encyclopedia," because as he has lived in France for many years, he not only knows the language, but the customs, and even some of the patois of the people, so we have only to say, "How should this be done?" and our book gives answer. Betharram is another place of a miracle, between Pau and Lourdes, now somewhat relegated to the background by the wider fame, more successfully advertised, of Lourdes, but since the time of the Crusades it has been a place of pilgrimage.

The story is, that back in the early days a young girl fell into the Gave, which rushes by the place in swift current, and, calling for help to the Virgin, a branch miraculously detached itself, by means of which she was saved. In gratitude she vowed to erect a statue of the Virgin above a "holy fountain" on the shore, and this has been the object of devotion and a means of miraculous cures ever since that time. The name of Betharram comes from two Béarnais words, *bet arram*, meaning "beautiful branch," and the chief attractions of the picturesque old village are a charming old bridge of one arch, decorated with heavy, drooping strands of ivy, and the church. This latter is rococo in style, and if it were not so old would be hideous and tawdry, but age gives a mellow dignity to the very worst specimens of bad taste in ecclesiastical architecture, and we look with reverent admiration on a building which has endured for centuries, however it might have offended us in its youth.

Almost at the church door begins the ascent to the Calvary, which is said to have been erected by Gaston IV. of Béarn on his return from the Holy Land, because the situation reminded him so forcibly of the true mount of Calvary at Jerusalem. A succession of chapels mark the stations of the cross. They contain each a group portraying the usual scenes of such stations which originally

were very beautiful marble reliefs, destroyed at the time of the great Revolution, and replaced now by poor copies in plaster. If one has the energy to climb to the top, one is rewarded by a most magnificent view of the valley toward Pau, the woods of Saint-Pé, and the snowy peaks of the Pyrenees. One solitary figure of Christ, which was preserved from the original groups in the chapel, now stands in the church, and though it bears the marks of fire and sword, still shows that the present casts are poor imitations of what was artistic work.

A half-hour more through the lovely valley and we see in the distance the monasteries and convents on the hills surrounding the town of Lourdes, and climbing the last hill which obscures the final view, we are given over to the curious desire to see what this place of wonders is to look like to the carnal, unbelieving eye. The road we traverse approaches along a mountain-side; far below on our right, the river; and as we near the town, across on a level with us the uppermost of the three churches built one on top of the other above the grotto of Massabielle. Farther on, and dominating the town to-day, as it did centuries ago, is the ancient castle surmounting its peak of rocks, from the battlements of which have flown successively the standards of the Romans, the Saracens, and the English, who in the fourteenth century kept a strong garrison there. In days nearer our own it has been the residence of the governor of the province; still later a state prison, where in 1803 Lord Elgin and other Englishmen of note were imprisoned by Napoleon I., and at the present day it belongs to the town of Lourdes, used, sad to say, only as a depot of stores, still beautiful and majestic, however, and, if we except the scenery of Nature, the only beautiful thing in Lourdes!

We reach the upper part of the town, and, turning sharply to the right, descend the crooked dirty streets

to go back across the river down to the place of pilgrimage, passing on our way the hundreds of bazaars where every conceivable "souvenir," from postcard or holy medal to statues of the "Sainte Vierge" herself, is exposed for sale. Arriving at the park in front of the churches, we ascend the road to the level of the uppermost church, leave the auto, divest ourselves of wraps, and proceed to see the sights. We have arrived at the midday hour of rest, and find all deserted except by a very few who, like ourselves, are interested in seeing the buildings free from the distractions of crowds, and therefore we are able in quiet, to see what manner of things these temples may be.

We have approached Lourdes, or perhaps I should say I have (after saturating myself with the literature concerning it which abounds in the neighbourhood), in a spirit of sympathy and a readiness to believe in at least the sincerity of the devout. This spirit is shaken to its lowest foundations; first by the bazaars, which remind one of nothing so much as of the Board Walk at Atlantic City, and now by the very ugliest, most bizarre and theatrical so-called churches I have ever seen in any country of any date. That the walls of these are crowded with testimonials of thanksgiving for mercies vouchsafed bears small weight when we look from them to Byzantine arches decorated by strings of coloured light which have their origin in music halls! There is some small comfort when, emerging from these temples, we come out into pure air and walk down to the level of the river, where, underneath the grotesque pile of architecture, is the grotto in all the simplicity of the natural rock, and see the thousands of crutches and surgical appliances hanging about it, mute testimonies of something we cannot name, nor flaunt. Even here, however, realism has planted a plaster Virgin decorated in her white robe and blue ribbons, when they might have had

something of real beauty in imperishable marble to dignify the embodied thought.

Instead of the open pool of healing waters Bible studies have taught us to picture to ourselves as the angel-stirred "Bethesda," there are some bath-houses, as ugly as all the rest, into which the miraculous water is very prosaically conveyed by the usual pipe and spigot. Outside of these, on one side, is a stone basin to receive the drippings from several spigots, where the crowd kneel and drink, or fill their miraculous cans (decorated with the omnipresent images of the miraculous vision) to take to their homes, where at their leisure they may sip the elixir of health!

The day I chose for this visit was February 11th, the anniversary of the first apparition, and while we wait through the resting time to the hour of the ceremony of the benediction and of the procession of the holy sacrament, I will tell you some of the things I read of the story of the miracle, that you may perhaps follow me in the same spirit with which I started on my pilgrimage.

In all of the many accounts which I have read, the one which impressed me as the most sincere and truthful is that of a certain M. Estrade, a tax collector, who at the time of the first apparition was living at Lourdes in his official capacity, with his sister, who kept house for him. He says: "The first news of the happenings at the grotto left me quite indifferent. I looked upon them as tales and disdained to consider them. While the popular emotion grew from day to day and from hour to hour, the naïve faith and exaltation of the people only inspired me with pity and amusement, and without study or inquiry I turned it to ridicule up to the time of the seventh apparition. Upon this day, however, *souvenir inoubliable de ma vie*, the Virgin herself took me by the hand, and, as a mother urges her unwilling child, led me to the grotto. There I saw Bernadette in all the ecstasy of her

vision. It was a heavenly scene, indescribable and impossible to forget, and, conquered, crushed to earth, I fell upon my knees and poured forth to her whose presence I felt through my innermost being, the first homage of my faith. In the twinkling of an eye all my prejudices vanished and I believed!"

Perhaps you may not have heard the story of the apparition as M. Estrade gives it. Bernadette Soubirous was the daughter of a miller, who inherited with his mill a good business, which he lost through indolence and incapacity, and the family, going from bad to worse, were forced to leave their home and beg for refuge from door to door. Finally, when they seemed at the very lowest depth of poverty and misery, a relative allowed them to take possession of a tumble-down old house which had been a prison, and it was from this obscure, wretched place that Bernadette went in the mornings "to meet face to face, heart to heart, the smiles, the confidences, and the messages of the Queen of Heaven."

She was from the first a delicate child and with very little intelligence, so lacking in this respect that the religious sister who tried to teach her to read lost patience and told her she would never be anything but stupid and ignorant. However, through the efforts of the priest, she was finally taught the catechism and to understand sufficient to receive her first communion at the age of fourteen, and it was just at this time, in 1858, when she first saw the apparition, or, as M. Estrade puts it, "was led by the secret hand to the mysterious rock where were to happen such great events." "It was on February 11th, on a cold, dark day when [as the child told the story herself] my mother told us there was no wood in the house and my sister Toinette and I offered to go out and pick up the dry branches on the borders of the river. At first my mother would not let us go, but

a neighbour offering to go with us, she consented. Arriving at the bridge, we considered whether we should go up or down the river, and decided to go down, and soon came to the mill canal where the water was not swift but very cold. The two others, less timid than I, took off their stockings and walked across, crying out at the cold, so that I was more afraid than ever and begged Jeanne Abadie, who was older and stronger, to carry me across, which she refused to do saying, 'If you are afraid, stay where you are.'

"They left me and were soon out of sight and I had commenced to take off a stocking when all at once I heard a great noise like a storm. I looked to the right and left and seeing nothing thought I must be mistaken and continued to take off my stockings, when the noise began again and I was frightened and did not know which way to turn. Turning my head toward the grotto I saw a bush, one only, moving as if in the wind and at the same time there came from the grotto a haze of golden light and soon after a young and beautiful lady, beautiful beyond anything I had ever seen. When she saw me she made me a sign to come toward her as if she had been my mother. The fear passed but it seemed to me I did not know where I was. I blinked my eyes and opened and shut them, but the lady was always there and she made me come near and recite the chapelet, not speaking herself, except to say at the end of every fifteen, 'Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritu Sancto.' When the chapelet was recited the lady returned into the grotto and disappeared and with her went the golden light."

Bernadette goes on to say that when her companions came back and found her on her knees they mocked her, called her "imbecile," and would believe nothing she told them. When her mother heard the story, which she did after the second apparition, she tried to prevent the

child from returning to the grotto, and tried to persuade her that it was her imagination, but in spite of punishments, mockery, and derision, she kept on obeying the dictate of "the lovely lady." Of course every one has heard how the apparitions continued and how the beautiful lady in the white dress and blue sash gave her commands to "pray for sinners," announced herself as "the Immaculate Conception," and told of the miraculous waters. After the eighteenth apparition the Virgin disappeared and, as M. Estrade says, "It was finished! Bernadette was not to see the mother of God again until in the splendours of paradise!"

Bernadette was put through the most rigid examinations both medical and judicial without any one ever being able to shake her from her original account and there seem to be many who, like M. Estrade, felt themselves forced to believe that a heavenly manifestation had taken place. The accounts of some of the cures, especially those of little children, are very wonderful, and one finds oneself faced with a dilemma out of which there are as usual two solutions to choose from, namely, either these stories are false, or there is a power at work we cannot explain; and though you may amuse yourself at my credulous inclinations, you will see in what serious spirit I approached the spot.

That my credulity suffered such severe and drastic awakenings may be due partly to the fact that it has become an old, old story which neither priest can continue to expound, nor penitent to receive, with the same fervour as when fresh and new, but disenchanted though I am, I refuse to believe the ribald explanations of the nature of the visions offered by those who for one reason or another wish to turn it all to ridicule.

In the interval which I have employed in this letter to make you understand my attitude of mind, we really made a detour of a couple of hours to Argelès for a picnic

luncheon, returning to Lourdes in time for the service of the benediction in the lowest of the three churches which they call the "Rosary." Here was an immense crowd of all nationalities and, from their looks, many who had come to be cured of one or another malady. There was a great deal of ceremonial, some very poor music, and a sermon, which consisted of a detailed account of the first vision much as I have told it to you, and a rather theatrical appeal to follow the Virgin's command and "prier pour les pécheurs." The Bishop of Tarbes presided, as he is the special guardian of the miraculous grotto, appointed by the Pope, and at the end of the service in the church he led the procession of priests, choristers, nuns, and congregation out into the open air and down to the grotto itself.

I had slipped out of the church and found a vantage spot in front of the grotto, now brilliantly illuminated with myriads of candles, and when the procession arrived was, I must say, deeply impressed with the chanting and the apparent absorption of all present, from priest to peasant. It was a raw, cold day and I confess to being moved first by a special look and blessing from the Bishop upon the souvenirs I had bought and held up to him, and also by the devotion of the people who knelt on cold, hard stone in a chilling wind. Alas! however, for sincerity and absorbed devotion! The chapelet being said, the benediction pronounced, and the Bishop still in the act of raising his arms to heaven invoking blessing, suddenly there appeared in the sky above us a real practical miracle—an aeroplane.

It circled about, coming nearer and nearer, producing an effect electrical in its consequences. Old and feeble, sick and well, priest and layman, jumped to their feet, turned their backs upon the altar, forgot rosaries and prayers, and all was babble and excitement. One or two opera-glasses were much in demand, and in a few

moments the packed benches were empty and the crowd flown to another point of view! Is it a human possibility to be entirely absorbed in devotion, and in the twinkling of an eye to right about face, mentally as well as physically?

This pilgrimage being in cold weather brought not so many, nor so ill people as are doubtless seen in summer, but there were several who looked at death's door taken on stretchers into the piscine, as they call the house where the pools are, and I cannot tell you in what condition they came out again for we did not wait to see. That there have been some very wonderful and inexplicable cures at Lourdes it seems impossible to doubt, just as it is incontestable that many go over and over again and receive no apparent benefit. We hear, too, of wonderful results from Christian science, Mind cure, and the Immanuel Church movement in Boston, all of which only go to prove, to those who have given it thought, that there is a strong and little understood connection between the body and the mind which produces, at times, results we may call miracles.

While Lourdes seemed to our eyes tawdry, theatrical, and mercenary, there may be (far be it from me to say otherwise) souls helped there which could be reached in no other way, and there, as elsewhere, faith can remove mountains. Faith, however, is necessary, and we must not expect satisfactory results in any endeavour if we go in the spirit of the old woman, who being found pushing at the mountain said she "knew all the time it would n't move!"

It was an interesting day, as we one and all voted, and not the least of interest happened on the road to Argelès, where, in the lovely valley surrounded by mountains, we stopped to eat our luncheon. There came to us from the distance the sound of a ringing tenor voice singing with the reckless abandon and joy of a bird, and a young

peasant shot by us on a bicycle. Like a bird he flew back and forth, each time a little nearer, and at last settled down in the roadside near us and was persuaded to sing. Not at once, however, for he was bashful and as full of excuses as an operatic artist; he was *enrhumé*, and "did not know anything to sing," etc., but finally he did give us several love songs, and if any impresario is looking for a successor to Caruso here he is to be found—on the road to Argelès! A voice of great power. Timbre and temperament all there, only polish needed. We shall always think of Lourdes and our nightingale together, and so the painful will be obliterated, and a blend of Nature's most lovely creations take its place in our memories.

Your devoted
PRINCESS.

XXI

More about Pau

A SEALED BOOK TO THE CASUAL TOURIST—PEASANT HOMES—VARIED AMUSEMENTS—A PAUCITY OF MODERN LITERATURE—FRENCH POLITICS

March 10, 1911.

My Dearest:

We shall be leaving here in a few days, and I want to tell you a little more about this baffling place, so full of charm and yet so often misunderstood. To the casual tourist, Pau is a sealed book, weather-beaten and uninteresting, its tightly-locked pages giving no hint of the treasures between the leaves. Many come and take a look, decide they have seen all there is, and depart shaking what is more likely to be the mud than the dust from their feet in contempt. Not for such does Pau yield up her charms. She must be wooed to be won, and wooed with patience, as we realise when we look back to our own early tourist days.

There are two separate existences, perhaps I should say three—the life of the hotels, where the wanderers mostly congregate; the villa, or "home" life; and that of the townspeople. All three pursue the tenor of their way independent in their pleasures and pursuits, and yet each in a way depending upon the other for sustenance. There are many hotels, suiting all kinds and classes of people, and while one of the great charms of the place is the restfulness, there is plenty for the most casual visitor to do if he or she is able to be vigorous. It is

said to be a place for invalids, but one sees little of them, and one is not here, as in most places on the Riviera, constantly reminded that "Life is but a span," although the boulevard is crowded with idlers who sit basking in the sunshine, and who disappear like rabbits to their holes when clouds obscure. Another great charm, and I believe one reason of its healthfulness, is the almost complete absence of wind, and except for motors dust would be almost unknown.

The villa life is large and varied, ranging from the little house opening to the street with only a tiny plot of ground to lovely châteaux surrounded by well-kept lawns and gardens, in all of which, both great and small, a kindly hospitality reigns supreme. The gay life is characterised by a simplicity almost forgotten elsewhere in these days of immense fortunes and desire for show, and the hours are for the most part governed by the old saying, "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy,"—and if we cannot add the rest in its exact original metre, we may at least say that the wealthy are for the most part wise enough to recognise that late hours spoil sport. To be Irish, not all the villa people have their homes in villas, but there are many "apartments" where those who do not wish or who cannot afford to keep up large places may have the same home comforts at less trouble, and the nationalities are chiefly American, English, and French.

The townspeople, who make all the wheels go round, are a pleasant, kindly race, always ready to promise anything one demands with the utmost suavity of the French *politesse*, and seldom, I may say never, doing what they promise, except at their own sweet wills! To the Puritan conscience the "inexactness," to use a kindly word, is little short of maddening, but never to be in a hurry gives a peaceful sense of *bien être* to us who are accustomed to the pace which ends in

"Americanitis." It is most interesting to walk about the centre of the town on a market day, when peasants come in from the country, with all the many kinds of produce, and to watch them as they saunter quietly about jesting here and there. The men, especially the old ones, have a gentle, amiable look about the eyes such as one sees in animals which have been kindly cared for. Life has gone well for them, and the wrinkled, weather-beaten old wives have done all the worrying and the fretting, knitting as they went. I often wonder if they knit or spin in their sleep, so mechanical does it seem to have become. If it is true that "cleanliness is next to godliness," then the French peasant and artisan in this south country are both of the most unregenerate description, for to be clean bodily or in their households is almost unknown. They look desperately poor, but I am told that it is not so, and that the poorest scrape and save in order that their children may have "dots."

Not long ago an old peasant woman invited me into her house to warm myself while waiting for the hunters. The approach to the door—there is never but one—was, as usual, through a muddy, dirty barnyard. As I entered the house a flock of chickens fluttered out past me, frightened by my unusual presence away from their accustomed haunts. There was the big open fireplace with the curtain-hung mantle shelf decorated with some bright pottery pitchers, on the other side of the room a rack filled with yellow pottery plates and cups, a table, and then the feature of the house, a large bed, on which were some ancient-looking covers, and all these standing on the bare hard-trodden ground, no floor at all! The old woman was courtesy itself, did her best to show me how to spin with her distaff, no easy matter to unaccustomed fingers, and offered with easy hospitality her little all, in a way which entirely won my heart, but as I looked at her wizen, tired old face I could but contrast

her condition with that of our poorest. Where, except possibly in the mountains of the South or West, would such discomfort be even tolerated? Yet, those who know tell me that probably that very old woman has a "dot" saved up with which to marry her daughter and start just such another *ménage* in peace, if not plenty!

In all this region there is a look about everything which gives one the feeling that it is a country of the past; that there must have been a day once when all the crumbling old entrances were whole and new, a time when gates swung on their hinges, and the doors were approached through well-kept gardens. Even the new houses, and there are many, are so unfinished that one can hardly separate the new from the old, but, in spite of all the dilapidation, there is happiness and content and La Belle France is "home" in spite of the fact that the French tongues can only say "*chez nous*."

The snow sports are almost over now and the mountains will soon lose the brilliant whiteness, but then begins the season when Argelès and Eaux Bonnes and Cauteret, Luchon and Bigorre and the many others will look forward to the crowds who come to the Pyrénées for waters and baths. There is an endless variety of excursions, ranging all the way from the drives on the *coteaux*, as they call the nearer smaller hills, where we get the most wondrous views of the snow mountains, to the climbs into the mountains themselves by rail or motor, and then there are the miles and miles of waste they call the *landes*. These waste lands about Pau are mostly dry and covered with a prickly sort of gorse most painful to walk through, but in the department of Landes, which adjoins the Basses Pyrénées, it is wet enough to merit the description of our Everglades in Florida where they facetiously advertise "land by the gallon." In this country they have, from necessity I suppose, learned to conquer Nature, and the men who

follow the cattle to herd them go on stilts, with a third pole to balance themselves. It is not an unusual sight in that district to see men perched high out of harm's way on three sticks quietly knitting stockings, while their cattle find a hard-earned meal below!

In the *landes* near Pau there are many acres given over to the use of the aviators, and there at the schools we see most amusing attempts at the art of flying. From the long line of *hangars*, the French word for shed, which seems to have been adopted into aviation language in every country, there come sounds of puffing and steaming which might be the promise of many old-time dragons, and a novice awaits the issue in much anxiety. Suddenly one after another the great white-winged creatures rush out along the ground, and then leave the earth and sail off in graceful straight flights, some near, and others, more daring, far up and up until they are mere specks in the blue. Not every one, however, leaves the earth, for the new hands simply run on their wheels over the rough fields, bumping and jumping about for all the world like the lame ducks in the flock who are obliged to content themselves with sputter and splash while their brethren sail gracefully out of sight.

The dangers of aviation have been brought home to us just lately by a bad accident to a young German officer. He was living in our hotel and we had christened him the "One-eyed beauty." "One-eyed" because he wore a monocle, and "Beauty" because from his laced-in figure, through every detail of dress, he betrayed a conscious delight and belief in his own irresistibility, most comical. He was one who attempted to drain the cup of life to its last dreg of sensation and who dared the impossible, courting danger with the courage of ignorance. Attempting, before he was equal to it, a *vol plané*, he and his machine came to grief together, fortunately from no great height, and as he was picked out of the wreck his

only coherent words, "Send for my mother," were the one little touch of Nature which made us all his kin, and obliterated every thought but kindly pity. He will recover, but the terrible injuries to his face will grieve him sorely unless he can take pleasure in the honourable scars. We constantly hear the question, "Will aviation ever become a practical everyday possibility?" and the answer seems to be: "Never, unless the storms of heaven can be controlled." Meantime, it is a fascinating amusement which seems quite safe and easy until there comes the little "rift within the lute," when in an instant swoop to earth Death wins the victory.

If demand always brings supply the inhabitants of Pau read but little. Even in French there is small choice except in novels; and modern literature in English does not exist except as represented by a Tauchnitz novel, and you know by what grades of promotion, slow and painful, a book puts on that mantle! To your Princess, who was wont to arouse your merriment by ignoring the classics and prostrating herself before the false gods of "current literature," it seemed a desert indeed until she took refuge in the French newspaper and became absorbed in the "Crise Politique."

When I wrote you the words of M. Barrès on the subject of the preservation of the churches no one imagined that a crisis was so near at hand, but I am told that that very speech, rousing as it did a volume of latent feeling, which is almost appalling in its strength, has had much to do with the creation of the new ministry. M. Briand, in spite of being the creator of the act of separation of church and state, has never been willing to go as far as the radical-socialists would have him in pursuing the religious persecution, and this fact, together with his prompt and vigorous suppression of the railroad strikes last autumn has made his following grow smaller and smaller. Add to this a personal animosity grown out

of these attitudes and one may easily see that the torment of the situation had become unbearable.

To find his successor was no easy matter and I hear the opinion constantly expressed that M. Monis was a "faute de mieux." Here is the way one paper speaks of the formation of the ministry: "The gestation is laborious. The ministry was made yesterday morning, unmade in the afternoon, remade at 6 o'clock in the evening, unmade again at midnight. Will it be put on its feet to-day? Every alteration it undergoes it becomes a little worse, a little more ridiculous, a little more disquieting." Somebody in a flash of wit called it the "Ministry of the *carnaval*," and the name has become a byword, and the satire about it unbounded. If M. Monis takes a cab and does not give the accustomed *pourboire*, as happened one day, all Paris rings the changes in derision and expresses the hope that he may be more liberal with the exchequer! When he makes his inaugural speech the finger of scorn points out and accentuates his every peculiarity, and it is openly predicted that the "Ministry of the *carnaval*" will die a quick and natural death. Whether this prophecy is a true one only time will show, but in the present uneasy diplomatic situation it is a grave matter to have internal dissensions.

It is said that "there are many men in France who are so occupied with their own private affairs they might as well be Germans or Chinese for all the good they are in the affairs of their nation," but France is not alone in such a misfortune. It would seem, however, that such a condition should be less likely in a land which pays its executives such enormous salaries as are paid in France, not only to the President of the republic, but to his ministers as well, making it quite possible for the man who serves his term able to retire with a fortune. It is a poor rule though that does not work both ways, and the enormous salary puts a premium on the office, so that

it may be sought by men who are only able to be figure-heads.

In an article upon national affairs by Jules Delafosse, which he heads "Désarroi" or Disorder, after passing in review the policies of several of the nations this side of the ocean, he concludes by saying: "The truth is there is neither plan nor method save one exception. William II. of Germany is the only statesman who knows what he wants and wants what he does. Possibly, one might add, M. d'Aerenthal. But Austria is only a satellite of Germany and it is to Berlin that one must look. France beats its hands as a duck beats its wings under the storm; England, hitherto so vigilant and firm, lets all go adrift in her diplomacy; Italy stubbornly remains in the Triple Alliance when her tastes, her interests, and her ambitions should ally her with Russia, with England, and with France. The Young Turks turn to Germany, as they do to Austria, wherever they can get the protection or the money they need. There breathes through the world a wind of folly which unsettles the brain and clouds the sight. It is a subject of grave anxiety but it is not a novelty. When Lord Chesterfield sent his son to travel on the continent he said to him: 'Allez voir, mon fils, par quelles marionettes le monde est gouverné!' It is the same now, nothing has changed."

In the midst of this "breath of folly" it is consoling to find evidence that the real throbbing pulse of the nation beats on the side of order and faith. A petition has only to-day been presented to "La Chambre" signed by hundreds of artists and littérateurs asking that M. Barrès's plans for protection of even the humblest churches should be accepted and followed. They say that any one who knows the French peasant understands with what secret joy he will receive the news that his church is to be preserved and his customs. "He may not be able to analyse his feelings but he knows that with

his church destroyed there is nothing left to distinguish his village from a camp of savages, where there is no edifice to recall the past, the communion of saints, or the memory of the dead."

There are many who believe that a day is not far off when the government, using the word in the English sense of the party in power, will once again lend their aid and sanction to the Church of Rome, and if by that time it is a Church whose ministers will have learned that politics had best be kept separate from creeds it will be one case where good has come out of evil. I hope I have not tired you with my absorption in French affairs; next time you shall have a change, for we are going to Spain to search for some of the castles we have been building there these many years.

Your devoted
PRINCESS.

XXII

The Basque Country

BASQUE ARCHITECTURE AND CHARACTERISTICS—SOME OLD CUSTOMS—BAYONNE AND BIARRITZ—AN ANCIENT SALEM—THE CHURCH OF SARE—KING EDWARD'S FAVOURITE EXCURSION—SOME MARVELLOUS VIEWS—ST. JEAN DE LUZ—THE FRONTIER OF SPAIN

March 23, 1911.

DEAREST BELOVED:

Although we are still in the same department of France here as at Pau, it is only the same in name, for more entirely different characteristics could scarcely be found in such close proximity in the same country. It is the country of the Basques, and their strong individuality is marked at every turn. With an origin so remote it can only be conjectured where they came from, a language so obscure that scholars have never been able to fathom it, centuries of association have not made them either Spanish or French, except in some minor details. From Pau as far as Bayonne the characteristics of the country remain about the same, but after Bayonne we begin to leave behind us the dilapidation, which is almost squalor, of the Béarnais peasant, and, instead, find trim, neat-looking, whitewashed houses which are dotted about or clustered in villages, and which, together with the green, fertile-looking fields, give a delightful aspect of thrift and cheerfulness.

The Basques have an architecture distinctly their own, though very reminiscent in style of Switzerland, as they

have universally the same overhanging roofs and the same comfortable-looking balconies. Also the same intimate nearness between the stable and the house, which is nearly always seen in peasant life. The barnyard here, as in the more eastern Pyrénées, is still the only entrance to the house, but instead of living by the side of his animals, the Basquais lives above them, which is considered far superior from a health standpoint as it lifts the humans above the dangers from dampness and gives them a certain immunity from its evils.

As in most places, at this date of civilisation, there is little trace left of national costumes, though the men wear, as they do in Béarn, the scarlet sash, which they wind in many folds about their waists, and the blue cap, almost like the Scotch tam-o'-shanter, which is called a *berret*. The women are almost universally, I may say always, without hats or bonnets, but they wear their hair in a round chignon at the back of their heads, and this knob is covered with a sort of cap, which accords more or less with their dress, as, for instance, when a woman is in mourning, and dressed in her Sunday best, the cap will be of crêpe to correspond.

As a race they are unusually good-looking, the men almost always handsome, with fine eyes, clean-cut features, and clear bronzed complexions. From the habit of carrying their burdens on their heads, the women have acquired a swift even walk, pleasant to watch, and it is comical to see them as they stop for a gossip, for, with arms akimbo, and in the necessity of balancing their baskets, they are obliged to stand "on guard," and look at each other furtively from a distance much like two cocks preparing for war.

Their chief industries are fishing and sandal making. The sandal is the same sort of canvas shoe with rope sole used with us at the seashore for bathing, and as we drive through the villages we see them sitting at their

doors twisting the ropes and sewing them into shape. These sandals are not only used here, but are sent in large quantities to Argentina and many other places.

The cod and whale fishing made St. Jean de Luz a town as early as the twelfth century, and long before the day of Columbus, the Basques claim to have discovered "Terre Neuve," or Newfoundland, as we call it, and it was a heavy blow when its possession was ceded to the English. They also claim for themselves the honours of the discoveries of Columbus, as his pilot is said to have been a Basque.

In spite of this, however, they are still a primitive people, clinging to old ways and tilling the soil in the same slow laborious method of their ancestors. The oxen, who so patiently do their work, set the pace at which they live, and in some of the mountain districts the ploughing is still done by hand, men and women together. They use a curious implement much like an old-fashioned two-pronged steel fork, with the prongs quite a foot and a half in length and apparently very sharp. With one of these in each hand they skilfully and with great strength turn the sod in such regularity and at such depth that a field so upturned looks almost as if done by the most exact modern wheeled plough. The land is very fertile and gives two good crops during a single season.

In their religion the Basques, both French and Spanish, are universally Roman Catholics, and at one time intermarried to such an extent that whole villages became almost as one family. To-day they marry almost without distinction Basques, Gascons, or Béarnais, but always the same religion. On this score they are very particular and it is but seldom that parents will consent to a union with a Protestant.

The accepted authority on Basque history, Francisque Michel, in asserting this fact, remarks that "the propa-

ganda issued in the sixteenth century by Queen Jeanne d'Albret to spread the reform had not brought fruit," which is a confirmation of my own observation on this matter, which I noted in one of my letters from Pau.

This same writer speaks of many curious customs and beliefs, of some of which I could find no confirmation whatever, though a few survive. The festival of St. John's Eve in June is still kept up, and at that time there are some odd dances which have been handed down from such dim ages no one now knows their meaning.

Another tradition which still survives to a certain extent is on the occasion of a marriage when the newly-wedded pair are pursued and forced to drink a very nauseous bitter concoction in token of the troublous times which are to pursue them in future. This in spite of the efforts of the bridegroom, who, during the marriage ceremony, has endeavoured to cover his knees with a corner of his bride's apron or dress, which is supposed to keep away the "Esteca," or spirit of trouble. There is also, among many others, a saying much like one well-known in the Scotch Highlands, that if when a man hears for the first time in spring the note of a cuckoo he happens to have a full purse in his pocket, then plenty will be his portion throughout the year. The Child and I insisted that the Laird should carry a well-filled purse on all our country drives in case he should be lucky enough to hear a cuckoo, but the "Esteca" must have been about, for fortune did not favour!

One excursion took us up into the mountains, through a village called St.-Pie, to another named Sare. The former, St.-Pie, is chiefly noted for being the spot where 600 witches were burned, and at Sare, King Edward VII. was fond of taking his tea in the quaint old inn where we followed his footsteps. Here our horses and ourselves were refreshed, both using the same entrance hall, they

to the back yard at the end of the house, and we to the tea-room on the upper floor.

Sare has an interesting old church with a clock tower whereon is a motto in Basque language which I will give you as a sample: "Oren Guziek dute gizona kolpatzen Aekenkoak du Hobirat egortzen." It means just the same thing as the mottoes one often sees on old sun-dials in Latin or Italian: "All the hours wound man, the last leads to the tomb." Apropos of the difficulties of the language they told us that the devil himself was unable to acquire it. The story runs that he came to St. Jean de Luz and lived here for five years, and at the end of that time, being neither able to understand nor to make himself understood, left the country in disgust, so that ever since that day the people have led blameless lives! There is a custom, however, still kept up in the Basque churches which, if the devil has nothing to do with it, must be inspired by one of his henchwomen, Mother Eve, for the men were so disturbed in their orisons by the witcheries of the pretty maidens, galleries were built around the church so that they might pray alone.

In the church at Sare, which is one of the oldest in this district, we noticed that every few feet in the floor there was a slab of stone with an inscription. This, we discovered, marked the burial-place of a family, and upon it the mother of the family alone has the right to place her chair, a privilege much prized and fiercely defended, descending always to the wife of the eldest son. On the whole, as a people, the Basques seem a far superior and happier race than the Béarnais, for not only is there a more general air of prosperity, but the national game of *pelote* is seen in every village, an element of amusement totally lacking in Béarn.

St. Jean de Luz lies most prettily between the mountains and the sea, its charming rounded bay protected

from ravages of storm by breakwaters, making an ideal bathing place for those who fear the heavy rollers of Biarritz. It might well be called a "little England," for it is thronged with English people so that one scarcely hears any other language; golf is almost the reason of its being and at the Hotel d'Angleterre, where we are staying, one hears but little else than the vital questions of how this ball came to be "sliced" or how "a stymie lost me the hole, etc." The wild flowers, too, are so exactly those of old England one may easily imagine the banks, carpeted by primroses and violets, to be in Hampshire itself, while the fields of yellow gorse are counterparts of the Downs.

Though the fields give us such a riot of colours, the town itself is too sandy to offer much encouragement to gardening. but one garden there is, and the Child and I were invited to see it and to help ourselves to the myriads of sweet-scented violets while our hostess told us of its history and romance. Surrounded by a high stone wall, the garden was originally the breathing spot for the convent near by which is now an hotel, and during the occupation by Wellington of St. Jean de Luz he is said to have used the little belvedere for a lookout to watch the ships in the bay. As we stood watching the sea in the place where he had been, we listened to the story of how a young Spanish girl, being educated in the convent, met and was loved by the youngest brother of the great Duke. Over this very wall they managed their stolen interviews by means Cupid knows so well how to arrange, and finally young Wellesley persuaded her to fly with him and they were married and went to England. The young southern bride lived only long enough to leave a daughter, whose great-grandchild has found her way to St. Jean de Luz to make the garden her home, and cherishes tenderly the memory of her Spanish ancestress.

Besides the golf there is much at St. Jean to interest

the visitor, charming walks near and far, and most beautiful drives with always the wonderful views in a unique combination of mountain and sea. As the Spanish shore lies to the west it lives in our memories a wonderful outline of hills, the green sea at their feet, and the light of the setting sun gilding them into a veritable El Dorado, with visions on their tops of the castles we have come so far to seek. At one tip of the crescent of the bay there is the headland of Sainte-Barbe, a promontory where the profane play golf, and the artist paints the sea; at the other, there is the ancient fort of Socoa, built as a protection from the Spaniards and now mostly a ruin. Here, too, are bold cliffs which we climbed one afternoon and found a young Basque fisherman watching the boats far out getting their "catch," who was able in rather difficult French to explain to us about the signals of the station which here gives its kindly warnings to the toilers of the sea. You know the sinister reputation of the Bay of Biscay and what storms it can produce, and though it was calm and smiling on that day, the watchers were ever on the alert for the winds which blow almost unceasingly and the storms they bring on their wings.

Another day we drove to Bayonne where there is an interesting cathedral on the outside of which we were amused to see a notice that boys must not play *pelote* against its venerable walls. I had been told to ask to see the church embroideries and did so, but the sacristan insisted that everything earlier than the date of Louis Philippe had been destroyed at the Revolution. As the so-called "art" of Louis Philippe's day always seems to me banal to an extreme, we soon turned from the sumptuous golden vestments and after a walk about the fine old cloisters turned our steps to the Château Vieux. This is now a barracks but the grand old walls are interesting and bear a tablet which testifies that they were

built on the ancient Roman foundations and that the castle has been the shelter of the Black Prince, of Pedro the Cruel, Louis XI., and many later famous ones.

To Bayonne we owe the name of bayonet, which was originally a dagger with a round handle which fitted into the gun barrel. The use of the bayonet fastened to the outside of the barrel was invented by a Frenchman, and it is said that the battle of Marsaglia in 1693 was won by its use, as the novel weapon carried all before it.

From Bayonne we drove along the Adour, where the great system of quays shows the importance of the city as a centre of commerce, and from the mouth of the river our way to Biarritz lay, by smooth, shady roads, through extensive pine forests, the property of the government. The trees were being tapped for turpentine, and each had its gaping wound dripping the precious sap into a cup at the base.

Biarritz, as far as the town is concerned, is as ugly and commonplace as man can make it, but the sea and the sands and the rocks, in the words of Matthew Arnold, "Man did not make and cannot mar." The rocks are bold and picturesque in outline, the sand is a lovely, warm brown, and the opalesque sea, undeterred by breakwaters, rolls in in magnificent majesty. It is little wonder that the beautiful bay has been so beloved of kings, and now that its latest princely lover has been gathered to his fathers, one wonders what may be its future. The immediate present mourns the loss of royal patronage, and hotels open wide, with much complaint, their empty arms.

From Biarritz back to St. Jean de Luz was a drive of about eight miles, still with the same, though ever-changing, views of mountains and sea. In the midst of perfect loveliness there is a jarring note in a grotesque travesty of a pleasure park and villa owned and

designed by the original "Cocky Locky." You remember how "Cocky Locky and Henny Penny" were in the garden, and a pea fell on the latter's head, whereat she went screaming about that the sky was falling? This counterpart is a queer mad Frenchman, who, walking one day in his grounds, and caught in a shower, imagined that the sky was falling on him. Forthwith he ordered a thousand or so of little houses, each with one little window and a red tiled roof, and these he arranged in rows all over the grounds! What could be more perfect? He goes proudly about, safe from the falling sky, looks out of the little windows at his flowers and his views, and if his neighbours object to the myriad of little red blots on the landscape, they must learn to ignore them, and to remember that it takes more than one kind of madness to make a world.

Another day we drove across the Spanish frontier to the quaint old town of Fuenterrabia, still much as it was in the days of Charles, the great Emperor, although his castle there is but a stately ruin.

From its battlements there is a still more extended and wonderful view than any we have seen. At the foot of the castle the Bidassoa empties its wide mouth into the sea, and just across this river is Hendaye, and a little beyond, Irun. Here we can stand, and, bit by bit, piece history together, for here, in the neutrality of the middle of the stream, Charles V. delivered over to France his royal captive, Francis I., and here, in the winter of 1813–14, Wellington and his army were stationed, suffering much privation, and near Irun, at the famous "Isle des Faisans," were mighty royal meetings.

The little island, now only a much-disputed fishing place, where Spaniards and Frenchmen contend for their annual rights, has only a monument and its broad stone steps to the water's edge, to remind us that once Louis XIV. there received in civil marriage the hand of the

Infanta of Spain, and that there also mighty treaties were signed and ratified.

At St. Jean de Luz the church bestowed its benediction upon the princely pair, and at St. Jean also a great feast was held to celebrate the deliverance of Francis I. His courtiers prepared for him a sumptuous feast, and in an account of the menu we read that "200 oysters on their shells were offered as a tribute from the fishermen," so we may fairly conclude that the delectable bivalve was even in those remote days a much-desired delicacy.

In the old church at Fuenterrabia, now being restored, and not especially remarkable, we were shown some treasures of artistic embroidery which more than atoned for the disappointments of Bayonne, and it is comforting to know that there are some gems which escaped the devastations of '93.

At the frontier of Spain picturesque carabinieri do all they can to prevent the constant smuggling and horses and auto tires have to submit to close inspection. In smaller matters, however, it much amuses travellers to deceive the vigilant eyes, and many pounds of coffee, which is better and cheaper in Spain, are safely carried through, while in our own case a friend with us, who lives in St. Jean de Luz, had bulging pockets full of matches, also better in Spain. If she had been asked to move, disclosure would have been inevitable, but we escaped scot free, with odourless matches to our credit!

Half-way between Irun and St. Jean is the picturesque château-castle of Uturbie, which has been battered and torn by Spaniards and French for centuries and is now the peaceful and romantically beautiful home of a French family. Near by also is the quaint old town of Urrugne, where, as one of Wellington's officers wrote, "We were quartered at night in the old church of Urrugne, and my bed was on the marble steps to the altar, not warmer nor softer than marble usually is."

I hope I have shown you how attractive is this quiet little corner in the south of France, though I have by no means exhausted the list of its interests and only hinted at its history. Roncevaux, with all its romantic associations of Charlemagne and Roland, that paladin dear to the hearts of poets and romancers, is temptingly near by, but Spain is, as ever, the stronger, and there we journey to-morrow.

The tales of the difficulties and discomforts of travelling in that country have a snow-ball-like tendency to grow apace, and begin to show almost as alarming an aspect as the stories of the mythical viper of St.-Jean de Luz, said to have three heads and to kill at sight. If our experiences do not have this effect, I shall be able to give you my version of the terrors later.

Your most loving
PRINCESS.

XXIII

Burgos

ACROSS THE FRONTIER TO SAN SEBASTIAN—A DRIVE TO HERNANI—THE SOLITARY PLAINS OF CASTILE—ARRIVAL AT BURGOS—THE CATHEDRAL—THE TOMB OF EL CID—THE CARTUJA DE MIRAFLORES AND ITS WONDERFUL ART TREASURES

March 25, 1911.

My Dearest:

Soon after writing you last from St.-Jean de Luz, we started from that place one lovely morning about ten o'clock for the fashionable Spanish watering-place of San Sebastian. At the frontier of Spain, Irun is made a rather unhappy place for travellers by a searching examination of all one's belongings, but having wisely sent most of our baggage to Paris and entering Spain very much *à la touriste*, we were soon free to find places in a new train,—necessarily a new train, as the gauge changes from one country to the other. After Irun, the first point of much interest is the harbour of Pasajes, so thoroughly landlocked one is almost deceived into thinking it a lake, and amazed to see ships in it. Never having myself approached it from the sea, I shall employ the words of a certain Chaplain Greig to describe it to you.

In a book called *The Subaltern*, which is not a novel, but an interesting account of the experiences of one of Wellington's command in the Peninsular War, he says: "Perhaps there are few ports in the world more

striking, in every respect, than that of Pasajes. As you draw near it, you run along a bold, rocky shore, in which no opening appears to exist; nor is it till he has reached the very mouth of the creek that a stranger is inclined to suspect that a harbour is there. The creek itself cannot be more than fifty yards wide; it runs directly up between overhanging cliffs and presents altogether the appearance of an artificial cut rather than of a cut of Nature's forming. From the bare faces of these cliffs various kinds of dwarf trees and shrubs grow out in rich luxuriance, and their summits are crowned with groves of lime and cork trees, and passing through the creek, we arrived in a spacious harbour."

Although this description is of a century ago, it is as applicable to-day as it was then, for rocks and sea belong to the unchangeable. We of America, too, may have a special interest in this harbour, because it was from here that the Marquis de Lafayette set sail when he came to help us in our rebellion against the mother country.

From this place to San Sebastian is but a few minutes' ride, and we were soon looking about us in a new land and having the first experience of a new tongue. Our hotel, the Continental, said to be the best of the many, was almost on the beach, and large windows in the dining-room afforded a lovely view of the bay. It is not unlike Biarritz, the sand the same warm brown colour; but the bay is not so wide, and at each end is a high, bold cliff, while the island of St. Clara, in nearly the centre of the entrance with a shoal between it and one cliff, makes the entrance comparatively narrow.

The beach is smooth and stoneless, and no doubt presents a gay sight in summer weather. The château, used by the King for his royal residence, is situated high on the hill up which the city climbs away from the sea, and as it has pleasant-looking grounds, is attractive, and its royal dwellers may look at the sea, and ignore

the dirty, forlorn town underneath. For much of San Sebastian must be ignored if one is to take pleasure in one's sojourn there.

A lovely afternoon tempted us to a drive into the hills to Hernani, a quaint old place with narrow streets and overhanging houses, and an old church which has some celebrated wood carvings, gilded and coloured in the way the Spaniards love to decorate their altars. What interested us even more than the carvings in this church was an inscription on the wall above the burial-place of a native of Hernani, Juan de Urbita, who was knighted by Charles V. and called "the deliverer of Pavia and captor of Francis I." We were not fortunate at Hernani, as at Sare, near St.-Jean de Luz, in following in the wake of King Edward, and found no such clean, if humble, tea place. Instead, a tumble-down, slovenly-looking restaurant advertised "English drinks," and, hunger tempting, we with some doubtfulness ordered "tea," only to bestow it in large part upon a timorous waif dog and wretched-looking cat, who, scenting unaccustomed food from afar, crept in from the street to beg of tender strangers. Beautiful distant views of the Pyrénées are the reward for climbing Hernani's hill, for the town itself, once seen, ends curiosity, and one is only enticed there by a sort of indefinite sentiment for Victor Hugo.

Leaving San Sebastian at an early hour (all the good trains in Spain start with the crow of the cock), we were soon fairly on our way to Burgos. The first hour or two we went through lovely mountain country, peopled still by the thrifty Basques, whose tidy, whitewashed homes were a contrast to the habitations farther on in Castile. Later the country began to look more strange, less fertile, and less prosperous, and from Miranda all the way to Burgos seemed one vast desert. We were perhaps travelling at the wrong time of the year to receive a pleasant

impression, for that part of the land which was not rocky was ploughed, and probably planted, but no sign of a growing crop, except at intervals. It was a curious picture, and one I shall long remember, for no statements of conditions had ever given me any idea of the desolation. It was a grey day, and we were travelling across what seemed to be an endless plain, with mountains on each side in the dim distance, so dark and lowering, so destitute of evidence of life, I could only liken the scene to one of the conceptions of Gustave Doré.

This part of Castile is said to be rich in minerals. No one knows how rich, because, like dogs in their mangers, the Spaniards will neither take the trouble to find out themselves nor let any one else more enterprising do it. The belief, however, appeared to be upheld by the colours in the various ploughed places, some a rich red, as if iron, were present, others deep brown, or yellow, or grey, making the whole look like a vast mosaic. One cannot speak of the "fields," because there is but one large one, and not the slightest attempt at divisions in any way to be seen. After leaving the Basque country, too, there were no more pleasant, comfortable-looking farmhouses, but all seem to dwell in communities.

A church makes a centre, and around this huddle, in more or less tumble-down forlornness, a few stone houses, built of the native stone, so nearly the colour of the earth one hardly distinguishes a village, except by the church tower, until nearly upon it. Even the tiles on the roofs are almost as indistinguishable. In all this region there is not a tree, not even a bush, to be seen, and a few flocks of sheep and herds of donkeys were driven about over the planted fields to nibble here and there what scanty green had begun to push through the ground. It all suggested the words, "abomination of desolation." Few human beings were to be seen, and

these, always single and alone, wrapped like "Lo, the poor Indian" in shawls from head to foot, only served to accentuate the desolation.

It is said that Castile was once covered with forests, and that the people, having a superstitious idea that trees were harmful, had waged destruction against them until there were no more and their climate ruined. Certainly, if an object-lesson is needed by those who are trying to save forests in the United States, it is to be found here, and I think no one who ever sees the desert which the havoc has created will ever wish to wantonly sacrifice a tree again.

Of course we were all curiosity to see what Burgos might be like, especially as not being a large city we might fairly expect to meet with some, if not many, of the hardships with which we had been threatened by informing friends. Our train arrived on time about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and I mention this fact because if a train which toddles serenely along at 20 to 25 miles an hour cannot arrive on time it surely has very little else to recommend it, particularly when it has the impertinence to call itself a *rapide!* Burgos received us as kindly as it could, being all smiles and bows when languages failed, but cold and rain and mud were damping to the internal mind as well as to the external body, and it was with some forebodings that we deposited our traps at the hotel and asked if a carriage could be provided to take us to the cathedral.

The "carriage," an ancient landau, was ordered, and soon hearing a stamping and clattering in the little court which seemed to betoken readiness, we descended to find seated on the box the most unwashed, collarless travesty of a coachman it has ever been my fate to be driven by. He held in a rather helpless, furtive way a pair of ancient reins, while the maître d'hôtel on one side and the "boots" on the other held, or tried to hold, by their

heads a restive mule and an ancient grey mare who appeared to be searching for words to express her indignation at her trace companion! At a given signal when we were seated, the gates or doors, were opened, and we plunged headlong into the street as if the "de 'il himself" were after us.

The cathedral was really, if we had but known it, only a few steps away and we soon were safely within its walls with only threatenings of mishaps, and in a most unfittingly hilarious mood with which to approach one of the great architectural wonders of the world.

In the presence, however, of this wonderful beauty all feelings except awed admiration quickly subsided and we were absorbed in the effort to appreciate the feast. It is not so large as many cathedrals we have seen, and the effect of the size it has is much diminished by the whole centre of the church being taken up by the choir and the "Capilla Mayor," but the elaboration of ornament everywhere, on pillars, on capitals and arches, the wonderful carvings on wood, stone, marble, and alabaster, all combine to make it the most exquisite casket for some of the most lovely works of art of which the mind can conceive.

It is somewhat astonishing, if one has not known it before, to discover that all this beauty is the conception of a German, for one hardly comes to Spain with the idea of finding either German or French art, but so it is, and this which some people call "the most beautiful church in Spain" is due to French ideas adopted and assimilated by "Meister Hans of Cologne," brought to Spain by an Englishman, Bishop Maurice. This Bishop himself has an elaborately carved bronze tomb in the choir, but it pales as, indeed, does almost every other, in comparison with the wonderful marble effigies in the "Capilla del Condestable" of the Constable Velasco, viceroy of Castile, and his wife. These recumbent

Photo by " The Child "

Cloisters of San Juan de los Reyes, Toledo

Photo by " The Child "

Capilla del Condestable
In the Cathedral of Burgos

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figures carved in marble, with marvellous details of lace-work and embroidery, seem to be almost living, breathing beings and the pillows covered with intricate tracery, on which their heads are resting to be of softest down, so exquisite and true is every tiny detail.

In the little sacristy of this chapel there are a most lovely alabaster relief of the Virgin and Child and also a painting by a pupil of Leonardo da Vinci of the penitent Magdalene, which closely recalls the famous Mona Lisa. A very sympathetic sacristan, who fortunately spoke French, showed us about and through the beautiful chapels, both this first afternoon and the next day when we hurried back to the cathedral in the morning to hear high mass being celebrated for the Feast of the Annunciation.

The feast day drew somewhat of a crowd, partly of the curious, but apparently mostly of the devout, for a large proportion of them listened to the Bishop's sermon on their knees, fortunately not upon the cold stone, but even so, a proof of devotion not often to be seen. For myself I had hoped for fine music, but was doomed to disappointment as it was most mediocre both as to character and rendition, and the sermon being in Spanish, to us an unknown tongue, we soon passed on to see the cloisters and more chapels. The cloisters are very lovely Gothic with exquisite tracery and from them opens the ancient sacristy, which is chiefly interesting by reason of carved and painted capitals representing scenes from *Don Quixote.*

In an adjoining chapel of "Corpus Christi" is the tomb and the recumbent figure carved in stone of the "head cook" of Henry III. So much were cooks beloved in those early days!

Also in that chapel is the *coffre* or trunk of the "Cid," suspended on brackets against the walls. Theophile Gautier in his "Travels in Spain" calls it "la doyenne des

malles du monde," and the story is that the "Cid" —"el Theed" the Spaniards call him—filled it with sand and pledged it to the Jews for 600 marks, they supposing it to contain gold and jewels! His admirers say that he honestly redeemed it later, but it is quite in keeping with many tales if he did not, for he seems to have been a sort of Spanish Robin Hood, an inexplicable mixture of fine impulses, bravery, and cruelty.

Burgos was the birthplace of the Cid, and we went to see the spot, marked by three stone monuments bearing his arms and those of Castile, which mark the foundation of the house where he was born. After a long and most varied life, having raised himself from the humblest origin to being governor of Valencia, having served first Moor, then Christian, whoever paid him best, he made, according to the chronicles, an exemplary end, receiving the sacraments at the bishop's hands, and "satisfied that he had done his duty toward his God."

Whatever may have been his character while living, and whether loved or hated, dead he is a hero in the hearts of his people, and romance surrounds his name. The Child and I, thoroughly bitten by this same spirit, determined to see his burial-place and to add our homage to the mighty list of his worshippers. By his expressed wish, appearing in his last will, he was to be buried with his wife Ximena, at the convent of San Pedro de Cardeña. This was done, and his favourite charger, Babieca, is said to have been also buried near the gateway of the convent, but for some reason the bones of the Cid were moved about from place to place, and even at one time to Germany, though they now repose in the Hôtel de Ville in Burgos.

To the Cardeña, then, first and real "last resting place" of the Cid, we determined to find our way, but alas! the roads about Burgos at this season are mudholes, and we finally succumbed to the generally ex-

pressed opinion that there was not a pair of horses in the town which could take us there! Useless to mention automobiles, for Burgos is the one place we have yet seen where they do not exist, and except for an occasional unwary tourist who attempts a "run" on Spanish roads, they are not even known. Finding that we must content ourselves with the actual resting place at the Hôtel de Ville, "closed on holidays," we succeeded, in spite of the *festa* in persuading the custodian to show us the so-called "chapel" where the hero lies.

A small room, hardly more than a closet, with an extemporised altar; a small sarcophagus of brown marble tucked into a corner, and recalling in its ugliness, if not its size, that other hideous memorial to a great hero in the "Invalides" in Paris,—such is the last unworthy resting place for the bones of Spain's most romantic hero. With so many beautiful examples before them of tombs which are such exquisite works of art one would almost be willing to be dead to lie under them, it seems a travesty of hero-worship!

I have hardly begun to tell you of the wonders of the cathedral, and can only take time to say that no words, hardly even pictures, can give a realisation of what it is until one has seen it for one's self, and that if it were the only work of art I should see in Spain the memory would more than repay the discomforts and fatigues. Having spent an afternoon and a morning in the cathedral, and time being limited, we reluctantly gave a last look, and in spite of weather, drove about Burgos to see some fine specimens of patrician homes; the old castle where Edward I. of England was married to Eleanor of Castile, and still earlier, the Cid to his Ximena; a curious old gate, or "Arco de Santa Maria," built to please Charles V.; and many other things of interest.

A writer of the seventeenth century says that after the time of the great Emperor "Burgos vegetated," and

Baedeker says it is now "a thriving town." Our verdict would be, I think, that it still "vegetates," unless, as we get more familiar with Spain, we find other towns still more dirty and more dilapidated. It has its wondrous monuments, however, and can afford, perhaps, to ignore decay in the memorials of past glories. Outside the city are the "Hospital del Rey," which was used as a lodging-house for pilgrims, with a lovely old gateway and courtyard; the convent of "Las Huelgas," still occupied by noble ladies, and farther off, a long climb up to its hill-top the "Cartuja de Miraflores."

This is a Carthusian convent founded by King John II., and was rebuilt, after a fire, by the same Hans of Cologne who made himself immortal by the cathedral. It is still occupied by Carthusian monks, and a very reverend, toothless, white-robed "brother" showed us with courteous pride the great treasures, of which three are unsurpassed. They are, first, the wonderful carved monunent, octagonal in shape, a marvel of decoration and infinite detail, with the recumbent figures of King John and Isabella his wife; second, the tomb of the Infante Alfonso, with a kneeling figure hardly less elaborately beautiful than the other; and third, in the chapel of his name, a figure of St. Bruno carved in wood. This last, slightly coloured and life-size, seems really to speak to one, so marvellously is the very "breath of life" portrayed.

The marble tomb of King John and Isabella could be studied for days without exhausting its details and exquisite workmanship, and no other carving, not even that of the "Condestable," is its equal. It suggests an endless train of thought and reflection, and seems a commentary on this strange land of Spain, a country of tragic contrasts,—luxury and poverty, art and barbarism, cruelty and romantic deeds of bravery.

The kindly old brother mumbled to us in his toothless French about the injuries we noticed in the carvings,

Photo by Lacoste, Madrid

The St. Bruno of the Cartuja de Miraflores, near Burgos
Manuel Pereira, Sculptor

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and shook his head sadly as he told us of the miseries of wars. When we asked who had perpetrated these vandalisms, he sighed, saying, "The Spanish say 'the French,' and the French say 'the Spanish'!" At least they have the grace to be ashamed of desecrating an art work we at this date cannot hope to equal. The same train which dropped us at Burgos (there is but one a day) will pick us up and deposit us, we trust, at midnight to-morrow in Madrid, and soon there will be more to tell you.

Your devoted
PRINCESS.

XXIV

The Bull-Fight at Madrid

DESOLATION OF THE PLAINS—ARRIVAL AT MADRID—THE NATIONAL SPECTACLE—ITS HORRORS AND FASCINATIONS—ORIGIN OF THE BULL-FIGHT

April 3, 1911.

My Dear One:

We arrived in Madrid a week ago, having left Burgos at 3 o'clock in the afternoon in cold flurries of snow, which increased in length and violence until by the time we reached Segovia at about 8 o'clock at night we were in the grip of a very fair example of a New England blizzard. I had thought the country from Miranda to Burgos the most desolate imaginable, but had not reckoned with the wilderness south, between Burgos and Madrid. There, in many places, the miserable stone huts, huddled together around a church, were superseded by caves in the hillside, where, within sight of civilisation as represented by vestibuled railroad trains, the wretched people live in primitive aboriginal poverty.

Watching this desolation from my car window and falling more and more deeply under the spell of the weird gloom of the landscape, I began to dream as night shut the view gradually from my eyes, of what a wonderful opportunity here offered for a mission of "good will to men." I seemed to hear a voice saying: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren," and almost I felt impelled to stop the train and go to work

at once to help this wretchedness. Then, like the Pharisee of old, I fell to fingering my phylacteries, passed by on the other side, and shrugged it all off my shoulders and put it on to those of the King and Queen instead, and contented myself with wondering why *they* did not "do something." Perhaps they do, and at any rate who are we, with our Indian problems, to cast the first stone?

I did not mean to embark upon a sermon, but you like to know my thoughts, and there they are, with the additional one that every time I think of those caves I have an uncomfortable pang which says that I ought to follow the advice of old to the rich young man, "sell all thou hast and give to the poor."

We reached Madrid after some delays owing to the storm, at midnight, and were only too pleased to find the motor omnibus from the Hotel Ritz waiting to bear us quickly to luxurious comfort. Did I say quickly? I reckoned without my Spanish! After climbing what seemed an interminable hill, we suddenly drew up to the sidewalk and stopped before a most unpromising dark building with a swaying, flickering electric light in front. Could this possibly be the Ritz Hotel? The conductor appeared at the window and said a few Spanish words, among which we caught the illuminating one of "essence," and realised that with the improvident spirit of their race they had neglected to see that the engine had sufficient food! Not knowing the language, we were speechless, but a Spanish gentleman who was a fellow-passenger said all that we could possibly have wished to say, and repeated it when we finally reached the hotel with a voice and manner which comforted me exceedingly and made me feel that every grievance had been most amply aired for us all! Then the Ritz itself atoned for many shortcomings, being in contrast to some other hotels we have experienced a veritable fairy palace,

where every wish for luxury is gratified at once, provided one rubs, not a lamp of Aladdin, but a peseta! In fact, as far as our experience goes, one might call Spain "the land of the peseta," for it is the open sesame in church and state, and without it doors clang to on their hinges and shut in one's face.

The week we have been here has been spent in tasting the delights of kindly hospitality and of the wonderful art treasures of the Prado, but it is not of art, nor of hospitality, that I am moved to write to you to-day, but of what Baedeker calls "the only unadulterated Spanish article in Europeanised Madrid," the bull-fight. I am not at all sure whether I am more proud or ashamed that I have sat through an hour or so of such a spectacle, but I am quite certain that if I felt any desire to see it a second time, shame ought to be the sensation!

The first suggestion, "that a bull-fight was the characteristic thing to see in Spain, that it was a marvellous spectacle, a wonderful display of skill and courage," left me cold and unmoved. As the days passed, however, curiosity grew upon me, and to the Child's eager arguments, culled from those of an enthusiast, that here was a single opportunity when the opening fight of the year was to take place, when nine fierce young bulls and the pick of the matadors were to appear in the arena, I presented a hesitation which finally lost itself in consent. The Laird's first comment, "Don't depend upon me for support, I shall probably need it myself," was discouraging, but there were not wanting kind friends of the English embassy ready to arrange all details who were more or less in the spirit of the game, and knew all the points; *eh voilà!*

It was yesterday, April 2d, Sunday of course, and at 3.30 in the afternoon. Long before that hour we were on our way under the escort of three very able-bodied Englishmen, who looked unconcerned, but who were, in

reality, as I discovered later, in a good deal of what they themselves would call "a funk," lest they should have fainting strangers on their hands, and I believe every one of the party, if called upon to "stand and deliver," would have been obliged to confess to flasks of something stronger than water concealed about their persons.

The crowds on the way to the Plaza de Toros seemed to argue that all Madrid was likewise minded, and the various kinds of conveyances and equipages to show that all classes were eager to be present. Yesterday there was a great political crisis, and the ministry resigned, but to-day who cares? "Machaquito" is to match his life against the bull; what matter a mere little question of a ministry!

As we drive on slowly, escaping an auto here, a pair of mules there, on one side we see a smart carriage full of señoras in white lace mantillas and gay-coloured shawls, and on another a "vis-à-vis" filled with toreros in their embroidered jackets, pigtails, and black hats of the style we are accustomed to see in *Carmen*. These little pig-tails, by the way, are the much-prized distinguishing mark of the bull-fighter and are always worn at all times and seasons until through misfortune or age he is obliged to give up the game, when it is cut off for ever.

Here let me explain before I begin to describe the fight the various names by which the bull-fighter is known. "Toreador," the name with which Bizet has taught us to associate the much-lauded hero of his opera, is a term which exists only in the poetic region of the stage. All bull-fighters are known by the generic name of "Toreros," but those whose *métier* it is to plant the barbed instruments of torture called banderillas in the bull's neck are called Banderilleros, and the killers are the Matadors. The "ring" is an immense round red brick structure, with galleries on the outside like loggie with openings

of Moorish type giving an Eastern look to the whole. Upon these galleries open the many entrances to the various tiers of seats and boxes, and the large arena is of course uncovered, making the performance a matter of good weather. If the ground is wet it makes the footing dangerous, and much anxiety was expressed lest the bad weather should make this fight impossible; but the day dawned clear and warm for the only time since we had been on Spanish ground, and all was well.

On arriving safely,—almost a miracle,—through the crowded streets, we are piloted by our friends up many stairs and around the galleries to our box, which is on the uppermost tier, the seats ranging in importance from the poorest and most dangerous at the bottom, to the boxes at the top. From here we watch with interest the assembling of the great throng of thousands of spectators and the arena is so large that the people across it look to us like swarms of dolls. I find less brilliance than I had expected and only here and there a box where we see the mantillas and gay shawls we looked for, but they say the bull-fight is becoming less fashionable than it used to be, and that the élite content themselves very often by sending their children and nurses as a pleasant Sunday afternoon amusement!

Soon the vast place is filled, and with a blast of trumpets the aguaciles (heralds) ride in, separate into two groups, gallop around the ring, salute the "president" in his box, and having received permission to begin, ride out again. Another blare of trumpets and a procession of all the participants files in from another entrance and crosses the arena to the president's box. Led by the aguaciles on horseback, the matadors, of whom there are for this grand occasion six, follow on foot. They are gorgeously dressed in satin knee breeches of various brilliant colours, sashes and embroidered jackets, and are received by the crowd with roars of applause, par-

ticularly Rafael Gonzale of Seville, known as "Machaquito," and a great favourite. Then come the other toreros, only a little less magnificent in costume, also on foot, after them the picadores on horseback, then the teams of mules, three abreast, whose work it will presently be to remove the dead animals, and, last of all, a quantity of ring attendants in red shirts, known as *monos sabios*, literally translated *wise monkeys*. Making their salute to the president all pass out, except those who are to combat the first bull. The president throws down the key to the *toril*, where the bull is kept, and the exciting moment is at hand.

The toreros who are to "play" the bull with their *capa* (red cloaks), and the banderilleros, range themselves ready for action. Two picadores, with their long lances, on the pitiable old horses, place themselves on opposite sides of the arena, the gate of the *toril* is thrown open, and in profound stillness and with beating hearts we await what is to come.

In this first instance a wait followed of what seemed many minutes, and long enough to cause murmurings of wonder at the delay. One of our friends was just saying, "This is most unusual, what can be the matter?" when a fine black bull trotted out into the ring at what seemed to me a very slow and quiet pace, though afterward I was told that he proved himself one of the best out of the nine. He threw up his head, stood and looked around, as if taking the measure of his enemies. The toreros began to wave their cloaks and the picadores to spur their poor old tottering horses (mercifully blindfolded) to a feeble gallop, and then one of our friends put his broad shoulders in front of me and said, "Don't look. This part is too disgusting." In what seemed a very few moments I was allowed to look again and there in front of me, across the arena, lay close together the two gored, still quivering bodies of the dead horses, their

riders safely on the other side of the protecting barrier.

Now began a most exciting and hotly-contested, skilled fight, in which my sympathies did not, as I expected, go out to the bull, he was so evidently the raging, powerful brute beast thirsting for blood. If he were not a stupid animal, spending all his fury against the red cloth flaunted in his face, no man could stand against him, but his murderous dashes are mostly for that irritating redness, and the lithe, agile man seldom seems in danger. A slip of the foot, however, a miscalculated distance, would bring about many a casualty were it not for the cool calculation with which the bull is diverted from one torero to another. It is a game, the mysteries of which are not to be understood by a novice any more than the nice points of a football game or a polo match.

The banderilleros, it seems to me, have almost the most difficult part of all, for before the bull is utterly tired out they must seize their chance, and without any protecting cloaks, a banderilla in each hand, they must plant these one on each side of the base of the neck, and often only by means of the bull's own horns are they able to swing themselves aside to safety. The first bull took a good deal of tiring and his dashes about the ring caused the toreros many times to run for their lives and take their flying leaps over the barrier. Then for the first time I understood the use of what was apparently a low seat all around the ring, but which is really a step to aid the flying ones to vault the barriers.

When two sets of banderillas have been put into the bull's neck, a sign is given, and the matador comes forward. While the other toreros divert the bull, Machaquito, who is to kill this time, makes his bow to the president, throws his cap to a friend, addresses his little speech of self-dedication, then proudly strides toward the bull, his *muleta* (a red cloak of finer texture than

the *capa*) and his *espada* carried for him until he, too, plants a pair of banderillas, flower decked, in the bull's neck. This accomplished, the bull for the first time begins to show to our eyes failing strength, but is taunted into new rage and energy by this new being who is now here now there, his red cloak spread over his sword, making a larger and more vivid mark to rush at.

All this time the other toreros are on the watch to divert or interfere in case of danger to the matador, and all combine to force the bull to stand for a last straight charge. This is the crucial moment! With a brave bull who looks his enemy in the face and charges straight, there is not such great danger, and this one stands square and true, while for a moment man and beast look each other in the eyes. Then, I scarcely know whether it is the bull or the man who charges, or both, and the *espada* (sword) is thrust down into the neck, wounds but does not kill. Weakened, dazed, the bull stands for a moment, then folding his knees under him lies slowly down and facing his persecutor seems to say: "I give in, be merciful!"

Is there any mercy? Not a bit of it. Far from showing pity, the matador, the idol of the people, stands before the weakened brute and visibly swelling with pride, pours out a torrent of abuse, as if to an equal. The bull, too, as if an equal, seems to listen until he can bear no more, then slowly rises again to his feet and prepares for one last effort. Again the sword is thrust into the neck and this time wounds through the lungs and a torrent of blood gushes from the poor beast's nostrils. I can look no more, but presently they tell me a dagger has put the final touch and all is over!

Instantly the mule teams are driven in and the dead bodies dragged out of sight, while the *monos sabios* energetically rake the loose sand until the bloodstains are covered, and in less time than I take to write it all traces

of the fight are gone and everything is ready for the next bull. As some one said, "This is the only quick work we ever see in Spain."

"Facilis descensus Averni!" The next fight I minded less than the first. The Laird became absorbed in the most gruesome details. The Child lost all qualms in the excitement of taking photographs. The second bull, who dashed into the ring the moment the gate of the *toril* was opened, was thought less scientific than the first. On being told that the horse part was over, I went to the front of the box and seeing no bodies lying lifeless I asked what had become of the horses. The answer, rather hesitatingly given, that they had "been led out," seemed ominous and the subject was dropped.

After the third bull had been killed I began to feel it was all I could bear, but the fourth dashed into the arena looking so fierce and magnificent I had to see what was going to happen. This time I did take one look and saw him dash at a horse and literally toss him, rider and all; a remarkable feat of strength, with not much danger to the man, who easily slides off on one side and is over the barrier before the bull has time to look at him. This bull also took some time to tire and to kill. It is no easy matter to find the small spot in the neck through which to reach the heart, and in no instance which I saw did any of the matadors succeed in dealing instant death, though it is what they all hope to accomplish. The *espada* or bull-fighter's sword is a long, narrow blade of very finely tempered steel. When one was given me to weigh, I found it a difficult matter to hold it straight in front of me, and realised then what strength must be necessary to drive it into the tough hide of a bull.

After the death of the fourth bull, which meant also eight horses, as each bull is given two to dispose of, we one and all concluded we had seen enough butchery, though other friends stayed through the whole three

hours of incessant blood-letting. In a box near us I had watched a group of children, girls and boys of perhaps nine to twelve years of age, who sat through it all, even the parts I could not look at, with the utmost unconcern. Is it any wonder that Spaniards have the reputation of being the most cruel people in the world when, as children, they have been accustomed to look upon such sights as a pleasure?

The original bull-fights were a different matter. They were a real test of prowess and the bull was fought by gentlemen on magnificent horses, with lances, and they by no means always escaped injury. The bull-fight of to-day in Spain, while it is to some extent a game of skill, with its fine points only understood by the initiated, is always a foregone conclusion, for the bull is there to be killed, and killed not in fair, open contest, but after he has been thoroughly tired out and has become too weak to help himself. While I quite agree with the man who said he "would not care even at the last moment to meet the bull in the ring," yet to my conception it does not seem such a wonderful triumph for a man accustomed to dealing with these brutes to put an end to one in this manner. The crowd think differently, for the matador, if he is considered to have done well, is cheered and fêted until he is ready to burst with pride.

Each part of the fight is directed by the president of the association from his box, but in this he is merely the servant of the people and does not rule so much as he is ruled by the *vox populi*. When I asked if he could not prevent the killing of the horses they said he would not dare to stop it, as in that case the crowd would never let him leave the place alive. Spaniards defend this part of the game by saying that it is necessary to sacrifice the horses in order to tire out the bull; that no man could kill a fresh beast in the full force of his strength, and that it is better to sacrifice the horses than the men.

The obvious alternative of "why sacrifice either the one or the other" hardly seems to occur to them. Of course the horses are the poorest and most forlorn specimens which can be imagined, and one almost agrees that instant death is more merciful than to drag on in harness, probably beaten and ill-treated. But instant death is by no means always the result, and the better class of Spaniards themselves admit that it is disgusting and unnecessary.

The crowd, however, greet the goring and tossing of a horse with shouts and roars of approval, so that even if one does not look one knows from the noise what is going on. Enthusiasts argue, too, that blindfolded as they are and not knowing what is coming, the horses feel no sensation but a great shock, and cite as evidence the fact that they make no sound or moan. It is true they make no cry, and one can only hope they do not feel, but that eighteen horses should, in one afternoon, be gored to make a holiday seems too dreadful to admit of any excuse, and unworthy to be thought of in the civilisation of the twentieth century.

People say that enthusiasm for the bull-fight is not what it was, and many believe it is on the wane, but as long as every town, even the smallest, has its ring, while the crowd demand "amusements" for their holidays, while priests of the Church not only look on, but descant learnedly on the "points of the game," there would seem to be small hope of its abolishment. In Portugal and in the south of France, it is more a sport and less a brutal butchery, for the bulls are not killed and no horses are sacrificed, and we may perhaps in time find the same gentle spirit of mercy flowering in even the desert wastes of Castile. There are many things to tell you of a happier side of Spanish life and character but they must wait.

Your most devoted

PRINCESS.

XXV

Toledo—The Wonder City

ARRIVAL AT TWILIGHT—IMPRESSIONS BY MOONLIGHT—THE EARLY MORNING AND FAIRY. BELLS—THE SWEEP OF THE TAGUS—"EL GRECO" AND THE MYSTERY OF SPAIN—MAURICE BARRÈS'S BOOK—GREAT PICTURES

April 7, 1911.

MY DEAREST:

I never thought it would be my good fortune to be wandering along the banks of the Tagus, but they say "all things come to those who wait," and here we are. So many famous people have written about Toledo it would seem that all the world should know it well, yet I find (and perhaps I am not alone in that experience) that books seldom give one a knowledge of a place one has not had a glimpse of in reality. It is one thing to read that "Toledo is situated high on a granite hill surrounded on three sides by the gorge of the Tagus," but it is quite another to picture to oneself the strange mass of ancient buildings with here and there a mosque-like dome or minaret standing out against the brilliant sky, the swift-rushing river, and above, crowning all, the regal Alcázar. No photograph, or even painting, is capable of creating for us the unseen, but with one long look, for always we carry with us a picture which we uncover at will by daylight or dark, to refresh us when weary, or to inspire when dulled by daily cares. If all

one gained from foreign travel were the mere actual sights which once seen vanished, there are few things which would repay, to my thinking, for the fatigue and discomforts, but to furnish one's memory with thoughts and pictures for all time is more than worth any price.

At the end of a two-hour trip from Madrid the sun vanished behind the distant mountains, and Toledo appeared to us on its rocky height in all the charm and mystery of rosy twilight. The train halts discreetly in the bottom land, not too near to defile the ancient walls with its sordid modern paltriness, and good strong horses climb with us up the steep hill and across the wonderful old bridge at Alcántara. Once through the gates we climb again, turning and twisting into the Grand Place, and then on again through a narrow passage one can hardly call a street, clattering and rumbling to the door of the Hotel da Castilla. This, though modern, is built in the Moorish style and in keeping with its surroundings. Inside we find ourselves in a sort of covered court surrounded by galleries, and in the centre a big brass brazier with smouldering coals gives the final touch of the East, though, I must in truth add, but little heat.

It is always delightful to me to make first acquaintance with an historic place by the light of the moon, or the stars, it so heightens the sense of romance, and creates living realities from the spirits of the glorious dead. After being refreshed by a very good dinner, we three, the Laird and the Child and myself, gladly accepted the offer of guidance from a swarthy-faced, melancholy-eyed man of gentle manners. He announced himself in excellent English as the property of "Cook," but being at that late hour free, he, for love of the strange old place, would be happy to walk with us for an hour.

Emerging from the dark winding passage which leads from the hotel, the lighted shop windows of the Place first claimed our curious attention. The famous Toledo

metal work is here spread out, and naturally a "Toledo blade" had first claim as a souvenir, then native basket-work proved irresistible and brilliant donkey harness. Only the Laird's oft-repeated warning as to the unkind "customs" of our native country prevents the Child and me from encumbering ourselves with a strange collection of embroidered girths and fringed bridles which lamp-light invests with such magic charms. Finally, however, we manage to tear ourselves away with only a modest package and follow the friendly stranger into the dark byways of the mysterious city.

As we stumble up and down the steep hills over the rough stones, in streets so narrow our outstretched arms may almost touch the walls, he tells us story after story of the buildings which are at this hour little more than dark and grim shadows of the terrible past days. The ancient prison of the Inquisition, now a sort of inn, is dimly lighted by a swinging lamp whose rays of light moving gently to and fro now illumine and now darken the emblems carved on its façade, and make startlingly real the visions of the tortures our guide describes.

From here we, in a few moments, are touching the walls of the cathedral, and across the narrow street our hands rest against barred windows. Looking up between the high walls there appears, in dim outline, growing more distinct as we concentrate our eyes upon it, a covered bridge not unlike the Bridge of Sighs at Venice which connects the palace of the archbishop with the cathedral. The barred windows are the offices, perhaps the dungeons if their looks are a guide, of the palace, and the heavy walls across the narrow street the church's solid foundation. Just beyond we emerge on a little square called the "Plazuela del Ayuntamiento" and here we receive the first real impression of the cathedral, its towers outlined against the blue-black starlit sky.

This little "Place" is the only spot where one can get a vision of the whole, and as our friend points out this or that tower or buttress, we seem to see to the full the great conception. Visigoth and Moor, Christian and Heathen, pass before us in wondrous array as we think of temple and mosque, which have served their time and vanished into dust. What little insignificant crawling ants we feel when we try to take in the fact that the grand walls took 265 years in the mere building and were finished in their present aspect at the time when Columbus was discovering our baby country! What scenes could this little open space describe to us could a thing so inanimate have voice! On one side the cathedral, on another the dwelling of the Primate of the Church in Spain, and on another the Ayuntamiento, or city hall.

Inside, on the staircase of this hall, are verses of admonition to the city governors which, if apt at the time of the sixteenth century, are a proof that in morals as well as other things more tangible there is little new under the sun, for it would hardly seem possible to invent better rules for guidance than here appear:

"Good gentlemen with high forbears
  Who govern Toledo city,
As you ascend these civic stairs,
Abandon all nepotic cares,
  Fear, greed, and undue pity.
Think only of the state's behoof,
  Not of the gain that lureth;
Since you 're the pillars of the roof
Which God provides, be yours the proof
  That honour still endureth."

From the "Plazuela" our guide leads us through narrowest lanes, passing many a mystery-filled balcony, around the cathedral, showing us the Gate of the Lions, the contours of various chapels, and at last, when we can

no more, back to the mimic palace which is to shelter our dreams, or perhaps our dreamless sleep, if tired Nature can command it.

Early the following morning I am awakened by the tinkling of a myriad of little bells, and filled with the still recent glamour of the dark, I wonder what fairy masquerade is being offered us. As my wits begin to return, they tell me to fling open the blinds, let in the brilliant sunshine, and allow daylight to tell its more prosaic story. My fairies resolve themselves into nice motherly brown goats whose musical bells call the householders to get their daily cups of milk before the gentle, wise-looking creatures are driven to the rocky hillsides, where with untiring patience they gather a meagre meal from the scant herbage. I shall always inseparably connect with Toledo these flocks of brown goats which I saw later in the day climbing about the hills outside the city gates, where also the donkeys carry their panniers filled with jars of the river water or other burdens for all the household needs.

Carriages of whatever kind are of little use in the inner part of the town, where many of the streets do not admit of their passing at all, and where in any of them one must proceed with great noise of cracking of whips and loud cries, in order to warn others to clear the way. To see the outskirts, however, if one is not a sturdy walker, some kind of transport is necessary, and for myself I should have preferred to patter about on a donkey, but they do not seem to be used for strangers, and instead, we were provided with a quite unromantic victoria. The "gentle Moor," our friend of the night, being engaged for the inevitable "Cook's party," we were obliged regretfully to substitute a very ordinary-looking everyday Spaniard, who spoke French and knew his lesson, but with the heart left out. He could, however, show us the way, which in Toledo is imperative.

We drove down the steep hills to the edge of the river, stopping to see churches which began life as mosques so many centuries ago it made one's brain whirl to think of them, and to examine walls built originally by the Visigoths, added to and maintained by all the later peoples who have made of Spain a battle-ground for faiths and nations. Our way lay first on the west side of the city where, outside the gates and below, lies the great plain they call the Vega, which stretches away off to the mountains and where the crops are grown to furnish all the city's needs, then we wound about the base of the hill to the bridge of San Martin whose five great arches stretch high above the Tagus. Near this was the palace of "Roderick, the last of the Goths," and they show still the "Baño de la Cava" where he is supposed to have seen the vision Sir Walter Scott has pictured for us. The bridge itself, with a huge gate-tower at each end, one bearing the arms of Toledo and the other a statue of St. Julian, is a marvellous picture of ancient days and ways. Crossing through the gates to the side opposite the city one has a perfect picture of the East upon which to feast one's eyes.

We stand against a rocky hillside where the goats are climbing and browsing. In the foreground a road winds high up above the river, along which pass in almost continuous procession heavily laden donkeys guided by picturesque men in "sombreros," blue blouses, and scarlet sashes, or women in many-coloured dresses, or even children in all sorts of motley costumes. They cross the bridge and disappear into the narrow streets, others emerge from these, cross to our side, and go their various ways, up or down. To our right the rushing Tagus tears down through the deep gorge it has cut for itself during the ages, and sweeps on to our left. Across, the city rises on its hill, from this distance a confused mass of greyish brown stone, a tower or minaret here or

Photo by " The Child "

A Faithful Burden-bearer Crossing the Puente del Martin over the Tagus

Photo by " The Child "

Toledo and the Alcázar

" An Eagle's Nest by Chasmed Tagus "

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there rising above the whole and outlined clear against the sky.

A lovely morning tempts us to a drive up the hillside, through gardens and groves of olive trees, to a point high up on the sides of the "Montes de Toledo," from which the whole sweep of the river in its circle around the hill and the city itself is spread before us. The cathedral lifts its vast sides above the surrounding buildings, looking not unlike the great, rounded flanks of a huge elephant towering above his associates; and dominating all, the great square Alcázar, its four faces speaking to us of different centuries and dynasties. The Alcázar, although it has been the home of the Cid as well as of almost every celebrity of Spain, and is now a school for cadets, seems to me to speak with most infinite detail and authority of Charles V., who, as many-sided as this his monument, stamps all of Spain which we have seen with his vivid strength and personality and romance.

While we have been gazing at these wonders, our guide has been gathering a little nosegay of herbs which grow around the rocks to which we have climbed, and bringing them to me, he shows the pungent "Romero," which he tells me is used in curing the olives to give them their distinctive flavour. The odour, sweet and penetrating as lavender, seems a mixture of "all the perfumes of Araby," and I shall keep it always by me, a talisman to call up the tablets of memory. Returning to the city, we visit the church of San Juan de los Reyes, whose granite walls are adorned with numbers of iron chains which were struck from the limbs of Christian captives found in Moorish dungeons. This church and convent were meant by the "Catholic Kings" to be their burial place, but after the conquest of Granada and the founding of the royal mausoleum there, this object was abandoned. The cloisters are very beautiful, the most lovely piece of work we have seen in Spain, I am tempted to say,

and immediately when said, I think of so many others clamouring for the same praise, I can only add that it is impossible to choose among such wealth of wonders.

Near to this church is the government weapon factory, where they show us the blades which roll up like watch springs, and in contrast the stiff, heavy, yet long and thin swords of the bull-fighters. At this place also they have every variety of the Toledo metal work, which derives, to my mind, its especial interest from the thought that it is an inheritance from the old Romans. In spite of modern enlightened (so-called) methods, it is much less artistically beautiful than the specimens of the same kind of work of their day which one sees in museums. Near by these places also is the church of Santo Thomé, originally a mosque, and its beautiful tower, which is much the same as in its original character. The chief interest of this church is in the remarkable painting by Domenico Theotocópuli, the "El Greco" whose fame is so interwoven with the mention of Toledo.

In a book recently published by Maurice Barrès, he of whom I wrote you in connection with the preservation of the churches of France, an interesting account is given in Barrès's charming style of the life and work of this remarkable man, who was painter, architect, and writer, as well as dreamer and enthusiast. Grecian by birth, as his name implies, and student under Titian, he became a Toledan of the Toledans, and Barrès claims that to know him is to know the "secret of Toledo," and to know this is the secret of Spain itself.

The picture in Santo Thomé by El Greco is of the *Interment of the Count of Orgaz*, and underneath it, on the wall where it is painted, there is an inscription which tells its story. "Even if thou art hurried, O traveller, stay a moment and listen to an ancient story of our city related in a few words. Don Gonzalez Ruiz of Toledo, among other proofs left to us of his piety,

bequeathed a donation of treasures of gold and silver in order that the temple of St. Thomas the apostle, where he wished to be interred, might be richly restored. At the moment when the priests were preparing to lay him in the grave, the Saints Etienne and Augustine descended from heaven and buried him with their own hands. As it would take too long to relate here the motives which induced the saints to do this, go, if thou canst, to the convent of the St. Augustines, which is not far, and there thou shalt be told all."

The tablet goes on to relate that, in contradistinction to the inhabitants of heaven, those of earth were less to be lauded, and legacies which were to be levied annually from the inhabitants of Orgaz, after much quarrelling, ceased entirely. "Thus," says Barrès, "this work of Greco is a commemoration of the unfaithfulness of man, and seems to be saying, 'Ingrates, you have been frivolous enough to fail to carry out his wishes so highly approved of by the saints. Tremble! for he is in heaven, blessed by familiar intercourse with Christ and the Virgin.'" The "Interment" is in two parts, the lower representing the death of Orgaz, surrounded by friends, and the upper his reception into the company of heaven. "Oh! power of the artist soul," says Barrès, "which transforms a theme! This vulgar quarrel, complicated by an inconceivable miracle, would soon have fallen into oblivion, but Greco revives it, and from a common local scene he elevates it to the eternal. To the curé of Nuñez, who tells us the story, we would reply, 'Do you believe?' but when it is Greco who speaks, he leads us to a region where skepticism loses its power."

There are two works of El Greco's besides this one which will always be vividly in my mind, one being the *Parting of the Tunic of Christ*, a wonderful piece of colour, which is in the sacristy of the cathedral in Toledo, and a *Portrait of a Doctor*, in the museum of the

Prado in Madrid. Not that there are not many, many others almost equally worthy of one's admiration, but these happen to be my especial favourites. To the many opinions that Greco "était un fou," Barrès says: "For me, I feel myself before a soul strong and unusual, whom it is reasonable to hold in distrust but to whom it is more reasonable to listen attentively. I promise myself to study this strange Spanish problem in pursuing the history of his life and following the whole series of his pictures."

The house where El Greco lived has recently been restored, and now belongs to the city as a museum of art, and especially of his paintings. It is a very charming example of the East—shaded, cool rooms opening out to a *patio* surrounded by balconies, and a lovely garden, from which a wide expanse of scenery reveals to us many of the artist's conceptions. The glamour of Greco and his secrets, so enticingly interpreted to us through this most delightful book, have led me on until I have little time or space to tell you of Toledo's other wonders. The beautiful old gates are in themselves reward enough, and for the cathedral in detail you must go to Théophile Gautier or some of the other many word painters. A building which took more than two and a half centuries to build is not lightly to be dismissed with a few words, nor can one hope to know it without much study.

For myself, I cannot think it so exquisite as that of Burgos, but for magnificence it is not to be surpassed. Has it not been for centuries the stronghold of the faith, the "Rome of Spain," and the seat of the most arrogant and powerful cardinals the Church of Rome has known, and have they not lavished the wealth of ages in its treasures and its artistic details to make it a fitting throne for their power and majesty? This cathedral in itself can reveal to the student all the wonderful history of this most remarkable country so full of the cruelty of despotic power, and yet filled to the brim with romance and beauty.

Photo by Lacoste, Madrid

"Retrato de un Medico"

Domenico Theotocópuli (El Greco). Gallery of the Prado, Madrid

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It seemed strange to us, and I note that in his book Maurice Barrès also noticed the almost levity of many of those who take part in the services. To see priests in the *vestuario* smoking long cigars was even a greater shock than cigarettes in the mouths of the beadles! "Other skies, other customs," and to a Spaniard smoke is as the breath of life; therefore we must try to believe that it means no disrespect.

I cannot end this sketch of my all too brief stay at Toledo (better, however, than the one-day rush of the tourist) without a mention of the house where Cervantes lived and died, and where he wrote *Don Quixote.* It has a quaint old court with the usual galleries, and is now used as a sort of baiting place for the peasants who drive in from Sancho Panza's country, and at the noon hour, when we saw it, held some curious-looking vehicles which almost seemed his legacies. The Visigoths, the Moors, the Inquisition, Charles the great Emperor, with countless others, make Toledo a unique and splendid gem, and we should like to keep it unspoiled from tourist feet. Yet who are we to be dogs in such a manger?

Your most enchanted

PRINCESS.

XXVI

Madrid and Escorial

THE GALLERY OF THE PRADO—THE CREAM OF VELASQUEZ—THE TWO GIACONDA PORTRAITS—SMALL ARCHITECTURAL INTEREST—SAN FRANCISCO EL GRANDE—SAN JERONIMO AND ITS RECOLLECTIONS—THE ROYAL STABLES—THE ARMERIA—THE ROYAL PALACE—THE ESCORIAL AND PHILIP II.—A GLANCE AT BARCELONA AND A VISION OF MONTSERRAT

April 15, 1911.

DEAR BELOVED:

The refrain often recurs to me, "My body's in Segovia but my heart is in Madrid," and at this moment when bodily I am in Barcelona, I feel it more than ever true that our hearts are apt to disembody themselves and stay behind, or go before.

We left Madrid with much regret, the more because, by reason not only of its geography but very largely because of the discomforts and delays of Spanish travel, it is unlikely we shall see it again, and I cannot allow you to think that the bull-fight was the only scene which claimed our interest, so I must transport myself and you again to the scenes, which will remain vivid pictures always.

Many hours we spent in the gallery of the Prado, that place of inexhaustible feast to the art lover, and have brought with us indelible memories of wonderful pictures which seem to create an entirely new point of view.

So strongly do I feel about this collection I am almost of the opinion that no one can be really educated in art

who has not studied it, for it is not only that there is here the marvellous room lined with the very cream of all that Velasquez painted, but that the gallery is filled with specimens of the very best of almost every other of the great painters as well.

The famous equestrian portrait of Charles V. is not only one of the greatest of such portraits, but one of the very best examples of Titian's work; the same can be said of the Raphaels, the Andrea del Sartos, and many another, while Goya and El Greco must be almost unknown quantities to those who have not studied these masters here.

In view of the somewhat recent controversy brought about by the *N. Y. Herald* on the comparative merits of the two *Mona Lisa* or *Giaconda* pictures it has been specially interesting to study the one at the Prado, and we shall be able through photographs and carefully remembered details to compare it with its counterpart in the Louvre a little later. At the moment, with the recollection of six months back, my verdict would be that the one in the Louvre was the original and this in the Prado a clever and more recent copy, as it looks far newer in every way. How far it is true, as claimed, that the copy in the Louvre has been retouched until fairly spoiled, I cannot pretend to be expert enough to detect. Certain it is that many details in the Louvre portrait are almost indistinguishable which are clear and brightly coloured in that at the Prado, and that this latter has no background, while the Louvre copy has a very distinct one.

Architecturally there is little in Madrid to interest a traveller fresh from Burgos and Toledo and only one of the many churches has any special interest. That one is the "San Francisco el Grande," which was partly modelled on the Pantheon at Rome. Even this church is quite modern and the principal points of interest

are the wonderfully carved doors and some beautiful carving and panelling in the sacristy. It was intended at one time to make "San Francisco" a national Pantheon, but as it was found impossible to trace the resting places of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Velasquez, Murillo, and others, this project was abandoned and the church is now once more used for divine service.

Of course the little church of San Jeronimo, though without any beauty, has a special interest at the present time because it was the scene of the wedding of King Alfonso and his English Queen, and when one stands in its little aisle and realises what awful results would have been certain if the bomb had been thrown there instead of in the open street later, it seems filled with thoughts of heavenly protection and spiritual exaltation.

At the royal stables we were shown the gala coach and harness used on this momentous occasion and could see quite plainly, under the varnish of the coach, where the bomb had torn its deadly way, although the places have been carefully repaired. The harness, which is of red leather studded with gold, also showed quite plainly by the difference in colour just where the reparations had been made. We had been told that the royal stables were not much to see and as far as paint and general repair go this is quite true, but the harness room, with its hundred or more large glass cases filled with harness of every description and many ages, we found most interesting, and especially the saddles and accoutrements of vanished days and men.

The horses, of which there were one hundred and fifteen, were not of much apparent value, and had our sincere sympathy, as they were kept in a heated stable with no ventilation, for although there were plenty of windows they were all shut tight. Each horse was twice or even thrice blanketed and one could not wonder that most of them had to have bars from bit to surcingle

to prevent them tearing off the sweltering coverings. The polo ponies, of which there were about twenty-five, were far more comfortable, and were also in better condition. Mules, of course, are the national steeds of Spain and we happened to see the royal children with their governesses returning from their drive in two landaus, each one drawn by four of these smart-looking animals dashing up the incline from the royal park at a swift gallop. One of the prettiest sights of all in the stables is the pony of the little Prince of the Asturias, and the tiny baby donkeys looking like toys in their little blankets and halters.

The King has a large assortment of automobiles and carriages but it is the state carriages which are of especial interest, and these are divided into two classes, the state coaches and half-state coaches. Of the latter there are ten and of the former fourteen. A very beautiful one of tortoise-shell and enamel and exquisitely decorated was presented to Ferdinand VII. by Napoleon I., and in this the Child was invited to sit, with most laughably exaggerated pretence of fear of discovery on the part of the attendant. The state funeral coach, like the harness which goes with it, is of solid dull black with beautiful carvings, a very crudescence of funeral pomp and woe.

One of the most interesting sights in Madrid is the collection of armour and weapons at the Royal Armeria, for here are collected not only the suits of armour worn by almost every king of Spain, but many most wonderful specimens of the art collected by Charles V. and Philip II. Happening to be at the Armeria when some suits for both horses and men were being removed to be sent to the exhibition in Rome, we had the unusual opportunity of seeing how carefully the animals, as well as the men, had to be padded to protect the flesh from hurt by chafing.

It was only a powerful horse, indeed, capable of carrying his own steel coverings together with his master so caparisoned.

Of all the many interesting things in the collection, which comprises ancient jewellery, tools, and all kinds of weapons, including the old "Toledo blades" rolled up like a watch spring, none held for me such thrilling interest as the tent of Francis I., captured with him at the battle of Pavia, for nothing has so thoroughly realised the magnificence of kings. As one looks towards it from the entrance it appears to be made of silk most marvellously embroidered and is of an exquisite shade of a sort of Chinese pink, and what appears to be embroidery is in a combination of "eastern" colours. On examination at close hand it proves to be of linen, old, and faded into this lovely indescribable shade, and the medallions with which it is largely covered, both inside and out, are really not of needle stitch at all, but are flowers cut out of coloured linens and put on in marvellous regularity and in exquisite appliqué, a sort of sublime apotheosis of the patchwork of our grandmothers. Where it came from and by whom designed and made would be an interesting discovery which has not been mine to make, though I daresay there are annals in some archive which might tell.

The Royal Palace is one of the most magnificent and royal of the palaces we have seen in any country, its situation alone making it almost unique, as it stands on the brow of a sharp hill, at its feet the park called the "Casa de Campo," laid out by Philip II., and beyond a wonderful view over the plains to far-off mountains.

In the "Calle Mayor," one of the main streets, and not very far from the palace, is a monument erected to the memory of those unfortunates who were killed by the explosion of the bomb intended for the young King and his bride, and in the house opposite one is shown the window from which the fanatic gained his vantage point. In such streets as this, and in the square called the Puerto del Sol and many of the older parts of the town,

the people seem to live in the open air and remind one of Naples, where, as here, one feels that the pulse of life throbs almost to bursting and that a word might bring a revolution.

The newer parts of Madrid have no especial characteristics and one feels it might be Paris or any continental city, except that there are no motor cabs, and that an occasional mantilla proclaims the nationality, as well as the picturesque costumes of the peasants bringing with their teams of mules the produce from the outlying country.

An excursion within easy reach is to the famous Escorial, and as our train made its leisurely way up from Madrid to the hills we had ample opportunity to study the country. The thirty-one miles seem leagues as we creep slowly up the hill for nearly two hours, stopping at every little station for friendly converse, and as we draw near to the grey mountains against which the big granite pile is hardly distinguishable, it seems like a country of the hobgoblins. The fields are covered by most fantastic-shaped boulders assuming every conceivable aspect of man and beast, and in such a scene of inhospitable and stony desolation one receives a new and more vital realisation of the curious contradictions of a nature which chose this spot as a grateful place for retirement and meditation.

Philip II., bound by the will of his great father Charles V. to build a burial church, chose to add to it in fulfilment of a vow a convent to St. Lawrence, and to this, a palace, or perhaps what would be more rightly called a succession of cells, for his private use, to which later kings added more regally; these altogether forming the great mass which takes its name from the *escorias* or "refuse" of the iron mines in the village below, and which is made known to every schoolboy as the largest building in the world.

Large as it is, it is dwarfed at first glimpse by the mountains behind it, of which it seems, as we approach it from below, an integral part. A dark mass of prison or fortress-like grimness, which as we enter its cold grey church we are constrained to call "petrified gloom."

The church has the same magnificent proportions which characterise the whole exterior, and we approach the inner regions of the "Panteón" with a feeling of supreme awe, expecting to find the same beautiful majesty of Death which we had found in the wonderful carved tombs at Burgos and Toledo. We forget, however, that Philip's original conception of severe simplicity has been added to by later generations whose only idea of beauty seems to have been a loaded ornamentation, and are hardly prepared for the horrors of a vault caparisoned in gold, and black marble.

We step out of the church into a brightly day-illumined marble-lined corridor. At our left is an opening leading to a long flight of stone steps which becomes more and more densely black as we descend, and finally at the bottom we grope our way by the light of a solitary candle into an angled hall where in each angle rises shelf after shelf on which stand the black marble coffins trimmed with gold containing the bodies of kings and queens of Spain, beginning with the great Emperor Charles V.

There are three or four of these still empty, and it must sometimes give awful thoughts to the young King and Queen to think with what stony, inexhaustible patience they are awaited, and we can only hope they may receive consolation from the thought that, in the church directly above them, each day prayers will ascend to heaven from the high altar.

Ascending from this place of gloom we pass down the marble corridor in the opposite direction to the "Panteón de los Infantes" where lie the royal princes and princesses

who did not reach the throne. These for some unknown reason have each his or her separate tomb and in contrast to the other this Panteón is very new-looking, of white marble, and without the slightest claim to any kind of beauty.

In both Panteóns it is just Death in its most uncompromising aspect which meets our eyes, without any tangible comforting suggestions of Faith, or hope of Immortality, and we are thankful to return for a while to the open air and more cheerful environment.

The convent is, of course, largely closed to visitors but we are shown the wonderful library where the custodian assures us that "tous les sujets" temporal or celestial may be studied and where there are besides some interesting portraits. In the sacristy which is reached through the fine cloisters is a collection of paintings, some of great merit and interest, though the best were moved to the Prado, and also some curiosities of needlework and interesting ivory carvings.

On another side we enter the royal apartments, chiefly interesting because of the tapestry, mostly modern, however; and from them we walk in the "Salles des Batailles," a long gallery whose frescoed walls give curiously interesting pictures of many different methods of ancient warfare.

From this gallery a series of narrow passages leads to the most deeply interesting part of the whole immense building, the private rooms of Philip II., kept very much as they were in his occupancy, his Bible on his desk, together with his writing arrangements, and near them the curious chairs which were devised to ease the torturing pain of his swollen limbs. These rooms are really little but the cells he is said to have considered all that was necessary in which to end his days, and the bedroom is but an inner closet where his life ebbed slowly away as he lay for fifty days, alone and almost

untended, his hands clasping a crucifix and his eyes fixed upon the high altar of the church, seen through an adjustable panel in the wall.

We leave this place, so impregnated with thoughts of the cruelties and the sufferings of this extraordinary man, and sitting outside in the sunshine in the beautiful box-garden, one's thoughts run riot in the history of a church which could give birth to the tortures of the Inquisition and at the same time inspire such men as Charles V. and his son to renounce all their pomp and luxury and end their days in ascetic privation.

In the searching light of the present and the knowledge it gives us that Faith can stand side by side with Cruelty, that Liberty is so often only another name for Oppression, one is tempted to paraphrase Madame Roland and exclaim "O *Religion*, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

The whole impression the Escorial has left upon me is one of sadness, of austerity, and gloom, and it seems an outward embodiment of the irresistible, unconquerable weight of fanaticism. Doubtless there are many who would shrink from agreeing with me, but remember, I come of Puritan ancestry, with the inherited revolt against oppression in any form.

Soon after this excursion we left Madrid to take the unnecessarily long journey of sixteen hours to Barcelona, and again we leave Madrid as we arrived, in a snow-storm, which again turns the Castilian plain into a gloomy desert. Our arrival at Barcelona is an amusing episode to look back upon but was far from entertaining while it lasted. Finding that there were two stations, we made efforts to discover at which of the two we should descend from the train, and under the advice of a French fellow-traveller who counselled the first as "beaucoup plus commode," we chose it, to find ourselves in an almost deserted small underground place, no porters, no cabs, midnight, and

when we emerged in the open, rain-deluged, wind-swept desolate avenues stretching in every direction. While we stood and forlornly debated our next move, a blue-bloused porter appeared who needed no words to understand the dismay written on our faces, and shouldering what luggage we could not carry ourselves, he valiantly led the way through wet and wind in the direction of the "Gran Hotel Colon." Fortunately, before we were quite drenched a cab appeared and the situation was saved.

Barcelona in the old town has quaint narrow winding streets very Spanish in character and full of interest, but the new portions of the town are entirely given over to "New Art" specimens of architecture, each one more hideous than the last, culminating in some apartment houses the decorations of whose fronts made one feel the builder must have made his drawings in nightmare dreams.

The principal interest is the cathedral, a very beautiful and stately Gothic church where we heard the best music in Spain. Happening in at High Mass we heard a magnificent organ thunder out grand tones, while one of those curious products of the Latin church, a male soprano, sang very acceptably with the background of a full chorus of well-trained voices. Outside in the cloisters we came upon a novelty. The inner court is planted in part with palms and medlars and a large pond occupies the remainder in which a flock of geese disport themselves. Whether this is in imitation of the days of ancient Rome, or whether these birds are to grace the tables of the priests, our ignorance of the language fails to discover!

Besides the cathedral there are a few other interesting old buildings, but twenty-four hours exhausts the interests of Barcelona, as it more than suffices for the discomforts of its hotels.

We shall journey north to-morrow, but not without regrets for the many wonderful places we have left unseen

and a particular especial one for grand old Montserrat, dimly seen in the distance from Barcelona's nearer hills, but by stress of weather and time forbidden to our present wanderings.

Your devoted
PRINCESS.

Photo by Hauser y Menet, Madrid

"Grand Old Montserrat"

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XXVII

La Belle France

CARCASSONNE, ITS HISTORY AND ITS FASCINATIONS—NÎMES AND ALPHONSE DAUDET—PONT DU GARD—PARIS AGAIN—SOME NEWLY EXHIBITED MEMORIALS OF THE TERROR—THE DAUPHIN AND NAUNDORFF—SOME EXPOSED "FAIRY TALES"—THE CHAUCHARD COLLECTION AT THE LOUVRE—FAREWELL TO FRANCE

May 10, 1911.

MON PÈRE:

You remember, I am sure, that touching poem of Nadaud's; and how often I sighed out that refrain,

"Mon Dieu! que je mourrais content
Après avoir vu Carcassonne!"

My Prince Opportunity has at last guided me even there, and I shall die more content no doubt, but,

"Le vicaire a cent fois raison:
C'est des imprudents que nous sommes
Il disait dans son oraison
Que l'ambition perd les hommes."

My ambition was obtained at a dear price as you shall hear, but first I must go back to Barcelona, which we left in the early morning of the 16th three weeks ago, and tell you that it was comforting to find, on our way up

to France, a Spain which merited the term "sunny." After the deserts of Castile and Aragon, the fertile country of Catalonia gave a new meaning to the term "smiling fields," and we were glad to replace the remembrances of past days of the Inquisition mingled with the poverty of cave-dwellers, by happy, contented-looking peasants at work in the vineyards, or among the olive trees, their comfortable cottages reminding us of the Basque lands on the other side.

A long day's journey brought us up along the shores of the Mediterranean to Cerbère, where we were stopped for luggage examination. From here on to Narbonne our old friends the Pyrénées continued to welcome us, their snowy peaks glistening far off in the sunshine, and it was good to feel oneself again entering "La Belle France."

Warm France it was not, however, and Carcassonne gave us a chill welcome with icy winds much bemoaned by the *vignerons* who feared to lose their season's gains.

What they call the "new town" (although it was built in the thirteenth century) is a quaint old place of narrow roughly paved streets, and it required all our remembrance of the vision we had from the train of the old *Cité* on the hill, its towers pink-topped by the dying sunlight, to console us for the very unpromising-looking court-yard into which we clattered a few minutes from the station. A dark stone staircase led up to a stone paved hall, and we were ushered into rooms comfortable enough in size and furnishings but equipped also with red tiled floors, with a few little islands of rugs, and a temperature not far removed from freezing.

Some pipes were there, by courtesy called heaters, but no heat ever came from them during our two days' stay, and all this iciness, capped by damp sheets within and the cold winds without, proved trying to one who is forced to sing like Nadaud's old peasant,

Photo by "The Child"

A Corner of the Ramparts of Carcassonne. Homes Within—Enemies Without

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"Je me fais vieux, j'ai soixante ans."

However, I have seen Carcassonne, and though I much wish I could have seen it before Viollet-le-Duc did, it is, in spite of him, a vision of delight, a beautiful dream of past ages, when men put their wives and children behind them and braved barbarous deaths in their defence, or in times of peace played at fighting under the shadow of the great walls, to win guerdons from their sweethearts.

The *Cité*, as they call the old fortress town on its steep plateau, seems to have existed from the very earliest days of history, and is supposed to have been visited, if not originally founded, by the Phœnicians, for although the course of the Aude is changed somewhat now, it is thought that in those days the light barques of the Tyrian navigators could easily have passed so far up the river.

It is mentioned by Cæsar and Pliny as a Roman possession, and in the fifth century was an important capital of the Visigoths, to whom it was the key to the Aude Valley, the passage to their Spanish provinces. Therefore, being their frontier on the side of the Garonne, they made of it as strong a fortress as the resources of their day permitted, and some of their work has endured to the present time, as visitors are shown.

In the eighth century it was conquered by the Saracens, but they held it only for a short time, and have left no impress of their military architecture.

Under Charlemagne it was governed by functionaries, removable at the pleasure of the Emperor, called "Comtes," and in the anarchy which followed the death of the Emperor these rendered themselves independent and hereditary. In the early part of the twelfth century came the dynasty of the "Trencavel," the founder of which, Bernard Aton, started, on the most democratic basis, the University of Carcassonne, and after him, the

vicomtes were nothing more than the presidents of the republic of Carcassonne.

This was the most brilliant epoch of its history and the period of the Troubadours, and the gallant adventures which cast such a romantic halo about the fortress as to make it famed in verse and song. The historian adds that "when we come to examine the annals of this republic closely, one is surprised to find conditions of civic independence, a liberty of conscience, a respect of popular rights, which has no parallel in modern times."

After this time Carcassonne was taken by Simon de Montfort, and at his death it was ceded by his son to the King of France, Louis IX., "the Saint" under whom the "Ville Basse" was built, and over whose bridge, "Le Pont Vieux," we may travel to-day to reach the town they still call "new."

From this time on of varying importance, it ceased to have any especial history after the seventeenth century, and its fortifications were allowed to tumble in ruins. After the Revolution, on the "30 Brumaire An II.," in presence of the Mayor and other municipal officers, its archives, which no doubt contained documents of inestimable price, were solemnly burned in the courtyard which is now the open square in front of the Castle.

Still later, in "Brumaire An XIII.," the government declaring the fortress *déclassé*, much of the material in the walls and towers was sold, and the *Cité* was fast becoming a mere heap of stones, when in 1821 M. Guiraud, "a passionate admirer of archeological curiosities," directed the attention of the authorities to the desolation.

About this time there came a revolution in the literature of Romanticism which gave an impulse to the safeguarding of the historical monuments of France, and finally, after many attempts, M. Viollet-le-Duc was commissioned to restore the church in 1844, and later

Photo by " The Child "

Roman Baths at Nîmes

on, in 1860, the ramparts. That he did this sympathetically and thoroughly no one can deny, and while one does lament the very clean-cut look of towers and roofs, and the perfect exactness of the walls, it is impossible to refuse to admit that the world owes him an immense debt of gratitude, and to the thoughtful visitor there is still plenty of the old left to fill the new with the leaven of the chivalric past.

It is a most beautiful example of the days and ways of ancient warfare and defence, and in spite of chilling winds we spent many hours examining the inner and outer ramparts, only half listening to the guide's volubility about the uses of the various towers, preferring the people and scenes of *our* imagination to his! The little city is still inhabited as you doubtless know, and we had a good opportunity to judge of the character of the people as we watched them come into the little Cathedral of St. Nazaire to the Sunday afternoon service.

The congregation consisted, I am obliged to confess, largely of women and children, and the former looked strong and capable, all wearing simple black dresses and invariably the crisply-fluted fresh white cap which seems a distinguishing feature of the French peasant in many places.

The church is the most interesting part of the place, and though restored shows distinct characteristics of Roman and Goth, and has some particularly fine tombs and tablets, some old glass, and an organ which was built in 1521 and which still is capable of rich, true tones.

The people all take a kindly, mild interest in visitors and no doubt are of the same mind as our coachman, who was so eager in his guidance, I commented to him upon his love of the old place, to which he replied, "Madame, c'est la richesse de notre ville."

From Carcassonne to Nîmes is a short day's journey by way of Narbonne and Cette, and gives many a glimpse

of the Mediterranean, which was exquisitely peaceful and blue in strong contrast to the few days before when it was grey and wind-tossed.

At Nîmes—Spring greeted us in all the charm of fruit blossoms and pale green budding leaves and I can imagine no spot where it could be lovelier than in the beautiful "Jardin de la Fontaine," where the clear fresh water bubbles up to-day as it did in the day when Roman maidens disported themselves in the lovely marble basins, playing "hide and seek" perhaps around the charming columns still standing, which are so exquisite in their simplicity we can find no better models.

The ruins near by of what seems to have been a temple, though some authorities prefer to believe it to have been a nymphæum connected with the baths, show more perfectly than I can remember seeing elsewhere the remarkable skill of the Roman in building arched roofs, where the immense blocks of stone are so exactly adjusted without mortar as to last almost through Time to Eternity.

A child unlocked the gates and showed us these remains—a little serious-minded girl of perhaps twelve years who had so learned her lesson by rote that if interrupted she was obliged to go back to the beginning, and having interrupted several times in the hope of stopping her, her pained anxiety to accomplish what she had evidently been taught to feel her duty conquered our levity and led us to listen carefully to the end.

The Arènes and the Maison Carrée are so much photographed and so well known I can find nothing new to tell you about them, except that while through such familiarity the Maison Carrée fails to make deep impression at first, I find myself more and more dwelling on the remembrance of it as upon some exquisite cameo, of most lovely proportions, and with a character and a reminiscence quite uniquely its own.

Photo by "The Child"

Water Duct at the Top of the Pont du Gard

Photo by "The Child"

The Pont du Gard near Nimes

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In the near neighbourhood the Pont-du-Gard stretches its magnificent proportions across the river, and for sheer stupendous might is the most wonderful Roman remain conceivable. Others before me have found it a mere expression of brute force, and a rather stupid means to a very small end, but to this I cannot agree; I prefer to look upon it as the outcome of an enlightened understanding of the far-reaching results of health to a nation, for what is more necessary to health than an ample water supply?

Desiring to carry to Nîmes a large volume of water, they evidently planned a canal, and to carry this across a chasm used their own invention, the self-supporting arch. Where is any stupidity, or unnecessary solidity? They worked for the future, and how well, this wonderful structure seems to me to be a proof, as well as a work of art.

The far-reaching and unhappy results of the rigours of climate we have been through brought a realisation of the truth that "Man proposes and God disposes," and the week at Nîmes, instead of including excursions to all the neighbouring sights of Tarascon, Avignon, Arles, Les Baux, and many another, was spent largely sitting in the sun in the little park across from the hotel.

There reigns in silence, never forgotten, the creator of the famous "Tartarin," and one cannot count time lost, spent in the society of Alphonse Daudet. He sits sculptured in the majesty of marble in the midst of his tiny lakelet, tended by his servitors, the swans, and holding in his hand the pen whose secret I ask and ask, but he only smiles and seems to look at the passers-by as if he said, "Study them, there lies my secret."

There are many of these passers-by, for Nîmes appears to be a centre of motorists, though whether they stop in their flight long enough to look at art treasures seems problematical, as their conversation is all of miles covered

or distances to be met. Indeed I heard of one who being asked what he thought of Carcassonne, replied, "Carcassonne? Is there any thing particular to see there? I ran by and did n't look!"

A long day's journey brought us through lovely country to Paris, a very different Paris from the one we left last autumn in dismal rain, and threatened floods, the Paris of spring, and of endless lovely drives and country pleasures so easily attained from that versatile place.

While being nursed back to health and strength I have spent many hours sitting in the sunshine of that enchanting garden of Bagatelle, so (mercifully) little known to tourists, and owing its origin, as do so many charming places here, to fascinating Marie Antoinette. Thinking of her we made a special visit to the Carnavalet Museum to see some newly acquired relics of her occupancy of the Temple.

Collected in a little corner by themselves are these touching memorials of the days of the Terror,—the bed of Madame Elizabeth with the garniture of the epoch, the *couvre-lit* and powdering table of Marie Antoinette, some instruments of precision used by the King such as a theodolite, a compass, etc., and most touching of all, a game of Loto belonging to the little Dauphin.

These and other bits of furniture have been bequeathed to the Carnavalet by the widow of a grandson of M. Berthélemy, guardian of the archives of the Order of Malta, who living at the time in the Temple was turned out of his apartments the night of the 13th August, 1792, to make room for the Royal Family when they were brought there as prisoners.

Subsequently he returned to the same apartments, and every article associated with the anguish of the royalties was carefully preserved by him and his descendants.

Much has been written on the subject of the fate of the little Dauphin, and while there seems to be little

doubt that he really died in the Temple, many are the stories of his escape and of his personators. The most famous of these pretenders was, as you know, the man called Naundorff, and my attention has been directed to the matter lately, by various newspaper accounts of his supposed descendant who appeared last winter in Paris and having formally renounced before the Senate all pretensions of royalty, has been allowed to take up his residence and has been accorded a more or less welcome place in high society.

So seriously has this matter been considered, it was made the subject of an article by the Baron André de Maricourt under the title of "Les Contes de la Mère l'Oye," or the "Marvellous in History," and it would perhaps amuse you to hear his version of the airy foundation upon which the supposed identity rests.

In 1816 Thomas Ignace Martin, a labourer, sought an interview with Louis XVIII. and predicted great misfortunes because, as he claimed, the King was occupying the throne of his nephew; basing his predictions upon the vision of an angel who appeared to him while working in the fields, and who charged him with a secret message.

"Desiring," says Baron de Maricourt, "to investigate for myself the story, I went in person to the son of Martin at Nogent-sur-Marne, December 17, 1903. The excellent doctor Martin, born in 1815, had peaceably passed his long life as a practitioner of homeopathy, and I found him a fine old person 'à la barbe de fleuve, aux cheveux de Père éternel.' Near him, in the midst of phials and old books, a majestic cat, indifferent to the mysteries of history, fixed me on my entrance with his golden eyes. The scene was impressive, when with a feeble, far-away voice Martin related to me the strange story in perfect good faith.

"Under the counsel of the angel he had accompanied

his father when he went in 1833 to the house of Madame Rambaud, where together they found Naundorff.

"'Are you Louis XVII?' said Martin; 'if you are, you have on one shoulder a ring, on the other a sleeping lion, and on the upper part of the leg a dove.'

"This zoölogical precision I confess made me feel that I was dreaming and that in listening to Martin I must have had a moment's sleep—like the lion! But I learned from the doctor that his father was convinced . . . the ring, the lion, the dove, were all there!

"Always in perfect good faith, he assured me that his father, who died, it is true, under mysterious circumstances, had been strangled in 1836 by the Bishop of Chartres and four priests—*four!*—desirous of stifling with him this secret. In the room where I was received, Doctor Martin kept an urn containing the heart of Thomas Ignace, which according to the saying of certain believers, swells visibly each year on the anniversary of his death!"

One would like to think that the poor little Dauphin did live, but I am told that at present the believers in his pseudo-descendant are not many, and if the chief basis for the belief is the above story it seems almost incredible that there should have been sufficient numbers of the lovers of the marvellous to have made it at one time a serious cult.

Another much-circulated belief lately proved imaginary is the story of "Latude," the famous prisoner of the Bastille. When I wrote from Paris last autumn, after seeing the much-exhibited rope-ladder, I was, in common with most of the world, the victim of widespread delusion, and only one more of the credulous ready to believe the horrible.

M. Funcke Brentano has made a study of the subject from documents preserved at the Arsenal and the Carnavalet, in which he says that the popular legends of Latude

perishing in complete darkness at the bottom of a dungeon, almost drowned in the risings of the Seine, Latude eaten by vermin, the prey of disease and filth, Latude buried five times alive, are all the product of vivid imagination, and he starts his work by a "préface aux mensongeurs."

The astonishing truth is, that Latude was one of the most clever rascals ever suffered to impose upon the public, and that, far from living in dungeons and dying of hunger, he by reason of an almost incredible impudence lived in luxury while in the Bastille, and died a free man, the recipient of a pension from Louis XVI., as well as of a portion of the estate of Mme. de Pompadour.

It is quite true that he made several sensational escapes from the Bastille, and that one of these was by means of the famous ladder which he manufactured from the fine linen his insistent demands procured, but it is also apparently true, as M. Funcke Brentano says, that in 1805 at the advanced age of eighty years, Jean Henry, called Danry, called Latude, was able to walk without fatigue, dine with the thirst of a "cocher de fiacre," to relate his troubles with ever the same lively imagination, and "jouit encore de l'existence *avec transport!*"

So much for Naundorff and Latude, and also I fear for many another romance or tale of woe, if exposed to the searching light of common-sense.

An afternoon spent in the gallery of the Louvre gives no reason to alter the opinions of a novice, already expressed, of the comparative merits of the two "Giaconda" portraits, and we walk through many rooms selecting our favourites for a last look.

The Chauchard collection of moderns recently opened is rather unfortunately approached through miles of old masters, and the fresh tones together with the very bright new gold frames give one a feeling of seeing a lot

of children fresh from their nursery scrubbings, and we find ourselves wishing to see the pictures when age has added its tender mellowness.

Next week we shall go to London and bid a long farewell to fascinating, romantic, volatile France.

Your devoted

PRINCESS.

XXVIII

London Once More

"UP" TO LONDON—THE CORONATION WEEK—THE HORSE SHOW—THE PROCESSIONS AND THE FAIRY COACH—GREAT THINGS ACCOMPLISHED—A PARTING OF THE WAYS

June 26, 1911.

MY DEAREST:

We are again in good old England and before I begin to tell you about what is going on I want to send a lingering look backward to the Spanish days, which in spite of the discomforts and hardships, a menace even to the strong, are at this distance only pleasant memories.

Spain, with its art, its romance, and its history, heaps its rewards with bountiful hands upon the stranger who treads holy ground in the humble spirit of the learner. From Spain the maps tell us—and I know many people agree—that we go "up" through "La Belle France," and still on and "up" to England's shores, and again "up" to London, now in the midst of its apotheosis; but to those who have been standing on the glorious hills of the ages, bathed in the splendour and magnificence of the sumptuous days which still, in Spain, seem so much alive, it is a coming down to a present which finds its highest expression, in spite of socialism, in imitating the gorgeous past.

England at this moment is receiving congratulations from the whole civilised world for its loyal and magnifi-

cent effort to reproduce the splendour of ancient customs and to give living voice to the rites, than which we have, with all our inventions, found none better to express the spirit of true civilisation. In this she has been aided by princes and ambassadors, not merely from her own dominions and dependencies, but from republics and empires, kingdoms and free states, all anxious to unite with one voice to add to her praise and glory. A most graceful and fitting recognition of this aid was yesterday paid by their majesties, the King and Queen, when at the beginning of their royal progress through the city, on passing the stand where all these representatives were waving their acclaim, they rose in their carriage, and stood bowing their acknowledgments, for themselves and for the nation.

We arrived in London May 15th, just in time to see and hear the ceremonies of the unveiling of the Memorial to Queen Victoria, and to see and enjoy the enthusiasms of the crowds which were all day long to be found wherever Emperor William and the lovely Empress might possibly pass. Patiently waiting, sometimes for hours, crowds of high and low were generally rewarded sooner or later by a swiftly passing glimpse of royal carriage, flashing scarlet liveries, and the courtly, bowing Emperor with the charming, white-haired, smiling Empress by his side, and very often pretty Princess Louise, who won every one's heart with her sweet looks and ways.

In view of all we have heard for so long of the enmities, jealousies, and bitterness between Germany and England, the cheers of daily crowds seemed somewhat astonishing, and while agreeing that the Emperor had reason to be gratified at the warmth of his reception, it made one think and wonder. We ask ourselves the unanswerable question, "How far is it honest good-will, or how much the outward expression of the inward need for the ideal which begins with make-believe and fairy stories in child-

hood, and ends, never, not even if we fail to keep ourselves 'unspotted from the world'?"

Since the time of the Emperor's visit, London has gradually been, in the words of a newspaper, "putting itself into splints"; that is to say it has, day by day, with little noise or fuss, been building stands which finally obliterated the house and shop fronts, removing the safety "islands" in the middle of the streets, and erecting the emergency gates. It has been a time of excitement for all classes, for while society, with a very big "S," has entertained itself and all its visitors in every conceivable fashion which ingenuity and money, added to rank and influence, could devise, "the people" have busily amused themselves with the "crumbs" which continually dropped in their way. They have made a continuous and vast crowd, gathering in happy, good-humoured jollity at every vantage point, to see whatever sight might come their way, and when, as often happened, rewarded by a fleeting glimpse of the King or the Queen and her little children out for an airing in the park, considered themselves well rewarded for their hours of waiting.

Queen Mary has an especially happy manner of appearing to look directly at people, and to give them a special smile and bow, so that in a crowd one often hears, "She looked straight at me," and again, "No! 't was at me she smiled, bless her," and so on, making it evident that she directly touches the affections of individuals and is not the mere object of the curious observation of a mass.

One of the most noticeable of these crowds was on last Wednesday, the day before the coronation, when the King and Queen, also the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany and other notabilities, visited the horse show, and the miles of streets were lined with people eager to see them pass. The Child and I, who had been fortunate

in having seats at the show directly opposite the royal box, left early in the vain hope of escaping a crush in the return to our present home in the delectably named street of Half Moon. Wedged in a solid mass of vehicles at the entrance to Belgrave Square near Constitution Hill, our taxi driver seemed to think that some apology was necessary and, turning around, remarked, "It 's the King wots doin' this, e 's comin' from Olympia!"

We were properly impressed, and composed ourselves to pass the time by listening to the jokes exchanged between a good-humoured policeman and the various cabbies, who, though obeying him officially, were quite at their ease in most familiar and personal badinage with his august self. Presently, amid cheers which at such unofficial times must be most gratifying to a monarch, the King passed, and we were allowed to go creeping on our homeward way.

The horse show has been a brilliant success, and on this day particularly so. A lavish expenditure has made a most lovely picture. The big arena is canvassed with a scene of a Tudor village, so that on entering and looking about, one loses all sense of being in an inclosure, but seems under the blue sky in a vast garden of flowers and trees and pretty, old, half-timbered cottages. The arena itself is planted, wherever an inch is not needed, with turf and flowers, and the royal box with the inclosures on each side for royal guests, all brilliantly decorated with red and gold and filled by the highest from many lands, adds the human touch to an unusually beautiful picture.

A class of fifteen coaches greets the King on his arrival, each coach filled by guests of the owner, who to-day must be an amateur, competing for the Corinthian cup, and as all the vast concourse stand to greet their majesties and the military band peals out the national anthem, the smart coaches and pawing horses circling the entire

ring, it is a never-to-be-forgotten scene, and representatives from every nationality join in one vast shout of greeting.

The next class, composed of officers from seven different countries, is to compete in teams of threes for the King Edward VII. cup for jumping. They file in in numbers sufficient to more than line in single file the entire ring, overlapping in part, and as they pace slowly around, we have opportunity to minutely examine and make comparisons. For brilliance and magnificence of uniform, stately bearing, and quality of horses, the Germans easily come first; after them it is difficult to choose between French and Belgians or Austrians. The English uniforms are simpler, the Canadians still more so, and last of all, mortified though I am to confess it, in accoutrements, in personality, in quality of their animals, come the representatives of "my own, my native land," the United States of America!

The Germans make this an opportunity for an especial display in honour of the King, and to accentuate, perhaps, the visit of their Princess, and for half an hour we are treated to the prettiest exhibition of finesse in horse training it has ever been my good fortune to see, and the beautiful high-bred creatures step as daintily in time to the music as any *danseuse* doing her *pas seul*. Then comes the test of all the teams in jumping over various kinds of obstacles, in which finally the French come off the victors.

After this we are treated to an exhibition of Russian Troikas, where three horses, driven abreast to phaetons by the comical, padded-out coachmen, give an exciting race. It is a curious conception of harnessing, which, I suppose, had good and sufficient reasons in its origin. The middle horse trots between shafts, his head held high under a gaily-painted wooden arch like a magnified collar. The two side horses gallop with their heads fastened

down very low and drawn slightly outward from the middle, and all three have sweeping tails. They are enthusiastically applauded, and as the cheers which greet these, and especially also the successful jumpers, fill the large place with the approval of the crowd, the sound transports me back to the last arena where the roars of a crowd rang in my ears, the bull-ring in Madrid. Applause for skill there as here, but yet how different! After all, the maps are right, it is "up" to England.

At last it is the 22d, the pinnacle of days toward which for months all events in this great London town have been but steps, and of which every newspaper, periodical, or picture sheet will have been so full I hardly have the courage to enter upon such a well-worn path, except that in this, as always, you invite my personal feelings and experiences. Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens have become one vast soldiers' camp, and our first realisation of the arrival of the day comes from the salute of forty guns at daybreak. More fortunate than the multitude, our little party of three being invited to view the procession from the Berkeley Hotel in Piccadilly, we take our ease, and only at noon start out into the patrolled streets, and, by virtue of the authority of tickets, are passed from one guard to another through the dreaded barrier gates themselves to the very door of the hotel.

Berkeley Street, in its short length, is controlled by two barrier gates, and, being kept as an emergency street, has fire apparatus and ambulances standing idly on call, and through the windows of a house we see revealed a neatly fitted hospital-room, with white-capped nurses waiting for patients, which, by reason of cool weather and extraordinary precautions, fail to need their care. To the chief of police and Lord Kitchener is due the wonderful order of processions and crowds, and it would be impossible to say too much in praise of

the way the most minute details have been planned by them and executed by their army of underlings. That the crowd understands this, we are made aware by cheers for every detachment of police, and the enthusiastic welcome of "Good old Kitch," as we hear him greeted, through these days when he rules all with his iron will.

As we take our places in a balcony just high enough above the crowd to give free view, a long-to-be-remembered sight greets us in the straight length of Piccadilly, empty from curb to curb, lined on each side, from Hyde Park corner at one end to St. James's Street on the other, by a double row of brilliant scarlet uniforms, and behind them to the house lines a solid mass of patient, cheerful people, many of whom have been waiting in their chosen places, standing on weary feet or sitting on newspapers, since the hours before the dawn. A thoughtful kindness, or perhaps it would be more rightly put to say a well-judged policy, has placed bands at intervals along the line of march, and these alternately play popular airs, or manœuvre and change places, presenting always some interest to while away the hours. These diversions, added to the marchings and countermarchings of detachments of various regiments, make time pass on flying wings, so that before we are aware, almost, the procession is near by.

In our position we are seeing the return from the Abbey after the ceremonies, and the three parts of the procession are reversed, the King's coming first. It has all been accomplished with the wonderful punctuality which is said to be a special attribute of King George V., a courtesy so grateful and so often sadly lacking in public ceremonial, as in private life; and almost precisely at the promised hour the "advance point of the sovereign's royal Horse Guards" swings around the corner from St. James's Street.

Breathless, almost, in the excitement of anticipation,

we have hardly eyes to see what is passing, for watching for the crowning glory of the famous eight cream horses with their precious load. At last they come, first two, then four, then six, finally eight magnificent creatures, with harness of red leather, heavily studded with gold ornaments, their necks draped in festoons of royal purple ribbons, and great rosettes of the same rich colour on their sides. Four postilions guide them, and a groom walks at the head of each, to control in case of need.

Then the Coach! The Fairy Coach of our childhood's dreams, all gold and glass and glitter, and inside the King and Queen, who are the very crystallised essence of all that Grimm, with his magic wand, has taught us to imagine. A King in royal purple and cloth of gold, sceptre and wand in hand, in regal crown, where flash jewels worth the fortune of a principality; a King over whom still lingers the flavour of the solemn rites he has but just passed through, and who bears in his face the serious knowledge of the burden but lately laid upon him and which he may never in honour hold lightly.

Beside him is the stately, gracious Queen, bearing, too, her symbols of office, and wearing on neck and breast, as also in her crown, jewels whose value and brilliancy it dazes one to estimate. She, with less serious mien than the King, has, woman-like, brushed aside the graver emotions, and, looking out upon her people, listening to their shouts and the loudly echoing song of the national hymn, can find it in her gentle heart to smile and greet them as she greets her children. She seems to promise to be the Mother of this great empire, and we, aliens though we are, join gladly in the cry, "The Queen, God bless her!"

After this there comes an anticlimax, another, smaller, gilded coach, received with an almost louder enthusiasm, from which the pretty child Princess, her fair hair falling about her shoulders, on her head a royal diadem, and

enveloped in a cape of royal ermine, smiles and bows on one side. On the other, the young Prince of Wales, whose newly made homage to his Father-King has so moved the hearts of all witnesses, looks out from under his crown with almost the same serious face, and we wonder, as he looks up in passing, whether even the buoyancy of youth will enable him to throw off the weight of solemnity which so evidently holds him now in close grasp.

Opposite these two, their backs to the horses, are the little Princes in Highland bonnets, apparently as pleased as any other children would be at the part they are taking, and the crowd cheers itself hoarse, the bands play, and we have hardly eyes for the celebrities who pass in quick succession. The Princes and Ambassadors, the Indian Princes, the Begum, who is the first of her race to break through the customs of the women and appear in a procession, all these and countless officers and officials make a blaze of glory in gold and scarlet, and while we wonder to ourselves whether we shall ever be able to see plain, unadorned daylight again, they have passed and gone, and we look at each other in surprised realisation, and say, "It is over." We all agree we should like to cry "Encore," but, as the next best thing, hurry off as fast as crowds will allow—really a snail's pace—to the house of a friendly peer, where we examine "robes" and "orders" to our heart's content, and listen to thrilling details of the Abbey service, most of which later become the property of the world through the press.

You remember the "Dreamer" who was a member of our party some months back? He was this day a "pew-opener" in the Abbey, and in black velvet and white silken hose, a glittering sword and a red staff, appeared before us in utter weariness, having performed his picturesque duties since six of the early morning clock. I fancy there are many who would give heartfelt assent

to the sentiment of one of the crowd, who was heard to say apropos of the sailor laddies who marched, "Por fellers, they 'll be glad to set down and get their boots orf!"

At night not only are the streets of London illuminated but the whole kingdom flashes from end to end with beacon fires. It does not convey much idea of the reality to say that bonfires are lighted. I happened to be just lately on the top of the beacon hill at Hindhead in Surrey, 900 feet above the sea, while they were building one of these signal mounds. They begin by planting tall masts which are to serve as supports, and around these are piled branches of trees until the whole assumes the proportion of a good-sized house. This is then pitched and tarred until it is an easy prey to flames, and you can imagine the magnitude of the whole when I tell you that printed warnings were posted all about to beg spectators, for fear of accident, to stand on the windward side, as the flames had been known to leap 250 feet so fed and strengthened. Such fires as these are on every height from John o' Groat's to Land's End, and signal their tidings of joy, as in days far gone they flashed their news of battle or disaster.

Hardly do we recover from the excitement of the 22d and the coronation when the 23d and the royal progress is upon us, and here again fortune favours our little party. The Laird and the Child make their way at a comfortable hour to seats kindly provided for them in the "Peers' stand" near St. Margaret's at Westminster, and your Princess steps lightly into the St. James Club in Piccadilly, where, in the front row of the first balcony, a cover above her head, and the lovely trees of Green Park as a background for the brilliance of the procession, she sits in quiet expectancy during the short wait before the troops appear. In this royal progress the visiting Princes and Ambassadors are mostly guests of the King

on a stand at Constitution Hill, where, as I remarked earlier, their majesties paid them the graceful act of courteous homage, but there are also many, especially of the Indian contingent, who accompanying the procession as escort lend brilliance to the pageant.

Here again the eight cream horses draw the coach, but this time a more simple state carriage open to the weather, the King in his uniform of admiral, and the Queen in a reception costume of white satin and lace and a hat with light blue feathers matching her ribbon of the Order of the Garter. Next in interest, in my eyes, to the Indian visitors come the bands of the Life Guards, each player on horseback, in magnificent gold costumes, touched here and there with colour, and each band led by a real drum-major on a huge piebald horse bearing two kettle-drums, one on each side, upon which he performs with an abandon of movement and spirit calculated to move to enthusiasm the dullest spectator. Nothing could be more stirring or more fitting to the occasion, and the horses themselves, as they step in perfect time to the music, seem proudly conscious of the admiration they provoke.

A galaxy of officers, glittering with medals, accompany the royalties as escort, and as regiment after regiment of lancers, guards, colonials, territorials, sailors, and artillery pass by, the enthusiasm of the crowds reaches the highest pitch. Thousands of voices again join in the national air, handkerchiefs wave, cannon boom, and at last this second meeting of King and people is over, safely over and no accidents, for which we all breathe "Praise to Allah."

Already to-day, as I write, the great city is returning to its normal, everyday condition, already the streets are swept and garnished, the barriers removed, and already the long-anticipated coronation is a thing of the past. Still, however, there lingers a sense of a solemn compact

accomplished. The King and Queen seem welded to the heart of the nation by new and stronger bonds, a new homage and a new reverence is theirs. They have been made the sovereigns of the people, and been consecrated as the servants of God. May their "ways be ways of pleasantness and their paths the paths of peace."

Now that these great things have been accomplished there comes a parting of the ways. One goes here, another there, and with these flittings, we three wanderers begin to turn our eyes westward across that broad water which, subdued though it is, still, when Love calls, makes home seem so far away. Your Princess will soon lay down her rank, and with it her pen, and in its place will take up, in more than one sense, "de shubbel an' de hoe."

Fare Thee Well.

XXIX

Quebec—A Retrospect

September 12, 1911.

DEAREST BELOVED:

Three months have flown by since the coronation days in London, and you have reason when you reproach me for my silence. The fatigues of the past year of travels, added to thoughts of the strenuous time to come when we should take up once more the business of living and the duties which may no longer be set aside, induced our little party to fold their wings and rest in the lovely country about Hindhead.

This region, which has been made famous wherever Baring-Gould is read, by his story of *The Broom Squire*, commands the counties of Surrey, Hampshire, and Sussex, and every foot of ground is so associated with traditions, and is so enticing to the lover of quiet sylvan beauty, one's hours flit by unmarked by any actions save those of pleasant ease.

One could imagine no more perfect place for a resting time than the charming country house of "Thirlestane," turned into an hotel, which nestles comfortably in the midst of beautiful pine trees on the rim of the "Devil's Punch Bowl." This is a gruesome name with still more gruesome associations for a lovely deep oval valley surrounded by the most entrancing moors, where one may walk for miles and miles knee-deep in the brilliant colours of heather and gorse, and look far away to other distant hills, over the sheltered farms of country folk, or the stately homes of England's great.

There we spent many weeks enjoying the quiet pleasures I have mentioned in the brilliant sunshine of the warmest and driest summer ever known, and in watching the great events which will go down to later generations as crises in the histories of nations.

We have seen with sorrow the spectacle of grand old England struggling in the grip of Socialists, a sight which gives one much the same shocked feeling one would experience at seeing one's revered and dignified grandmother forced to attempt a *pas seul* on the vaudeville stage!

Pray Heaven there is still weight of wisdom enough left to prove it only "a breath of folly," a passing cloud which obliterates for a time the ever-shining sun.

We have seen also the fall of a French ministry as was predicted, and what has created far more outcry among the art-loving French people, the disappearance, apparently final, of the precious *Mona Lisa*, who knew so many things she would not tell.

We have seen Germany put out her large strong hand to grasp from her neighbour coveted territory, and have watched Spain writhing angrily between the two, playing, some say, the part of traitor.

There have come "wars and rumours of wars," making that famous building at The Hague seem an irony, but with all these turmoils of nations there comes a breath of the "good" which follows the "ill-wind," for, as danger threatens from outside, each nation seems to fairly bristle with brotherly love, and home quarrels fade in the presence of foreign menace.

We wonder whether after all the best governed countries are not those which give the least liberty to their individuals, but are glad ours is not the task to decide this knotty question, and take consolation in the remembrance of our Browning, "God 's in his Heaven, all 's right with the world."

Some anxious days were spent in London waiting to

find if the strikers would allow the myriads of wanderers to sail for home, and at last we found ourselves to be congratulated that we could get off, only a few days late, and with a crew who knew their business, as other ships had been forced to sail with novices, and in one case, at least, with third-class passengers for stewards.—An unpleasant picture!

"Four days of open sea," has an enticing sound, but it stretched into five before the bare gloomy coast of Labrador came in sight, five days of grey skies and cold damp, with pitching and tossing quite worthy of the "Devil's Hole," which is the delectable name they give that part of the northern ocean.

The St. Lawrence River is fortunately more hospitable, and the two days' sail in smooth water with the lovely scenery of the Province of Gaspé before us compensates for all discomforts.

Quebec as a town falls far short of our expectations, but the Citadel with its reminiscences of "La Belle France," and with the Union Jack and all it symbolises still floating from its bastion, is a place of impressive grandeur. As we stand on the ramparts looking at the wonderful view often called "the most beautiful in the world," we think of the many others we have seen all worthy the same enthusiasm, and find it difficult to realise that this is "America" again.

The long time of wandering is over. We three pilgrims have seen many lands, and have filled the eyes of our minds with rare pictures, never-failing refreshment for the future, and have learned many of the lessons the old world has to teach, yet if you ask me whether we found realisation of all the roseate anticipations with which we started, whether we discovered the Ultima Thule of perfection across the sea, I must answer in the words of Thomas Carlyle, "Thy America is here or nowhere, couldst thou only see."

A story I heard in London is so very apropos to my first letter I must repeat it to you before I quite finish.

It seems that a year or so ago a man was exhibiting his educated fleas to Royalty in Buckingham Palace. His little servants were as clever as those I saw years ago, and he had a name for each one, so individual were they. For some reason he was asked to move his exhibition from one room to another, and upon doing so was heard to bitterly lament the loss of "Bismarck." His evident distress was so moving, all present kindly joined in the search, with the result that a Royal Princess came hurrying to him with her prize. But alas! *it was not Bismarck!*

Levity often covers unknown depths, so I beg you to forgive the apparent insouciance with which I seem to cast off my royal apparel and make my last bow as

Your devoted

PRINCESS.

THE END